

THE  
MAGAZINE  
OF  
ART

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(Drawn by Professor R. Anning Bell.)





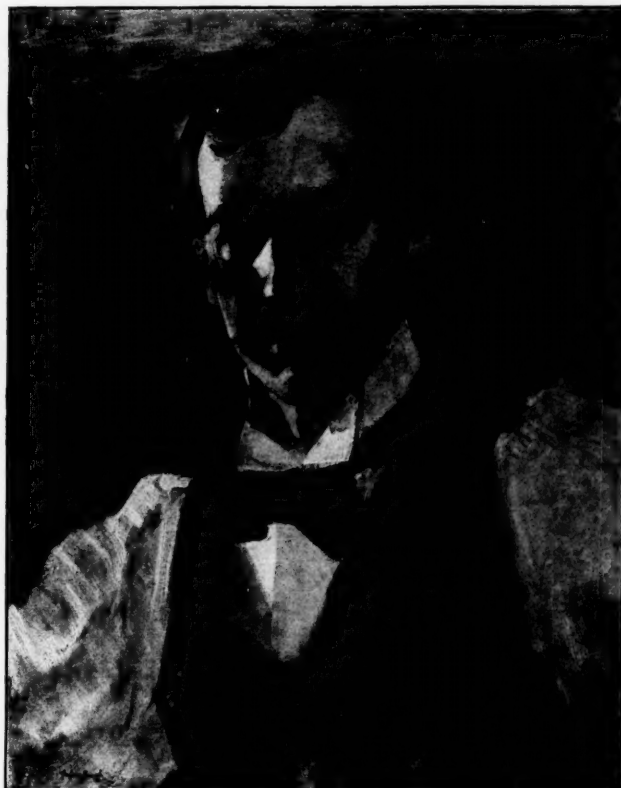
# THE MAGAZINE OF ART.

J. J. SHANNON, PAINTER.

By ALFRED LYS BALDRY

THE argument which at the present time we hear so frequently advanced, that a conspicuous degree of technical facility is not within the reach of any artist who has not undergone a course of training in a Continental studio, is curiously disproved

appreciation of the exact value of each one, and with an extremely intelligent judgment of the manner in which they aid him to realise his æsthetic intention. He is, in fact, a manipulator with exceptional sense of technical fitness, a worker whose



J. J. SHANNON.

(Drawn by Prince Troubetzkoy.)

by the history of Mr. J. J. Shannon's career. Among all our younger artists there is scarcely one whose mastery over materials and grasp of executive difficulties can be said to equal his. He paints with astonishing ease and certainty, with the most straightforward recognition of what is necessary in the way of brushwork to express the subject on which he may be engaged; and he uses the devices of the painter's practice with a distinctly rare

technical skill carries him very far indeed in the direction of success, and gives him pictorial results of a quite memorable kind.

Yet this skill is in no sense the product of foreign training. The only teaching that Mr. Shannon has had was obtained in this country, and even that was neither exhaustive nor prolonged. He came here, when he was sixteen years old, from America, of which country he is a native, for he was



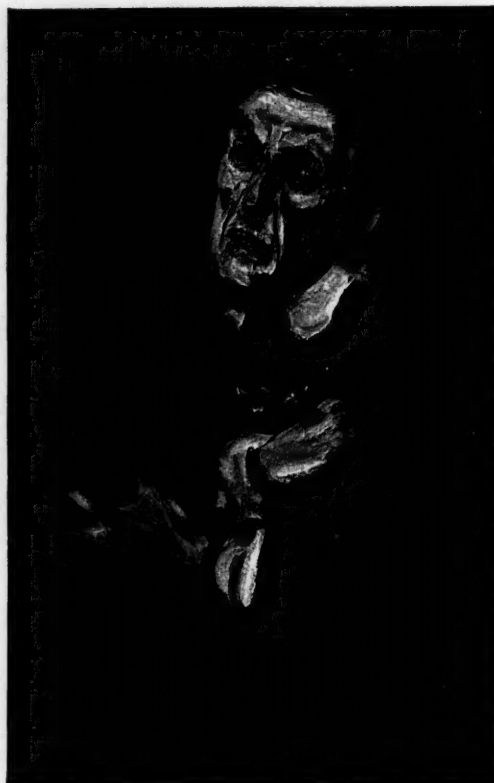
born at Auburn, in the State of New York, in 1862. His original intention was to study in London for a couple of years only, and then to return; but circumstances led him to modify his plans; and the rapid growth of his reputation directly his school-days were over induced him to take up permanently his abode among us. What earlier artistic experience he had stored up during his boyhood was acquired by copying whatever pictures came within his reach. It chanced that there were in the town in which he lived copies of some of Landseer's works and a certain number of accessible originals by other artists of less note; and these canvases he was constantly studying and striving to reproduce. This was at best a desultory sort of education, and as there was no other member of his family to whom he could turn for assistance or guidance in his artistic endeavour, it is quite intelligible that he should have recognised very promptly that some more systematic and thorough foundation for future proficiency was necessary. To get the facilities that were not open to him at home he came across the Atlantic, but he knew before he started what were the opportunities that he was in search of, and how he intended to turn to account the material that he proposed to collect.

It was, perhaps, curious that he should have chosen the South Kensington School, with its uninspired system and incomplete methods of teaching, as the place in which to work out his idea of an art-education; but his decision is not so surprising if we remember that what he desired was not so much a school in which he would be subject to frequent supervision, as a practising place in which he could put to the test definite convictions already well formed in his mind without being unduly interfered with by professors with strong and firmly fixed opinions of their own. At South Kensington he was sure of a good selection of casts, of living

models, and of a valuable collection of art-examples from which he could derive much of the information in search of which he came. So for three years he worked there steadily and consistently. Not many months after his first appearance in the school he was admitted into the life-room to paint from the nude; and so excellent was the progress he made in this most important branch of study that he took during his second year a gold medal for a painting

of the figure, and a few months later was sufficiently well advanced to accept and successfully perform a commission to paint a portrait of the Hon. Horatia Stopford, one of the Maids of Honour. This picture was, by command of the Queen, exhibited at the Academy in 1881.

From this date onwards, Mr. Shannon has continued to show in all the chief galleries a quite remarkable array of canvases. He began independent work in a studio of his own directly his three years' study at South Kensington was over, and had to wait but a very short time before the unusual extent of his capacities began to be generally recognised. His first successes were made with portraits of ladies, but the picture which placed him at once in the front



SIR HENRY IRVING AS LOUIS XI.

(A Sketch by J. J. Shannon.)

rank of the younger painters was his admirable full-length of "Henry Vigne, Esq.," painted in 1887. This was a piece of work which would have done credit to an artist whose knowledge and executive capacity had been matured by a lifetime of strenuous effort; as the production of a youth who was barely twenty-five, it was quite extraordinary. There was no sign about it of juvenile inexperience, no suggestion that the artist responsible for it had left school little more than five years before. In sense of design, in appreciation of character, in its easy draughtsmanship and masterly execution, and above all in the exceptional judgment of pictorial essentials which it revealed, it was worthy to rank among the greater

portraits of this century. It secured to Mr. Shannon, as, indeed, is not at all surprising, an immediate access of commissions; and it also

this country. He was one of the original members of the New English Art Club, and he was an active supporter of the Society of British Artists during its brief period of enlightenment under Mr. Whistler's presidency. To the New Gallery, the Grafton Gallery, and the Institute of Painters in Oil-Colours, of which society he is a member, he has been a constant contributor; and though he has generally been represented in the various exhibitions by portraits, he has on occasions not abstained from digressions into subject-painting.

In the recently shown selection from his pictures which occupied during part of June and July one of the rooms of the Fine Art Society, both sides of his capacity were sufficiently well illustrated. The opportunity of seeing once again his portraits of Mr. Vigne, Herr Poznanski, and the Marchioness of Granby, was very welcome; and his "Josef Hoffman," with its excellent deftness of handling and



SPOT RED.

(From the Painting by J. J. Shannon.)

gained for him many foreign distinctions, of which the chief were three First Class Medals at the Paris Exhibition, and at Berlin and Vienna. A later portrait, a full-length of "Mrs. Charlesworth," brought him a medal at the Chicago Exhibition; and he was awarded two years ago at Munich another medal for a group of contributions.

He has with these exceptions exhibited little abroad. Last year for the first time he sent to the Champ de Mars Salon some examples of his work, all portraits, "Josef Hoffman," "Mrs. J. J. Shannon," "Mrs. Magniac," and "G. Hitchcock, Esq.;" but these practically complete, up to the present, the list of his efforts to gain for his British reputation a foreign endorsement. On the other hand, he has kept well in touch with all the art-movements in

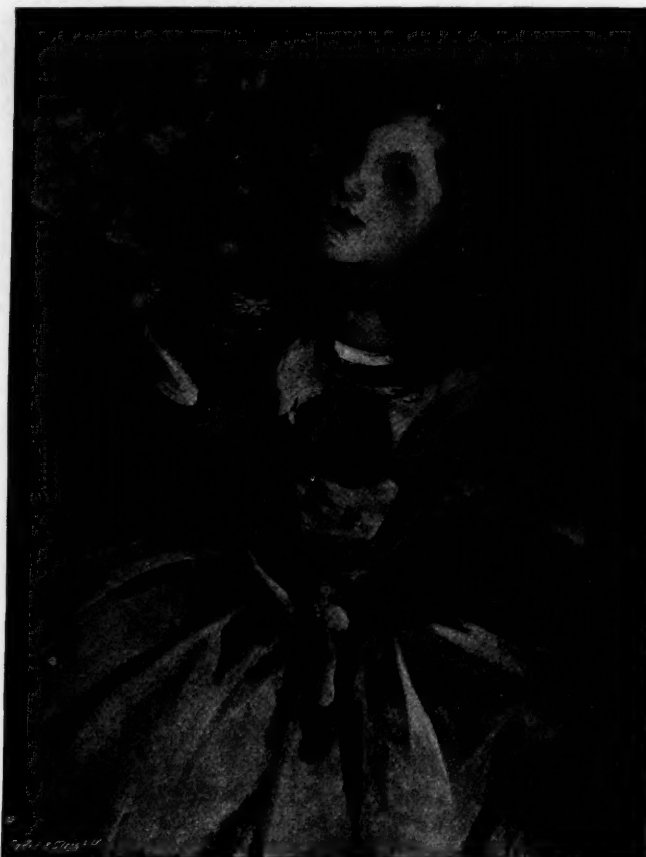


THE SQUIRREL

(From the Painting by J. J. Shannon.)



effective breadth of light and shade, made an acceptable reappearance; but to most people there was more satisfaction in having presented to them such comparatively novel evidence of his versatility as any sense a copyist of any other painter. He is clearly in sympathy with the men who, like Velasquez in the past and Mr. Whistler and Mr. Sargent in the present, have found the surest road to



THE DOLL

(From the Painting by J. J. Shannon.)

was afforded by the quaint treatment of his "Babes in the Wood," two little Dutch children set against a background of slender tree-trunks, or by the grace of pose and delicacy of colour which distinguished his "Spot Red." "The Squirrel," too, was a fascinating study of child-life, charming in its gesture, very easy and spontaneous in its lines, and in colouring delightfully subtle and harmonious. "The Doll" was another happy record of infancy treated with something of the refinement of colour scheme which gave part of their charm to the canvases on which Velasquez depicted his dainty Infantas. The arrangement of the faded pinks, the silvery greys, and ashy blacks of Mr. Shannon's picture was certainly reminiscent of the great Spanish artist's method.

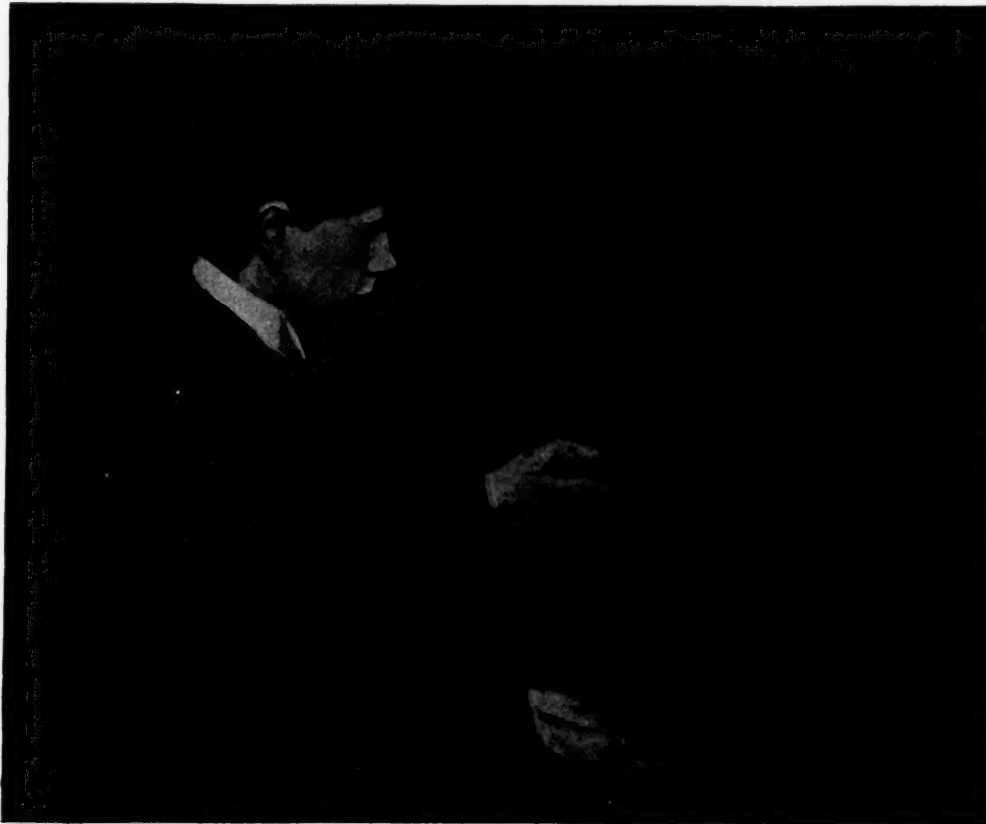
Yet Mr. Shannon cannot be pronounced to be in

technical success in the use of absolute straightforwardness of manipulative statement; but he has his own way of looking at nature, and a thoroughly individual manner of expressing what he sees. There is no affectation of extraordinary cleverness, nor any striving unnecessarily after demonstrative modes of handling, in his productions. He has never fallen into the vicious habit of preferring mere executive animation to sound and intelligible painting. If his subject is one that calls for vivacity he treats it with freedom and readiness of touch; if one that needs sobriety he is quieter and more restrained. In all cases there is well-preserved congruity between the matter and the manner of his pictures. The chief merit of his style is its directness, its frank attention to what is requisite for the proper representation of nature's facts, and its discreet avoidance

of what is only superfluous and ornamental. At the same time it does not err in the direction of ruggedness or want of refinement, for one of its main characteristics is a certain scholarly completeness, which without approaching pedantic elaboration satisfies every necessity of real finish. As he has added to his experience and widened the area of his practice he has increased his power of making plain his meaning without excess of labour, and has developed a method of brushwork that is exceptionally free from either affectation or uncertainty. In "Josef Hoffman" and "The Doll," his ability to gain fulness of form and a sufficiency of detail by simple technical means is very adequately illustrated; while his rapid character sketch of "Sir Henry Irving as Louis XI." shows with what expressiveness of handling he can state a few salient points that do not depend for their meaning upon adjuncts and accessories.

As a colourist he is full of variety. He ranges over a considerably wide area, and does not limit himself to conventional combinations such as satisfy too often even the most celebrated portrait-painters. Perhaps his chief preference is for comparatively low tones, but it is a preference that is distinctly

open to frequent modification. The contrast, for instance, between his "Spot Red," with its gentle gradation of warm greys and browns, and the vigorously effective prismatic colouring of "In the Spring-time," wherein he has given at its full force the chromatic violence of sunlight shining on masses of fruit-blossoms, is as definite as it could well be made; and there is something of the same difference between the sobriety of the "Josef Hoffman," and the bizarre juxtaposition of strange hues which is characteristic of the "Sir Henry Irving" sketch. In colour, as in handling, he has the discretion to adapt himself to circumstances, and he avoids by what seems to be unerring instinct any lapse into those commonplaces which are so many pitfalls in the way of the heedless painter. He is, in fact, the happy possessor of qualities which set him markedly apart, an artist who has at the same time originality, power of expression, and judgment in selection. He has already learned the facts of art, and the fancies are coming to him more and more plentifully as years go on, so we may fairly expect from him many fresh developments. There are few men among us from whom so much seems possible.



JOSEF HOFFMAN.

(From the Painting by J. J. Shannon.)



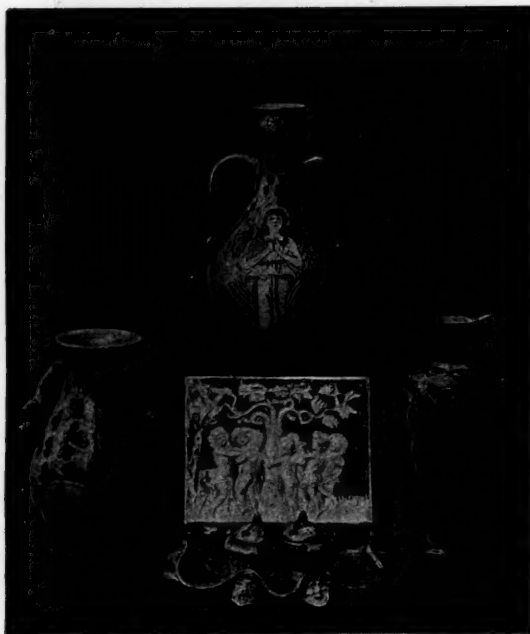
LUNETTE.

(Designed by Conrad Dressler.)

## THE "DELLA ROBBI" POTTERY INDUSTRY.

A NEW industry has been established at Birkenhead of so distinctly artistic a nature that it is with pleasure we call attention to it. The first object of its promoters, Mr. Harold Rathbone and Mr. Conrad Dressler, was the revival of a modelled glazed or enamelled earthenware with coloured grounds for purposes of architectural deco-

or accents of rich colour which would still withstand the effects of the English climate in external as well as internal ornamentation would be of supreme value in lightening up the rather sullen and smoky buildings of our great cities. It has already been proved to some extent what a telling effect the tiling to window garden boxes imparts to many

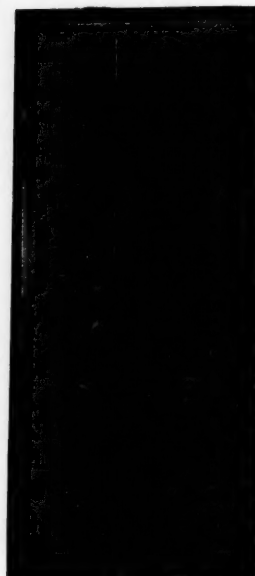


VASES, PLAQUE, AND INKSTAND.



A PANEL.

of the large mansions which otherwise possess such an extraordinary similarity, and this practice might be very considerably developed with a constant variety of design and colour which would be a source of pleasure to the passers-by and those who inhabit the neighbourhood. Friezes with figure or floral design, or panels in low relief let into the ordinary white tiling with simple bands of green or red



PILASTERS.

ration after the manner of the *faïence* of the great Italian family of Della Robbias, who flourished in Florence at the time of the Renaissance. The introduction into architectural schemes of bands

colour, might be made considerable use of. Fountains in this material might also be introduced into some of the new restaurants or large hotels, and add a character of charm and entertainment like one is aware of in the foreign cities. This use of enamelled earthenware is certainly more suitable than the structural use, as surface

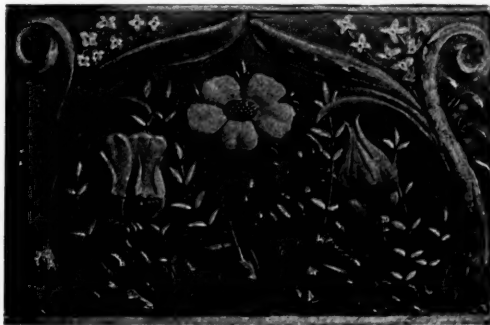
that is glassy is apt to give one a certain want of confidence as to its service of strength and permanence. The setting-in of tiling, say, blue and



PIPING BOY PANEL  
(Designed by Miss Ropes.)

ones in order to keep the standard of designing as high as possible, but more often invented by the pupils, whom it is the object of the working manager to see how far he can let alone—in order to bring out—the full fancy and originality of each individual worker; though every care is taken that the best principles of design are

preserved as well as may be. It was the object thus to make the articles in everyday use comely and entertaining in shape, design, and colour treatment,



WATER-AVEN TILE.  
(Designed by Conrad Dressler.)

white, into the woodwork of an overmantel, or the introduction of tall panels in the side pilasters, form other legitimate uses of this material, and would supply a valuable note of colour to continue the same scheme of decoration in the draperies and wall hangings, or some treatment which would equally well harmonise with the blue and white. Together with the architectural works has been carried on a pottery for the production of fine shapes and colours with a good deal of work in the *sgraffito* treatment on the model of the old Italian workers—with designs occasionally taken from the old

so that thus the ordinary meal would have the comparative air of a banquet like those beautiful dishes that one sees in the pictures of banquets by Sandro Botticelli and others, where, as in the

feast of Peleus by our own Sir Edward Burne-Jones, the sense of beauty is appealed to, and one is made aware how lovely is the fruit itself. Marmalade pots (with a hole for the spoon) and porridge plates, egg stands and muffin dishes, and milk and water jugs, are amongst these useful articles, not to mention the rose bowls and inkstands for the use of the boudoir. Nothing could be prettier than a dessert



SQUARE LILY TILE.  
(Designed by Conrad Dressler.)



service in this *sgraffito* treatment, and it is a source of grief to the manager that the ware is used so much more freely for merely decorative purposes than for absolute daily use. One of the last letters written by Lord Leighton, P.R.A., was in reference to the Della Robbia pottery, and dwelt very much on this principle. He wrote:—"I have learned with great satisfaction that you do not confine yourself to the production of pieces destined wholly for decoration, but have

grasped the vital principle that the chief object of a manufacture of this kind must be, if it is to thrive, the application of artistic qualities to objects of ordinary domestic use. It was this principle which gave to the work of the Greeks in ancient days, and to that of other European nations in the Middle Ages, that distinction and beauty which are our envy and admiration to this day."

Employment is found at the Birkenhead Potteries for many young people of both sexes who show artistic taste, and, in curious contradistinction to Mr. Herkomer's statement at the Eistedfodd last summer, it is found that those with the most highly gifted colour sense are of Celtic origin from the north of Wales. The best of their colourists is Miss Hannah Jones, who has undoubtedly influenced the work of the other girls at the Pottery. There is, too, a Welsh boy employed who never had a drawing lesson in his life, but who took the gold



"GUARDIAN ANGEL" PANEL

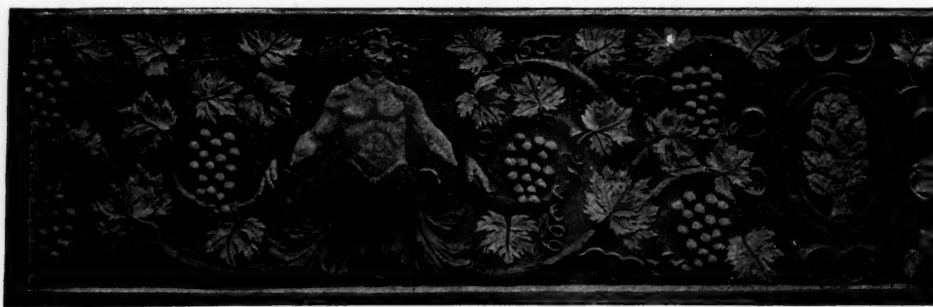
(Designed by Miss Ropes.)

cross for originality of design in pottery at the Home Arts and Industries Exhibition last year. This lad is also clever at throwing, handling, and modelling; and is at present employed dipping the red clay vessels into the white slip. Another designer of striking originality is Miss A. Pierce, whose sister, Miss Lena Pierce, produced some beautiful and romantic designs before her early death.

There is reproduced on this page a design of a "Guardian Angel,"

by Miss Ropes, of London, whose work is found to be peculiarly adaptable to Della Robbia methods. Mr. Anning Bell and Mr. Charles Allen, at the Liverpool College, are producing pupils whose work promises well for future use. It is hoped to extend the work for architectural purposes. At present two panels have been placed on a private house in Liverpool, representing a sower and a reaper; and an angel—which is reproduced—for a lunette at the house of Mr. Walter Holland. In the Town Hall at Liverpool, on one of the mantelpieces, is a large vase, designed by Mr. Harold Rathbone, flanked by a pair of vases modelled on the lines of the old Pilgrim vases at South Kensington. Beside these an ingle-nook has been executed for Lord Radnor's house at Folkestone.

The "mark" of the pottery is a ship with "D.R." on either side, signifying that the work is produced at a seaport town.



FRIEZE.

(Designed by Edmund Rathbone.)



HEADPIECE FROM "LE MORTE D'ARTHUR."

(Drawn by Aubrey Beardsley.)

## AUBREY BEARDSLEY AND THE DECADENTS.

By MARGARET ARMOUR.

THE patient public is always having something offered it to live up to. Yesterday it was the blue tea-pot; to-day it is *The Yellow Book* and *The Savoy*. The majority, of course, plod on their stolid way, unconcerned with the baubles of art, but there are always some for whom its esoteric mysteries have a charm, and who would rather die than lag in an up-to-date movement. These are at present agog over the Decadents, whose dazzling travesties, in black and white, of "the human face divine" are art's latest sensation.

The blue tea-pot was a mild diet for the soul. It did not nourish, but it did not harm. The Decadents supply stronger food, but they mix it with a poison that makes it perilous to swallow. This I shall try to prove by an analysis of the wares of the chief purveyor, Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, and a glance at the general characteristics of the school.

Mr. Beardsley might adapt the *mot* of Louis XIV., and say, almost without arrogance, "L'Art décadent; c'est moi." In his work we have the most complete expression of what is typical of the movement—disdain of classical traditions in art, and of clean traditions in ethics; the *fin de siècle* outlook on the husk of life, and brilliant dexterity

in portraying it; also, perhaps, a finer feeling for the tools of art than for its materials.

Mr. Beardsley's career has been meteoric in brilliance, yet at present he has all the appearance of a fixed star. He is one of those in whom genius is no smouldering ember, but a many-tongued flame.

While still in art embryo, he caught and pleased the eye of Puvis de Chavannes and Sir Edward Burne-Jones. It said much for his talent that such diverse men combined to praise it. The qualities detected in the boy were no doubt those which Hamerton, in his critical note in Vol. II. of *The Yellow Book*, eulogises in the man: "Extreme economy of means . . . the perfection of discipline, of self-control, and of thoughtful deliberation at the very moment of invention."

Beardsley's first big work was the decoration and illustration of Malory's "Morte d'Arthur," for Dent and Co. In this his bold use of black and white,



AUBREY BEARDSLEY.

(Drawn by Himself.)

with its skilfully-graded ink-values, made a palpable hit. True, some marked achievement in line-drawing was to be looked for as a result of the growing facilities for reproduction of line work. The opportunity was obvious, but that takes nothing from his feat, for genius just means, after all,

an eye to perceive the obvious. The volume *Salome* left his hands next, and shortly after, in *The Yellow Book*, he made his bow independently to the public. At present he continues to charm by his work in *The Savoy* and Pope's *Rape of the Lock*.

The more we ponder these works, the more we see the justice of Hamerton's criticism. Everywhere there is the prolific, yet thoughtful and

seems to be a peculiar tendency in Mr. Beardsley's mind to the representation of types without intellect and without morals. Some of the most dreadful faces in all art are to be found in the illustrations of the play *Salome*. We have two unpleasant ones here (*Yellow Book*, Vol. I.) in *L'Éducation Sentimentale*. There is distinctly a sort of corruption in Mr. Beardsley's art so far

as its human element is concerned." This is much from a man of Hamerton's moderation, and it might be more. There is hardly an adjective in the dictionary too ugly to sling at the hectic vice, the slimy nastiness of those faces. And they can be pure and glad—some of them are—but Beardsley is a Decadent, and must do as the Decadents do: he must gloat upon ugliness and add to it; and when it is not there, he must create it. Compare his impression of a familiar object—Mrs. Patrick Campbell, for instance—with our own; the Beardsley trail is on her face, and it is curious to think what the Duchess of Devonshire would have been in his hands instead of Gainsborough's. But this fact, while it exasperates, has its own comfort for those who would see the world fair; for if we find an artist besmirching his model when we can test results by our own experience, the chances are he is



COVER FOR "LE MORTE D'ARTHUR."

(Designed by Aubrey Beardsley.)

deliberate, invention, and that "economy of means" which is Mr. Beardsley's great distinction. The cover and frontispiece of Vol. I. of the "Morte d'Arthur"—his high-water mark, to my thinking,—are specially rich in these qualities, and one cannot but note, too, the serene surety of the drawing and the superb sense of style. Mr. Beardsley's technique is masterly; it is from the spirit of his work that the great black, damning shadow falls that, to many eyes, is total eclipse. A certain grossness, which revolts one even in his treatment of inanimate things, gets free rein in his men and women, notably in those of *The Yellow Book* period; of late, in *The Savoy* and *Rape of the Lock*, we have joyfully hailed an improvement. With regard to the former, let Hamerton again lead off. His critical note in *The Yellow Book*, which I partly quoted, continues thus: "There

always at it, and the ugliness he dresses out for us is in his own eye.

To be a devout Decadent, too, you must not only be wicked; you must be worse—as *Punch* would say—you must be vulgar. Mr. Beardsley has a trick of superimposing one style on another—Japanese on mediæval, mediæval on Celtic. That does not matter so long as he has the genius to unify; but what does matter is that the groundwork of them all should be Cockney, and the coster be so prominent in the *motifs*. "The Slippers of Cinderella," in Vol. II. of *The Yellow Book*, is 'Arriet on 'Ampstead 'Eath done into a Japanese patch, down—or rather up—to the very feather on the "donah's" bonnet. In fact, *The Yellow Book* was just a glorified *Pick Me Up*, and both are utterances of the Cockney soul.

There is nothing easier than to prove a kinship



between the two. *The Yellow Book* may be considered as a younger brother who, through superior educational advantages, has forced himself into good society where the family taint, known as vulgarity



INITIAL-PIECE FROM "LE MORTE  
D'ARTHUR."  
(Drawn by Aubrey Beardsley.)

at a penny, becomes decadence at five shillings. Yet the poor relation is perhaps the better man of the two; he has pleasant Cockney traits that the *parvenu* lacks, a certain sunny *joie de vivre*, and a kindly humour. In London's lighter follies, made a speciality of by such men as Dudley Hardy, Phil May, Greiffenhagen, Raven Hill, this sunny vein is to the fore.

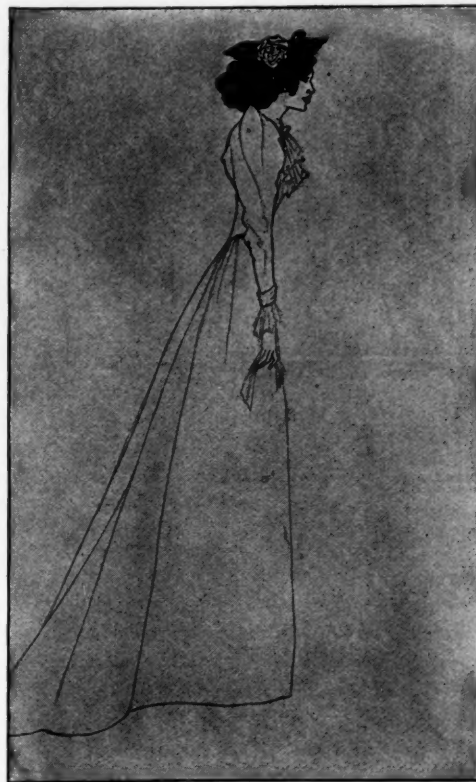
It is in most of their men and women who trip and swagger in the popular "weeklies." Such draughtsmen dance to the tune of the letterpress, which is seldom a stately measure. They have a wonderfully versatile brush, and with one sweep describe an arc from *Pick Me Up* to *Good Words*. Their feud with the Philistine is no more; they and he kiss mutually over posters for soaps and tooth-pastes. One wonders if, on the whole, they do not gain by falling short of the dignity of decadence.

This term, in itself, is rather damning. Instead of an upward mounting to the zenith, it suggests the downward slope of things to night and death. The nations ripe and ripe, and when they rot and rot, decadence is the tale that hangs thereby. There seems to be, in the story of every people, first the battle for life and the hardy growth; then the early spring voices of the poets, and the sound, sweet fruit of art. The bloom of the fruit continues, but the plague-spot is at the core. This spreads till it poisons the eater, and the best that can befall is some strong wind of change—revolution or even extinction—to shake it to earth, that wondrous alchemist who transmutes all decay into new life.

If we accept this figure as illustrative of the

Decadents, it saves us the difficulty of a definition, but commits us to rather a sad view of our times. I think it is both pleasanter and truer to see, in the decadent movement, just the inevitable swing of the pendulum. We have had as much corruption before, followed by the most austere purity. England has wonderful recuperative powers. She has been sick to death a dozen times, but never dreams of dying. She has a day of asceticism and a day of debauch. Congreve and Wycherly were the reaction from Milton and the Roundheads; and Messrs. Beardsley and Company may quite well be the swing-back from the somewhat emaciated purity of the Pre-Raphaelites. The spirit has had its innings—now for the flesh and the devil. And, after all, it is a very partial swing.

But there is a happier way still out of the difficulty. Why not hoist the Decadents altogether off our shoulders and saddle them on to France?



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL  
(Drawn by Aubrey Beardsley.)

She has a nice broad back for such things, and Mr. Beardsley won't be the last straw by many. Let us hug ourselves on our iron constitution, and the clean bill of health we should have, but



for the tainted whiffs from across the Channel that lodge the Gallic germs in our lungs. Our Beardsleys have identical symptoms with Verlaine, Degas, Le Grand, Forain, and might quite well be sick from infection. If we are to blame them at all, it is only, so to speak, for their trick of hanging round Dover, not to hear Matthew

we would dwell, we must work our way up earnestly from fractional to total surveys. Entire praise, and entire blame of men such as Mr. Beardsley, is each but a half-estimate. We must apply the half-estimates to the corresponding half-achievements, and join them by a hyphen before we get the final word of truth. Art-critics are apt to err in their

partial definition of beauty. Ought not the term "beauty" to connote all that elicits the permanent joy and approval of mankind over the whole field of experience, both sensuous and spiritual? Each of us is but a unit in the sum of being, and can contribute but a mite to the sum of beauty. Some may try to do it ethically, by pure conduct; some aesthetically, by pure line. But, while none can be expected to emphasise more than one or two points in beauty's limitless field, and the tendency George Meredith complains of in us, to judge works of art by what they are *not*, is absurd; still, in the emphasis of one point there must be no denial of another. Art for art's sake is sound doctrine. The first concern of pictorial art is with line and colour. It has no more to do with preaching than a sunset. *Non-moral* it may be as much as it pleases, but *immoral* never. The moment it becomes immoral it *does* concern itself with ethics, and denies the principle of beauty in its moral manifestation.

That art like Beardsley's, so excellent in technique and so detestable in spirit, wakes more repugnance than praise—proves us a nation stronger in ethics than in art. We are true to the Teutonic strain in us, and are not Goths for nothing. But there is Latin blood in us as well—enough, let us hope, to temper harshness, and allow us to give the Decadents the honour which is their due. In the externals of art they are doing good work, and even their flippancy may have its uses, if it jeer us out of conceit with the *bourgeois* sentimentality of the average painter.

Hamerton closes his criticism of Mr. Beardsley with a kindly hope that he may yet "see a better side of human life." 'Twere a fair hope to have realised in us all. There may be a better side of life than any of us have yet beheld, reserved for the vision of the pure in heart, who in God's works see God.



FROM "LE MORTE D'ARTHUR."

(Drawn by Aubrey Beardsley. By Permission of Messrs. Dent and Co.)

Arnold's "eternal note of sadness"—the sadness of the great soul's baffled longing, echoed by the melancholy, long, withdrawing roar of the sea, "retreating to the breath of the night-wind,"—but to have news of the *café-chantant*.

Ought public feeling, then, to run dead against the Decadents?—and do the notice and praise they have won point to a debased standard of criticism among us? This is just a paraphrase of the old problem, Does art exist for art's sake, or as the handmaiden of morals? Is beauty enough without goodness? Here, as in everything else, it is the perception of half-truths that halves the world for warfare and pitches its opposing camps. If in unity

## ART AND ELECTRICITY.

BY ROBERT JOPE-SLADE.

SOME little time since, when certain artists and members of the Church foregathered in a small room to discuss matters concerning their mutual advantage (but did not) the present writer had the pleasure of assisting at a passage of arms between Mr. Holman Hunt and a learned prelate who had once held a Slade Professorship. The latter, in a speech which was *nihil ad rem*, declared that the Cathedral of St. Mark was less a house of prayer than a museum, filled with the spoils of the foes of ancient Venice; moreover, that the mosaic men had overlaid the deep-cut Gothic mouldings of the original architects with their tesserae. Mr. Hunt with difficulty restrained himself, and, speaking as an "ancient person," with fixed theories, traversed the statement. The mosaicists desired to keep St. Mark's on all-fours with the spirit of the time. The Gothic revival was an example of the uselessness of applying the art of the past to the needs of the present.

Art must adapt itself to the requirements of ever advancing civilisation.

The excuse for this long prelude is that Mr. Holman Hunt's remarks are very pertinent to my subject. Electricity, at least electric illumination, is in its infancy. It demands the assistance of art to add a beautiful setting to its utility. The opportunity for fine and novel work seems to have occurred to very few English modellers. In Paris it is otherwise: exquisite figures and designs have been obviously conceived with the intention of

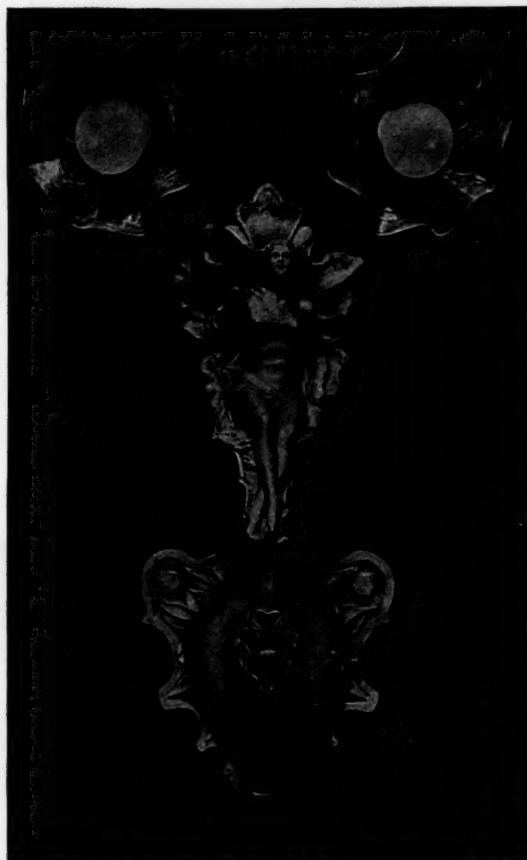
bearing the electric globes, and by artists of mark. Success in this new branch of art means understanding its exacting conditions. There are occasions, as will be shown, when an existing work of art may

be adapted to ends of which there was no forethought. But the better work must be begun with the idea that its proportions will not be perfect until the luminous globes are added. Electric light is pliant in the artist's hands, in a fashion those who have only dealt with oil and wax cannot imagine. It can be manipulated in any position, vertical, horizontal, diagonal; it can be upright in the watchman's lantern, drop as a stamen from the heart of a fuchsia, or fall parallel with the base from which its burner springs, as the yellow centre of a marguerite.

There are one or two elementary facts which must be observed. The first is the gauge of the brass ring which holds the globe, the second is the size of the actual crystal containing the light, which may be of any

transparent or even semi-transparent material. The "electrolier" may be of any size, but must not be too minute, or you get a gem of light in a bit of *bric-à-brac* and not the luminous utility of an ordinary lamp.

There will be no great city in another decade of which the streets are not lighted by electric light, except London, which is laggard and conservative, and has an unintelligent aversion to the acceptance of the changes effected by civilisation. She compares in enlightenment most unfavourably with provincial



MORNING.

(Designed by Alfred E. Lewis.)

cities such as Liverpool, which great port, by reason of the *va-et-vient* of the oceanic service, is in intimate relation with the States, learning thereby all the latest inventions, many of them of much municipal utility.

This new form of municipal illumination opens out indefinable opportunities for the decorative artist, if the eyes of the authorities can be opened to the hideousness of the present lamp-post. One seaside town to my knowledge has secured a handsome form of electrolier; but, of course, it is of one type, and wherever it occurs is like a repeating decimal. In Utopia every lamp-post, to adhere to the two Saxon words, will be a work of art differing in design.

It is across the Atlantic that we must look for the greatest and noblest electrolier, to Bartholdi's colossal figure of Liberty, designed to find completion of symmetry in the great globe of light it bears aloft, standing stupendous,



LIGHTNING.  
(Designed by Maillart. From  
Bellman and Levy.)

illuminating the sea-way for the come-and-go of the maritime commerce of all nations to the greatest port on earth; the gift of the most important Republic in the Old World to the most important Republic in the New, in token of international amity.

It is, however, with humbler and more everyday matters that this essay must concern itself. In many of the houses of the great the chambers are lighted with the soft radiance of electricity from sources unrevealed. It is so at Stafford House, the London home of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, one of the most splendid places in the kingdom, of which rumour has it Her Majesty, on coming from Buckingham Palace to visit the late Duchess, said, "I come from my house to your palace." And here the lambent globes are

with difficulty discovered, hid by the golden cornice which runs round the dome-like ceiling.

A still better method for the suffusion of a gentle but powerful light is the Cuthbert light, so called from the surname of its inventor. A bronze plate of classic form, with a straight rim and concave centre, holds the invisible luminant. This plate is suspended by three chains. This new light was seen in the greatest possible perfection on the completion of its installation in the great hall of the Union Bank in the City.

On this page is an example of a piece of work by Mr. Bertram Mackennal, whose two great works, "Circe" and last year's seated figure—which for brevity we may call a Rahab—drew wondering and admiring eyes. Mr. Mackennal has the prettiest and most charming fantasy in producing excellently-modelled liliputian figures. In the present case the figure is *accroupie*; the legs so drawn up that they are vertical from ankles to knees, which are clasped by the crossed hands of her extended arms. The back of the maid, which is beautiful in curve, is supported by what may be the stem, which forms a handle, of the flat leaf-like surface, whose three points, turned down, lift the whole from the ground. Between wings a *bizarre* imagination which is neither griffin nor snake, but something of both, bears on its head an electric globe. The design from which the illustration is taken is rather small, but it



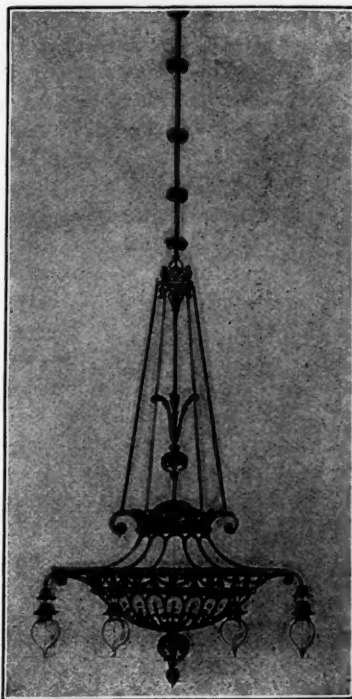
TABLE LAMP.  
(Designed by Bertram Mackennal.)

could be enlarged. It only remains to point out the distinction which marks the perfect setting on of the head and the felicitous handling of the hair.

Mr. Alfred E. Lewis is a direct disciple of Mr. Alfred Gilbert, R.A. On many of the young the Gilbert



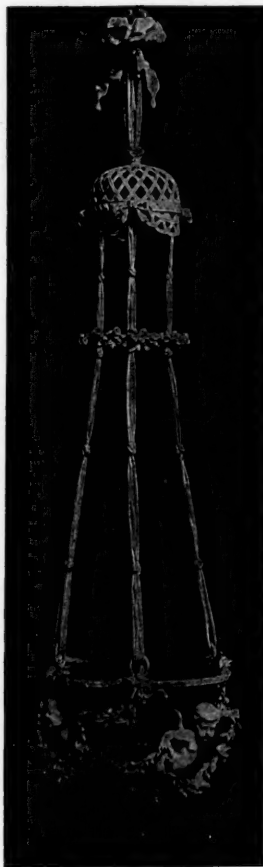
signature is stamped; on none more so than on this young artist, who has designed some absolutely Gilbertian yacht-race cups. American sportsmen last year discovered his gift in this direction, and were his considerable patrons. He also designs small figures, dragons, and serpents for door-knockers, and is master of all that appertains to the uses for which metal can be fitly made decorative for the home. Mr. Alfred Lewis's "Morning" is the daintiest electrolier we have; the little figure is exquisite in unconscious grace of pose, modelled with a delicacy no English sculptor could surpass, and absolutely without sign of labour. One is convinced that there



PENDANT IN WROUGHT-IRON.  
(For Midd Hall, Ripley. By W. Starkie-Gardner.)

supports and harmonises with it in subtlety of feeling. So delightful is the perfection of the balance of the globes, and admirable the way in which they are disposed, so very much pleasanter than the insufficient fashion of an arm always holding up a too sufficient weight, that we may rest assured it sprang entire as it is now into conception at the first.

There is just so much suspicion of Alfred Gilbert, as one might suppose that Mr. Lewis's art would have been some time reaching its present expression if that great master had never lived. It is quite possible to believe that Mr. Alfred Gilbert has experimented with the new luminant, but he does not work on



LOUIS XVI. LAMP.  
(From Perry and Sons.)

were many experimental models before consummation of beauty was reached. The nymph grew swiftly into the perfection of her charm and intensely feminine seductiveness, with just that touch which lifts her out of the sphere of humanity. The refinement and culture which are suffused over the entire deliciously symmetrical figure culminate in a note of the highest distinction. The decorative arrangement against which she is seated expresses the last word of elegant simplicity—spontaneousness, liveliness of thought; while it arrests no attention from the figure, it completely

chance, and is fully employed on commissions of clients whose copyrights he respects too much for publication, even if there were no other reason. His artist-reticence is doubtless to his honour.

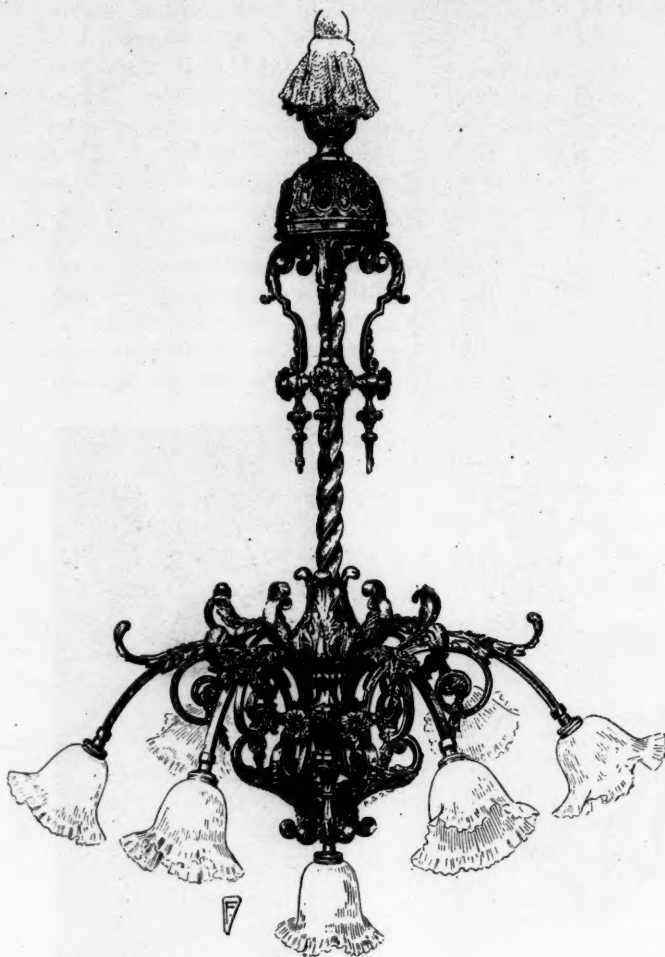
With Mr. J. M. Swan, A.R.A., the unexpected has occurred: he has modelled one of those exquisite little Venuses with which his painting-room abounds, and mounted her on a miniature earth of red crystal, an inversion which is delightful and *bizarre*. The original was designed for Mr. Stuart Samuel, for his dining-room table.

In reviewing some sculpture galleries and



PENDANT LAMP FROM BRESCIA  
(Attributed to Ghiberti. Perry and Sons.)

places where electroliers are sold, there is one important note—almost all the work is French; but some is English, and extremely good in its way. The one quality English work never possesses is that untranslatable roguish little attribute, *chic*, or at least *cachet*. However commonplace the design—and some of them are that—there is always this unconscious quantity to redeem French statuettes.



ELECTROLIER.  
(From Miller and Co.)

At Bellman, Ivey, and Carter's, always in the van of art, is the draped figure of a graceful maiden, standing delightfully at ease, with a figure which expresses the plump and perfectly wholesome robust vigour of a slow and gentle adolescence. The sparseness and novelty of the charming exotic plant gives a corresponding simplicity and unity, with its admirably disposed and weighted globes to contain the light. So popular is this figure, we find it in every gallery.

Perhaps the most vivacious, and fullest of life and

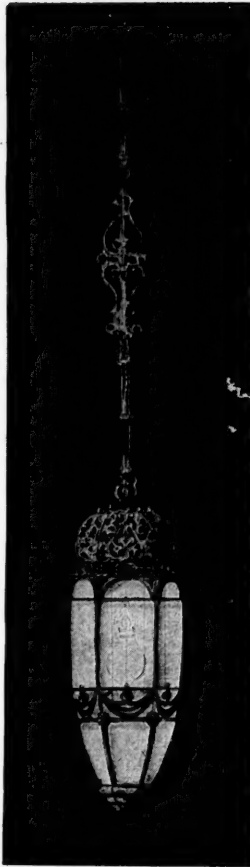
of the quick movement of advance, is the statuette of "La Foudre," by Maillard (see p. 14). The figure is sufficiently garbed, with drapery which crosses the lower part of the body, and passing up the back appears by her side under the uplifted arm, volant in a graceful curve. A little above her head in her left hand she carries the light, while in her right hand, which hangs alertly at her side, she holds a conventional zigzag of forked lightning; part of her bolt has already struck the earth, which smokes in reply. "La Foudre" is a flesh Alfred de Musset ideal *peau de velours, muscles d'acier*.

Many beautiful schemes for electric illumination at Messrs. Benson's are palpitatingly modern. The designs are their own. They are all purely decorative in the simple elements; a few flowers are introduced, but most of them are expressed in brilliant novelty of line and grace of curve: the spiral is again and again used with the happiest effect. It is impossible to credit the flamboyance of result produced by their simple methods, or the piquancy of acute multiplication of sharp angles and zigzags which are as artistic as *bizarre*. There are globes which swing with more than the grace of the fuchsia, by slender but beautifully wrought chains, as strong as they are dainty, quite superfluously charming in effect. Double curves that turn upwards are capable of captivating handling. In a word, they are quaint, striking, individual; akin to the work of the new English Art Club, unlike anything seen outside the gallery, the poetry of the mathematical line, evasive of description, and exhausting the beautiful metals in variety of tone. It is delightful so entirely to escape from the French.

At Faraday's there is much sumptuous work. One of the most beautiful things here, and of the newest design,

is a trio of rams' heads connected by loops or curves of chain of graduated spheric oval beads. At Verity's, electroliers are almost entirely from Paris; and here we find the figure, both draped and undraped, which Bellman, Carter, and Ivey have found so popular.

At Perry and Sons' *un boîlle de surprises* awaited us. Carrière-Belleuse has a large and fully-fleshed Eros, modelled, with unctuous amplitude, of a bronze with a sheen and bloom on its surface. But the figure should have been Hercules, the



LAMP.

(Designed for the Hon. A. P. Allsopp by W. Starkie Gardner.)

A candelabrum of great splendour by Benvenuto Cellini, which need not be reproduced, although it makes a magnificent electrolier.

What is startling is the adaptation of Cinquecentist and Empire designs, from the primitive wax light to the ultra-modern electric: a Louis Seize *veilleuse* in ornolu, delightful in design, a sort of hanging basket wrought in a fretwork of metal, decorated with roses and Cupids, perfectly adapted to carry the electric light either pendent or hidden. A Renaissance lampada based on a design by Ghiberti, it has the power and simplicity of the best Italian work; the three chains by which it hangs are composed of links with crosses in them, and on the lamp itself are three figures draped, their hands holding the chains. Three heads in high relief are on the lamp itself, which is decidedly oriental. One of the most graceful designs is Florentine, the original now at Versailles; it

golden brazier with the twelve electric lights is so ponderous for the little god to carry. It stands on a Corinthian column, with a twining spray of roses and an heraldic wreath at the base, all in ornolu.

is a seated figure of a child-angel in bronze the floriated and graceful curved support is held by the figure in its arms, and would carry three beautiful light supports.

Decoration in the best sense is shown at Miller and Sons'. In the electrolier which is reproduced, with seven flowers holding lights which spring vigorously from the fine mass of graceful curves, the stem is spiral with large outstanding studs, with roses for heads, and terminating in what may be called a little dome, with spandrels in *repoussé*. It is wrought in lacquered and polished brass. The greatness and picturesqueness of the design dominate the art. At this gallery are splendid figures: one is probably Athena herself, by the dignity of the figure, and the queenly folds which fall straight so as to just reveal the toes of firmly planted feet. The vessel which holds the light is held on



LAMP.

(For a House in Berkeley Square. By W. Starkie Gardner.)

high by the bare, strong, dimpled arms. This crowns a noble work. Cloisonné and Minton, Japanese, Chinese, and many other wares, and all the metals, have also been pressed into service for the new illuminant.

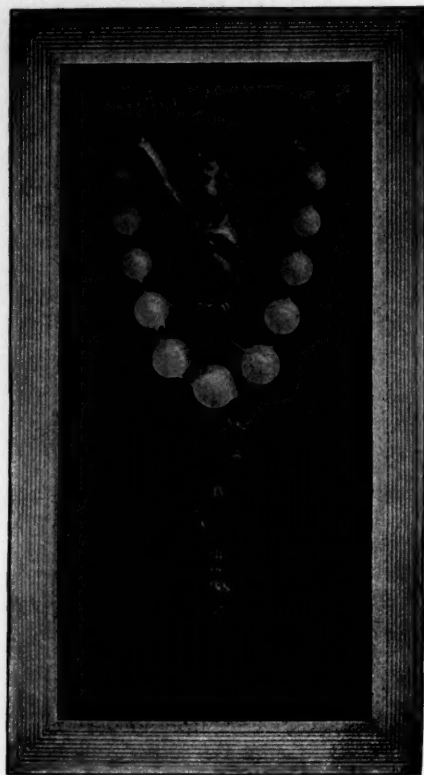


LAMP.

(For Mount Stuart. By W. Starkie Gardner.)



The exquisite and novelly-designed electroliers, of which several illustrations are given, are the work of



ELECTRIC GARLAND.  
(From Eastlake, Limited.)

Mr. Starkie Gardner. Of a delightful filigree, which strikes one as oriental in feeling, is the lamp first on page 17; the panes, if I may call them so, are of horn, a substance of great charm and just sufficient transparency to give a soft and sufficient light. This material has been sadly forgotten by artistic workers in metal. It is in the possession of the Hon. A. P. Allsopp. Quite different in design is the central lamp on the page; graceful curves climb the crimson rope of twisted silk which secretes the electric wire. A trellis-work of gold is diamond shaped, the scroll-work about it is of an elegant simplicity. Two minute griffin heads, bent outwards, break the sense of all line. The light itself is heart-shaped, two shields of mother-of-pearl hiding it; they are connected in the centre by a small rosette. Amongst the many refined, graceful, and original works by Mr. Gardner is a somewhat weighty lamp, made of black iron and ivory. It goes to a house in Berkeley Square, as does another beautiful conception—it is formed chiefly of an elegant scroll-work; but the great number of perforations give this large piece an air of lightness. At the Junior Constitu-

tional Club hangs an extremely facile design of considerable grace; it is a novelty because it is made in pewter, an excellent metal for such a purpose. It is the work of Colonel R. W. Edis, of the Artists' Corps, who is the architect of the Club.

Wandering through the galleries one often tires of the eternal Eros and Aphrodite, the occasional Hermes, Herakles and Phoebus, wondering that there are no Cœur de Lion, no Saladin, watchmen, mediæval dames and damozels, fayre and debonnaire, Jeanne D'Arc, Fausts, Marguerites, Vulcan glowing at the forge, Eastern figures of women at the well, carrying jars on their heads, or stopping to pick shining globes; knights of the Middle Ages armed *cap-à-pie*, with electricity forming part, say, of a horse's crest. The whole host of legend, tradition, history, fantasy, faery, purely imaginative or elfin lore are available; the draped, the undraped, the



NAÏAD VASE.  
(From Eugene Blot, Paris.)

grotesque, the quaint and the *bizarre* are all accessible. But the whole range of existing electric statuary and decorative globe-bearing design may be summed up as consummate in execution, strangely wanting in invention and imagination.



ARCADE IN PIAZZA CARICAMENTO, GENOA.

## STREET ARCADES IN NORTH ITALY.

BY H. E. TIDMARSH. ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR.

**T**HERE is nothing distinctly peculiar to Italy in the arched and covered ways which we call arcades. Yet somehow there is that variety, beauty, and individuality in the arcades of Italy which make us associate the two, and almost forget that all civilisation has had such covered walks. Indeed, where men have found the discomfort of walking in the summer sun, the autumn rain, and the winter snow they have, if their health prompted them to be outdoors, and their wealth allowed them to be extravagant, made some kind of shelter in which to walk and do their business.

The Forum of classic days was surrounded by colonnades, and the chief streets lined with them; and, as far as we can learn, the best streets of mediæval towns were lined with covered walks built over the vaulted stone cellars of the merchants' houses; and where these did not exist the overhanging of the upper storeys offered a useful and grateful shade to the passer-by. But in these northern lands, when brick and stone supplanted wood, this overhanging and arcading was done away with, and the new builder seldom put a covered walk

in the ground floor of his new house. Some of the show streets in modern cities have such arcades, and the Rue de Rivoli in Paris, St. Mark's Piazza in Venice, even the Pantiles in Tunbridge Wells, are instances where the architect has successfully attracted people to the shelter of his building, and the shopkeeper has found it profitable to settle there. Another phase of the same thing, but quite a modern development, is the glass-covered walk with shops on either side, now so common in all towns. Burlington Arcade is one instance at home, and the splendid Galleria Vittorio Emanuele, in Milan, one of the best known to travellers abroad. In Southern gardens it is common to build a double row of stone piers, across which sticks are laid and vines and creepers trained over them to form a sheltered walk called a *pergola*. But it is not of those I am now treating.

The temporary shelter which the shopkeepers make in some European cities when they hang cloths from the shop-blinds down to the kerb, thus forming a continuous covered way past the shops in the heat of the day, is on just the same principle as the stone



arcade, and may be seen well developed in the Via de Condotti, in Rome, so well known to the Briton.

This, in comparison to the solid work of our ancestors, is perhaps but typical of how we work for an age or a day, not for eternity.

One cannot enter the gloom of the stone arch of these streets, especially when the sun has just left it and the evening is coming on apace, without wondering almost unconsciously whether this part of modern architecture is but after all a survival of the primitive cave dwelling. Is it possible that the cave man in us still loves to make a stony hole where he may hide from the glare and shelter from the cold, and not be despoiled of all his natural tastes and advantages by glazed windows and carpets?

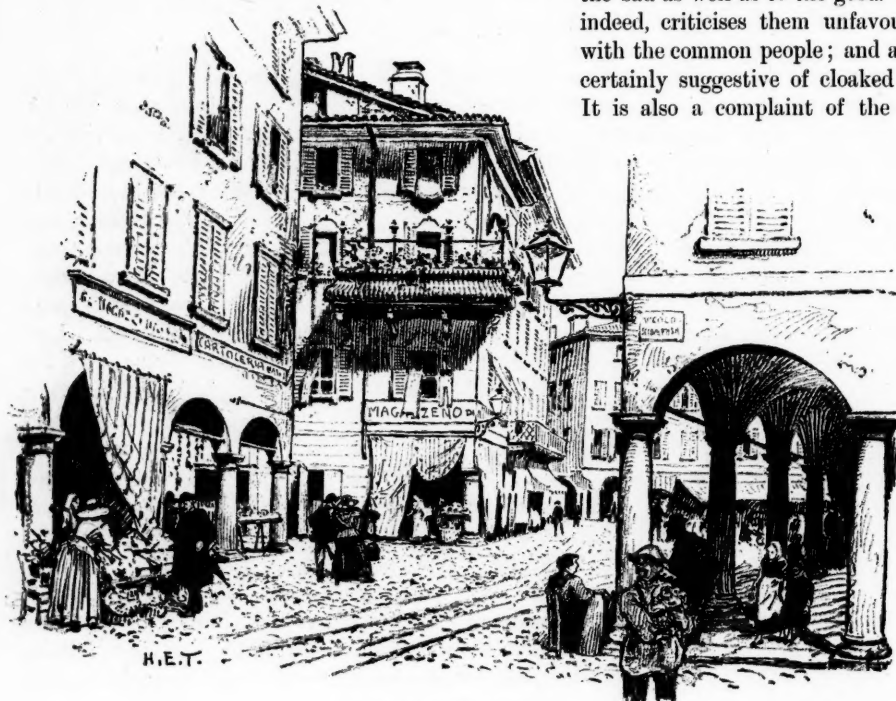


PIAZZA PONTIDA, BERGAMO.

It is a source of some wonder that these healthy and pleasant promenades should now be so little used; but maybe they are too much a shelter to the bad as well as to the good. Evelyn in his diary, indeed, criticises them unfavourably in connection with the common people; and at night time they are certainly suggestive of cloaked figures and daggers. It is also a complaint of the shopkeepers that so

little light enters under these arcades—for which reason the colonnading was removed from Regent's Quadrant in 1848.

Some of the North European towns still have their old arcades, and the Rows at Chester are but a strangely developed type of the same thing. But Winchester, Canterbury, York, etc., are peculiarly deficient



A STREET IN LUGANO.

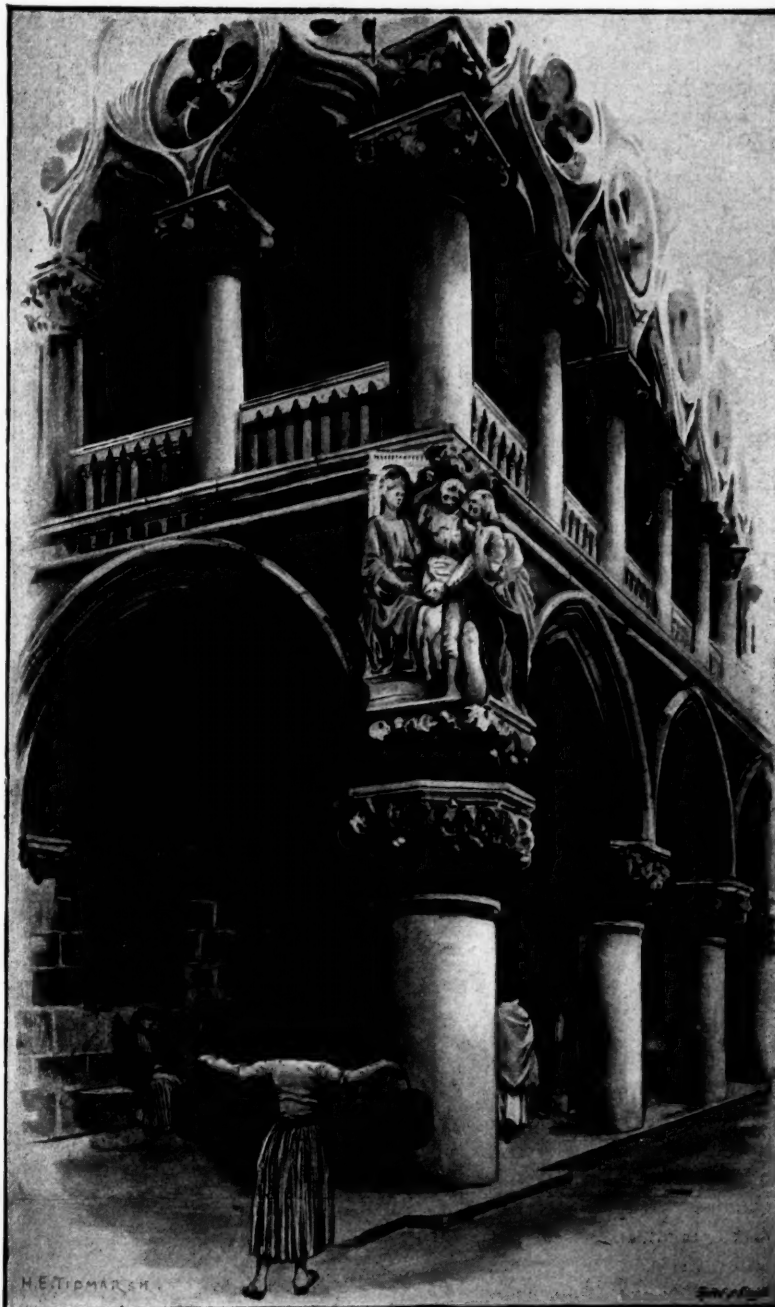
in such features, the single occasional exception being the covered places under the Market-houses themselves.

North Italian cities have by far the greatest number of street arcades. Rome is very poor in them. Florence no less so, though one must not forget the Loggia di Lanzi. They probably trusted to the narrowness of their streets and overhanging eaves for shelter. But it was possibly a matter and accident of fashion and time, for while Bologna and Padua were being rebuilt Florence was largely complete, and Rome hardly rising from her long sleep.

At the entrance to Italy by Lugano there is a beautiful instance of arcading which compensates for the otherwise great plainness of the houses. Any possible monotony of so many arches is broken by the irregularity with which every shopkeeper hangs out his own form of blind when the sun is in his direction, sometimes quite covering that side of the street with stripes of colour. The approach to Italy by Genoa also exhibits a very interesting and unusual form of arcade. The great ancient houses along the quay have a very sombre and irregular covered way in their base. The arches are mostly filled up with little shops, or stairs to the rooms above, and the light has to peep in over the top; and the smell from the cookshops to find its way over these. A ceaseless crowd of all sorts and conditions is for ever up and down this walk, seafaring and dockmen being the most numerous. Without, is the great, wide dirty

quay, the Piazza Caricamento, with its great wagons and trains, and ships and old buildings and old piers, and the warm sunshine, and all the things of an Italian seaport. Within, there is cool shade and the flavour of Limehouse of the East India Dock Road, with a thousand things to interest one.

Bologna stands ahead of all cities for arcades, and is not without reason called "the city of



ARCADE OF THE DOGE'S PALACE, VENICE.



THE PIAZZA DELLE ERBE, VERONA.

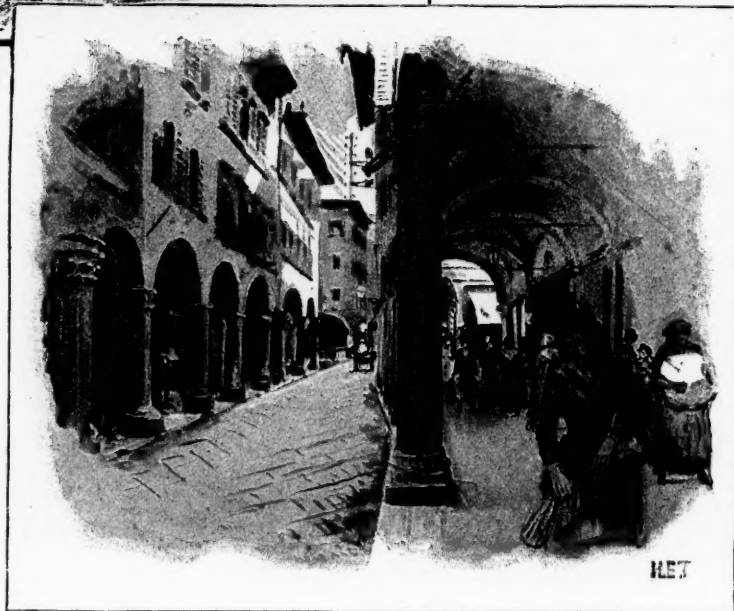
columns." Padua ranks next in the number of its arcaded streets; but these are fast disappearing under the modern restorer's hands.

Of the same type, and perhaps better known to tourists, are those at Pisa, which is probably more visited for its famous church, tower, and Campo Santo than any other second-rate city in Italy. The streets are wonderfully clean and neat, and the sombre old columns, with their variously carved capitals, support a succession of arches which sustain the houses above by groining, which is generally

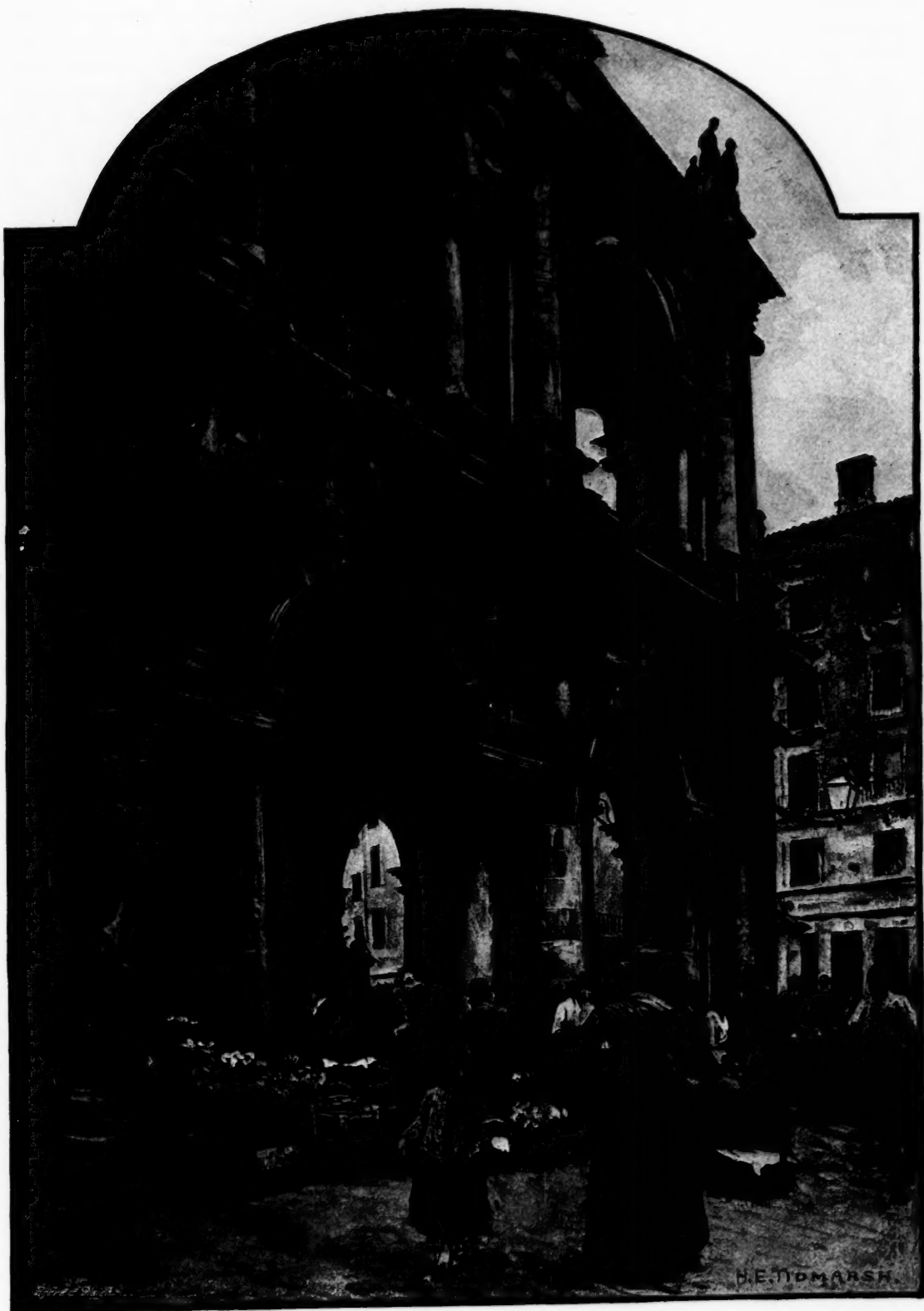
mixed up with iron tie-rods. The sun only peeps into these cool walks for an hour or two in the whole day; and the rain, of which Pisa gets so much, may be quite ignored in these streets.

Amongst the smaller towns, the arcading in Brescia has a charming old-world look. It is wonderful that after years of neglect and use these columns should show so little sign of damage. Every shop-keeper or stall-holder drives nails or hooks into them on which to hang coat or blind, and yet in this charming country they are sound and handsome hundreds of years after their builders left them to rot forgotten in the distant Campo Santo.

Cafés are constantly found in these covered ways. Some of the most famous of them of the South have taken up their abode in these arcaded buildings, as in Nice and Venice, and a bit of such



VIA DEL BORGO, PISA.



PALLADIO'S ARCADE AT VICENZA.



shelter is seized upon anywhere for the purpose. A pretty instance of this is in the great market-place, the Piazza delle Erbe, at Verona. Here the builders

When he surrounded the old Gothic hall in the Market Square (the Piazza de Signori) with his beautiful and ornate design he produced a splendid upper and lower walk where the citizens could do business or take the air in any weather outdoors.

But there is no possible doubt that the best known street or piazza arcade is under the Ducal Palace at Venice. Constructed in the fifteenth century, beautifully built and carefully preserved, it is one of the most famous bits of the most famous corner of that most famous city. The beauty and cleanness of the marble of which it is built is no less attractive than the beauty of the design, and the contrast with the more commonplace and extensive colonnading on the other three sides of the piazza is greatly in its favour. There one looks out for



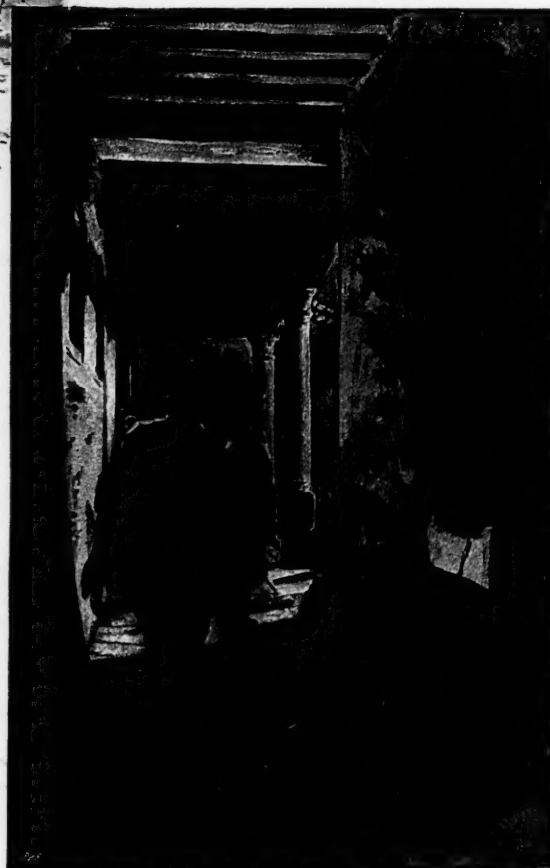
THE TOWER GATE, LEONESSA

of the east side of the square put up some old columns and built out the first floor upon them, forming not an arcade, which requires arches, but a little colonnade, in which are several cafés and other shops. Here the citizen may sip and chat and look out on the great forest of umbrellas and sea of people, with the background of the Palazzo Maffei and the lion-mounted column.

Another instance of such a bit of shelter, quite different in character to any of the others, is the little covered way one passes through in going to the railway station in Venice.

In the mountain towns they have the same cloistered ways, though here the arches are seldom supported on graceful columns, but on square piers of stone. In the little Abruzzi town of Leonessa such an arched footway (here shown) runs from the gateway up the chief street, if such a shopless, cartless, horseless place can be said to have a street.

To the progressive architect the most notable arcading is that famous work of Palladio at Vicenza.



ON THE ROAD FROM THE RIALTO TO THE STATION, VENICE.

the shops and coffee and people and pigeons: here for the beauty of the building itself.

## GIOVANNI SEGANTINI.

BY HELEN ZIMMERN.



HOSE who read the accounts of exhibitions and watch with interest the new names and new productions that constantly appear in the world of art cannot fail to have noticed with ever increasing fre-

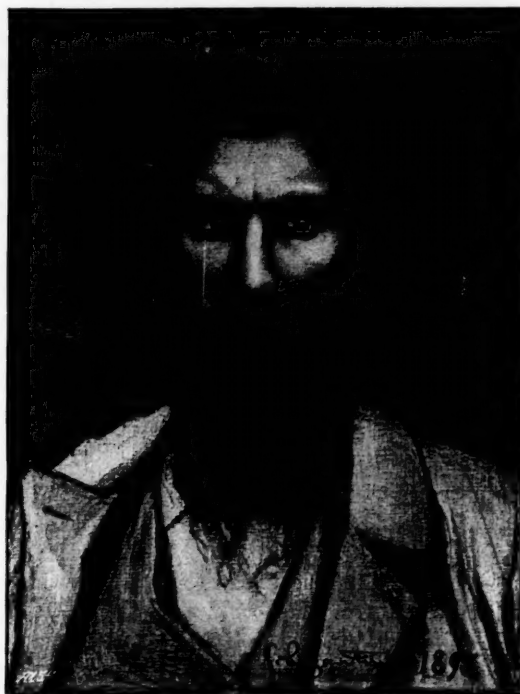
quency the recurrence of the name of Giovanni Segantini. This Italian artist, who is beginning to make a great name for himself outside the limits of his native land, is one of the most robust and original personalities among modern painters. So far is he from seeking after mere praise, from desiring to be the talk of the town or a more or less passing fashion, that he lives as far remote from the world as possible, pitching his tent in a high and distant corner of the Alps, whence he but seldom descends to visit Milan, and then only for short periods. Of him as of few other painters it can be affirmed that he is equally interesting as a man and as an artist.

Segantini stands in the front rank of modern Italian painters; indeed, in some respects he stands at the very head of them—that is to say, in the treatment of the subjects he has made his own particular province. What Millet did for France, Giovanni Segantini has done for Italy—that is, he has devoted his art to the cause of the poor and lowly, and has faithfully depicted the life of the peasants, not

dressed in their best with conventional, smiling faces, obviously sitting for their portraits, like *tableaux vivants*, but peasants in their daily existence, in work and sorrow and joy, with the unheeded tragedy and unconscious poetry of the simple peasant life. And he does not paint, moreover, as one who has studied his subject from outside, for a time, but he lived amongst the poor, as one of them, from his childhood, the poor of the city and the village; and when he became a man with means to do as he pleased he chose to make his home amongst the isolated dwellers in the Alpine hamlets, where life is rude and hard, and where man has not yet succeeded in enslaving and vilifying nature.

Segantini was born at Arco, in the Trentino, in 1858. His mother, who died when he was five years old, belonged to one of those ancient families

of the mountain districts from which in former times sprang the soldiers of fortune, and now the best agriculturists; his father was a plain man of the people. Being left a widower, the father moved to Milan, where lived a son and daughter of his first marriage. Affairs were not flourishing, and the father and elder son soon departed to seek their fortunes elsewhere, leaving the little Giovanni in the care of his half-sister. They lived in two attics, and the sister went to work early in the morning, leaving the child to his own devices, something to eat within reach, and forbidding him to go out, yet neglecting to



GIOVANNI SEGANTINI.

(By Himself.)

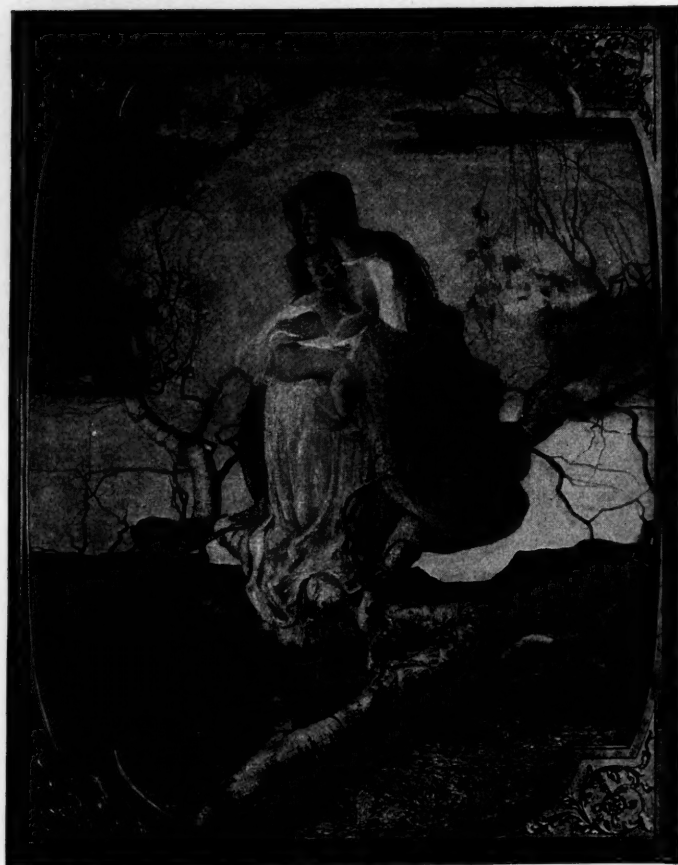
provide anything in the way of occupation either for hands or mind. What wonder if the active baby got into one scrape after another. Yet during the period of imprisonment he made his first acquaintance with brushes and colours. They were only the implements of whitewashers and house-painters,

certainly, but they formed an epoch in his childish history; and when the interest in the actual process had waned, he found an enthralling fascination in the damp patches on the half-dry wall; for in these marks his fancy saw the outlines of men and scenes and animals—even the semblance of the father he still waited and longed for, but who never returned

the drenched and sleeping boy, and these friends in need took him home to their cottage, where he was dried and fed and told his little story. On hearing he was an orphan, these poor but kindly peasants determined to keep him with them, on condition, however, that he made himself useful; and so, when barely seven years old, Giovanni Segantini began to

earn his own living in the responsible position of a swineherd.

But the long hours of idleness were not wasted; he took note of his new surroundings, and instinctively tried to reproduce them, scrawling his pictures on walls and stones, like a new Giotto. At last his occupation was noticed, it came even to the ears of the syndic, and the little swineherd was straightway looked on as an infant prodigy, and was sent back to Milan to have his talent taught and fostered. But he could not adapt himself to the restrictions of domestic life; his boyish pride was wounded, there was a scene, and once more he broke away, this time for good. He began to lead a restless, roving existence, finding temporary employment and hospitality wherever he could, till at last he reached his native Arco, where he met his half-brother, who offered him the post of cashier in his bacon shop. Giovanni only stayed here till he had saved a small sum of money, with which he resolved to try his fortune once again. But the money was stolen on the road by a perfidious friend, and Segantini returned to his brother in despair. Touched, however, by his grief and his earnestness, the brother provided him with the means of going



THE ANGEL OF LIFE.

(From the Painting by Giovanni Segantini.)

from his fortune-seeking travels. At last a change came. One day the child overheard two women talking of a youth who had journeyed into France on foot and there had made his fortune; the thought struck him that if that boy had found it possible to leave Milan, why should not he? So he watched his opportunity one fine morning, and slipping out of the house he set off on his way to France, having for sole provision a piece of bread he had obtained from the baker's on credit. He tramped on till dusk and weariness and a storm of rain overcame his childish courage, and lying down beneath a tree he remembered nothing more until he was awakened by two men who, passing with their cart, had noticed

to Milan to follow his bent, and the boy departed only too gladly. In Milan he attended the art classes at the Brera, living meanwhile in an attic, and eking out his scanty means by giving lessons, drawing portraits, painting window blinds, church banners, etc., and helping a friend who was house-painter by day and clown by night. In spite of unkindness and frequent injustice he worked on courageously and cheerfully; he felt his own power and knew he must conquer in the end. Whilst studying at the Brera he was painting his first picture, which not only won for him the admiration and respect of his colleagues, but procured him the means of leaving the Academy and obtaining wider

teaching and experience. This picture was the "Coro di Sant' Antonio;" it represented part of the interior of a church, the light from a large window illuminating the stalls and falling upon an old picture, bringing into prominence its faded figures, while a little choir boy gives life to the scene. It was a strong and remarkable work for a beginner, and the vigour here displayed was to prove the permanent distinguishing mark of Segantini's art. He was so poor that he was compelled to use as canvas the back of an old fire-screen, whilst his colours were obtained from a friendly grocer in return for painting

made him long to be alone. He had taken a studio for himself, where he painted, amongst other things, "La Falconiera" and "Prode," but he did not stay there very long; he left Milan and settled in the Brianza, that beautiful piece of country between Milan and Lake Como. Here it was that he began to study country and peasant life, and in pursuit of his studies he roamed on foot all over these lovely semi-Alpine regions. The pictures he produced were not wholly landscapes, in spite of the absolutely rural life he led; he looked at a landscape merely as the background and setting for his figures, the surround-



PLOUGHING IN THE ENGADINE.  
(From the Painting by Giovanni Segantini.)

a shop sign with a sugarloaf and other emblems of the trade. A critic of that time wrote that "Segantini's art is full of attractive elements and of defects, of deficiencies and exuberances—in short, it is the sum total of a talent that has all the expansiveness and all the audacity of careless and robust youth, of a genius that has developed out of its own strength, unhampered by scholastic principles which too often modify the originality of inspiration, and at times even suffocate it." The words hold true to this day. He now began to shake off the conventionality of the Brera school, and after the success of his first picture he exhibited others, such as "Gallop Consumption" and "Il Naviglio," which drew down on him the scorn of the conventional art-critics. But Segantini did not care; he was painting according to his own ideas and theories, and his one desire was to get away from Milan to some quiet place where he could work in his own way. The city seemed to stifle him, and, moreover, his constitutional shyness

ings for the soul of his pictures. To this period belong—to mention only the most notable—"Ave Maria," which gained the gold medal at the Amsterdam Exhibition in 1883, representing a boatload of sheep being ferried across the placid, shining water, whilst amongst the animals sits a woman, with bent head, clasping her child in her arms; on the shore beyond is the village with its church spire, and behind everything the sun is setting in fiery glory; "The Mothers," a tired woman and tired sheep, each with their offspring; "After a Storm on the Alps," showing sheep and shepherd huddled together beneath the mingled brightness and blackness of the stormy sky, the angry gleams of the breaking clouds reflected in the pools of rain amidst the grass; "A Kiss" and "A Moonlight Effect," all introducing sheep and figures and atmospheric effects; while in a different style was "Early Mass," the solitary figure of a priest slowly mounting a wide stone stairway, book in hand, to conduct the first service.





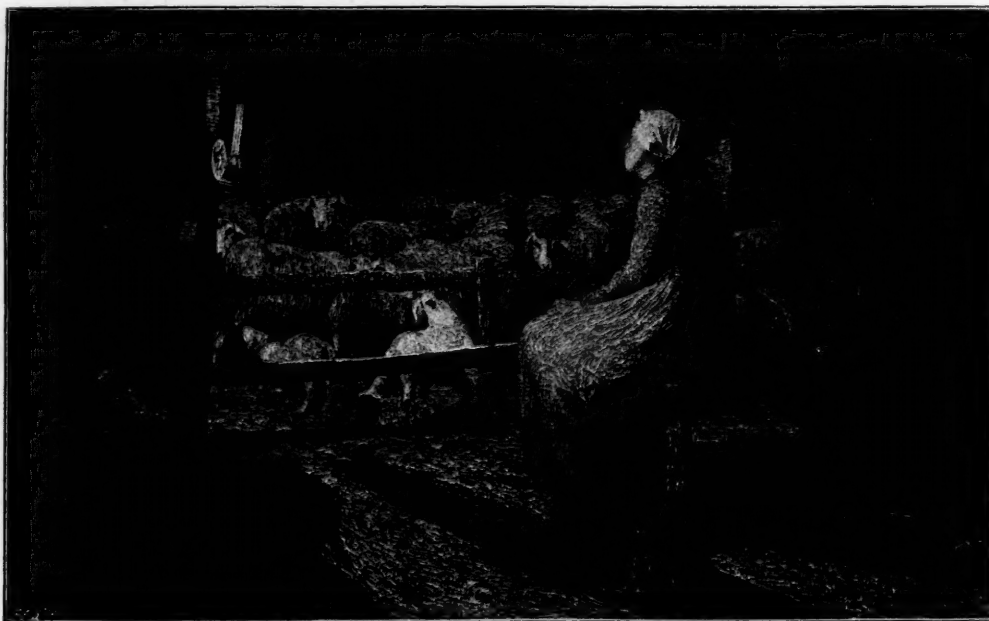
THE RETRIBUTION OF UNNATURAL MOTHERS.

(From the Painting by Giovanni Segantini.)

Segantini's most important work painted at Brianza was "Alla Stanga," a wide evening landscape with cattle brought from pasture to the milking place. Although all these subjects might be termed everyday and even commonplace, they are treated with an ideality that lifts them far above the usual rank; for, as Segantini himself says, "Art without ideals is like nature without life."

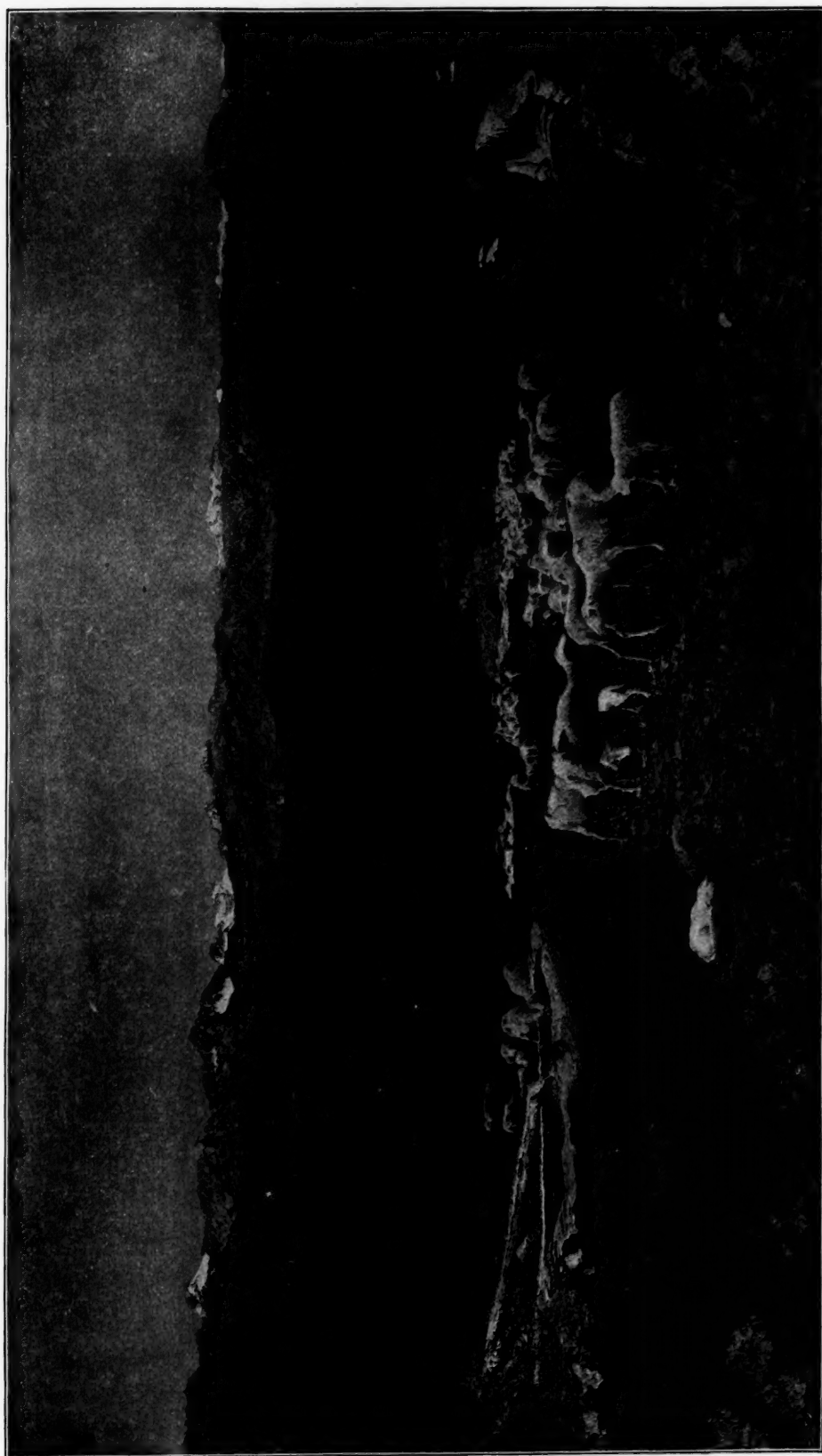
It so happened that about this time Segantini made his first acquaintance with the works of Millet;

they were only the reproductions in a French magazine, but they made a deep impression on him; for here was an artist who had reached the aim he was striving after, who, like him, had lived with the peasants, and had immortalised their joys and sorrows in his art. But so afraid was Segantini of having his own individuality influenced that he did not keep the magazine long in his possession; the impression could not be effaced, nevertheless, and had its effect on Segantini's subsequent work. After



THE SHEEPFOLD.

(From the Painting by Giovanni Segantini.)



THE ALPINE SHEPHERDS.  
(From the *Painting by Giovanni Segantini.*)



this even Brianza seemed too much in the world to suit him, and he removed with his wife and children to Savognino in the Grisons, after a time going yet further into the Alpine heights and setting up his abode and studio at Maloja.

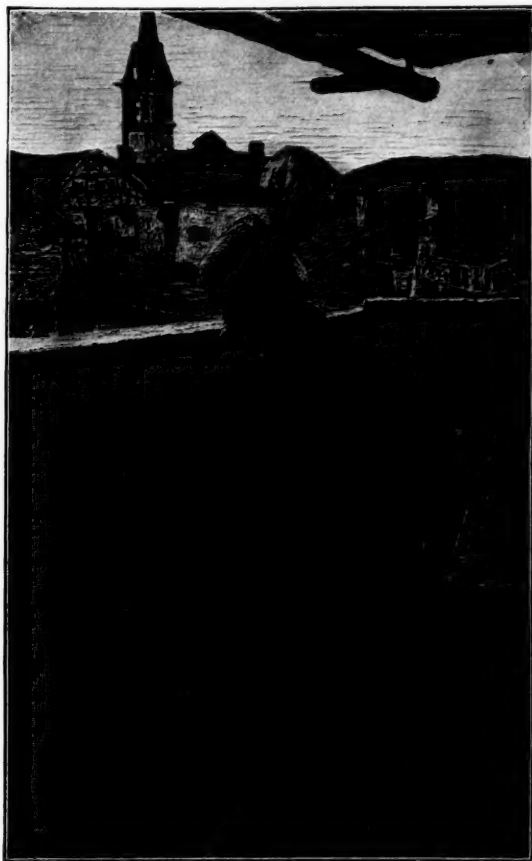
With all these actual changes there came a change, too, in his style of work. Like the youth who gradually grows to manhood, much of the delicate grace of his art gave place to more strongly marked and powerful productions, as though he would make nature his own by sheer force. Amongst the best of the pictures he produced during this period are "The Drinking Trough," which obtained a gold medal in Paris; "In the Sheepfold," "The Shepherd's Income," "At the Spinning Wheel," and "Ploughing in the Engadine," which won a gold medal at the Turin exhibition of 1892. He also continued his studies of the effects of light, and in "Midday on the Alps" and "Winter at Savognino" gave a fine contrast, the latter painting being remarkable for the management of the different shades and gradations of white. To the finest of his works must also be reckoned "The Return to the

Sheepfold" and "The Return to His Native Village." The latter illustrates a custom which prevails in Segantini's first Alpine home. When one of the mountaineers has been forced by poverty to emigrate and dies in a foreign land, his people fetch his body home to sleep its long sleep in his native soil. In this picture we are shown such a mournful arrival. The coffin is placed on a cart, beside it sits the weeping widow with her child upon her knee, and at the horse's head walks a bearded mountaineer, his head bowed in grief, his form wrapped in the long cloak which, according to immemorial custom, is only worn on solemn days of mourning, and is handed down from generation to generation.

In all these representations of simple pastoral life Segantini has shown himself thoroughly in sympathy with his subject, and the note he has thus introduced into Italian art is one quite foreign to it. Of late, however, he has taken a new departure, and has several times adopted a symbolical style, suppressing details and embodying ideas. Of these we may mention "The Punishment of Luxury" (sometimes called "Nirvana") and "The Retribution of Unnatural Mothers" (see p. 28), both themes inspired by an Indian poem. Of the gentler kind of theme, two lovely examples are "The Angel of Life," a poetic composition clearly inspired by the influence of Botticelli (see p. 26), and "The Fruit of Love," which may almost be described as a less ethereal and less melancholy version of "The Angel of Life," delicate and suggestive as it is.

It may be said that Giovanni Segantini has never been untrue to himself, never allowed the spirit of gain to overcome his artistic conscience. His smallest pictures are carefully studied, and his constant advance in the matter of colour shows that he is aware of his limitations and tries to overcome them. He is not always complete master of technical difficulties; the spirit of his picture sometimes makes him neglect the details of form; his painting is unequal, being at times even a little heavy, and his colouring, like that of Millet and the Milanese artist Cremona, whom he admired, is sombre; but, as I have said, this is always advancing and clarifying itself as he works in the clear light of the Alps and seeks to reproduce those strong, clear, mountain effects of air which cause all objects to stand out in sharp contour.

Segantini adds one more to the number of those who have risen by their own strength; who, knowing themselves to be worthy of something higher than the surroundings in which they were born, have dared to break their chains and carve out their own path in life. Strife and suffering such characters must of necessity go through, but with them it is the refining of the gold, the test of power.



ON THE BALCONY.

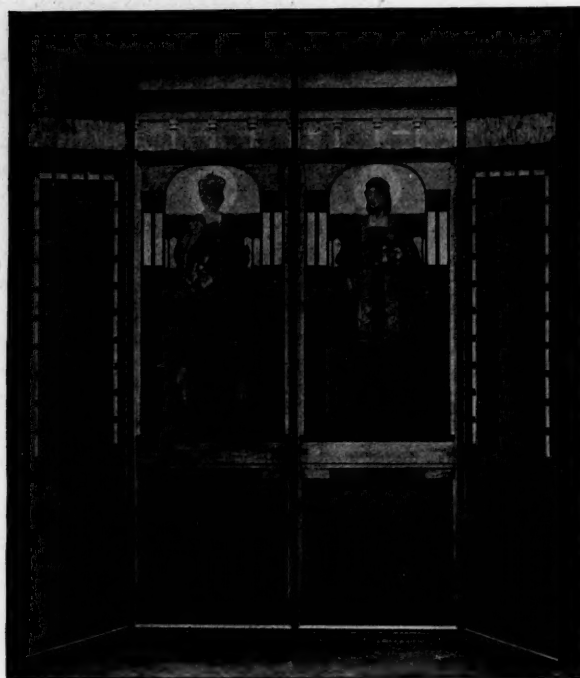
(From the Painting by Giovanni Segantini.)



## THE ART MOVEMENT.

### THE ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBITION.—I.

**I**T was fully expected that, during the three years that have elapsed since the last exhibition of this Society was held, an advance had been made at least proportionate with the progress achieved in other ways in the artistic development of the nation, and that the present display would represent the high-water-mark reached in the practice of the applied arts by our sturdy revivalists. That expectation has not been disappointed. The exhibition is not only better artistically, it is saner æsthetically than any

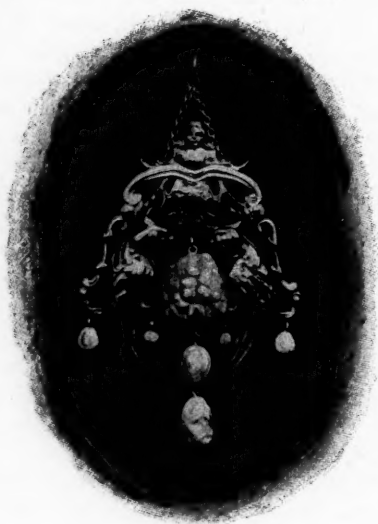


SCREEN.

(Designed by G. Frampton, A.R.A., for Miss Alice Redcliffe.)

taste of the true lover of art than we have hitherto been able to concede.

We have been reproached ere now for striking too optimistic a note when dealing with the present-day art of this country. In reply we have pointed to the appreciation and commendation of our art by other nations, and have declared that, whether in painting or in the applied arts, a great revival had had its birth in Britain, which, in spite of certain youthful effervescence, was destined to bring this country to the front



ENAMELLED PENDANT.

(By F. S. Robinson.)



GOLD AND ENAMEL PENDANT

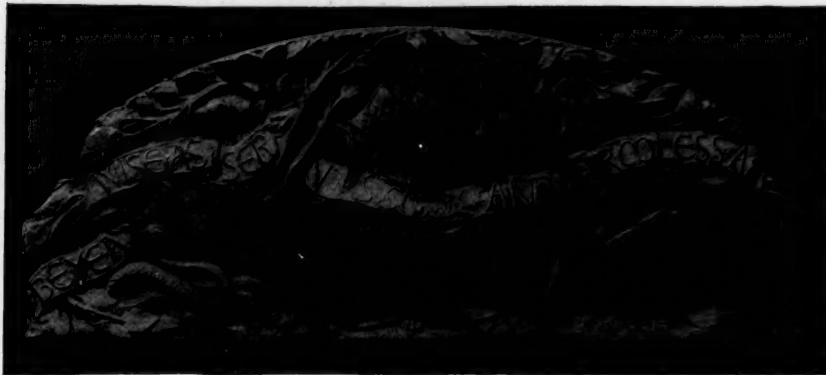
(By F. S. Robinson.)

that have gone before, and—not through concessions but by honest development—the workers' productions are more closely in harmony with the cultivated

rank, if not at the head of all other nations whatsoever. The new exhibition to a considerable extent justifies our contention. There is much in it,

no doubt, that is the outcome of mere juvenile enthusiasm, of the passion for the originality-at-any-

costs, who had just returned from his first visit to London, and was full of his impressions. He had

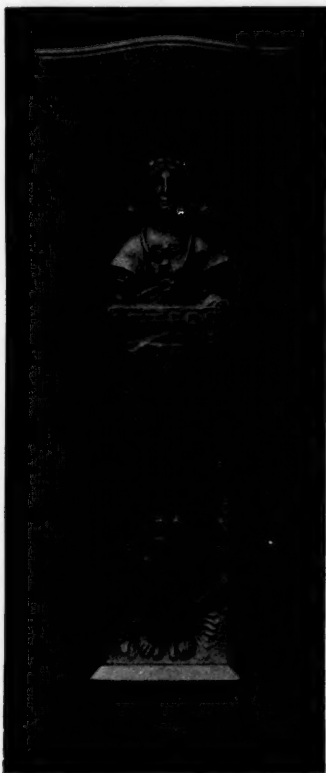


OVERDOOR (COLOURED PLASTER).  
(By F. W. Pomeroy)

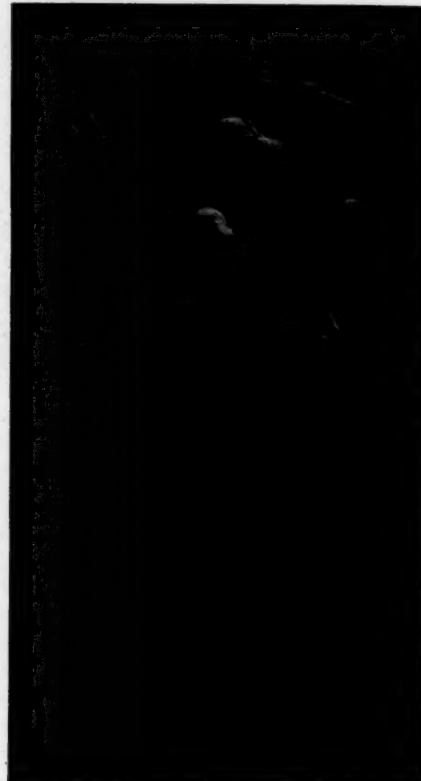
price which is willing deliberately to sacrifice all claim to beauty and revel in absolute ugliness, if novelty can by that means be obtained. In defence of such misdirected effort there is not much to be said, except this—that the habit of independent thought, of strenuous striving to leave the rut of

convention, in whatever branch of the art manufactures, sows a precious seed in the mind that conceives it. Ugliness, whether of subject, form, or colour, so soon as its novelty wears off, ceases to please, and a return to the acknowledged canons of beauty, accompanied by the newly-won individuality, achieves a victory in the fruits of which we all must share. The present writer was a short time since in Paris in the company of one of the most distinguished of French archi-

seen everything; had recognised that the English were great architects in the boldness, fitness, and simplicity of their designs—but they were no decorators. Yet even in the badness of the decoration he detected an originality which promised well for when their eyes were opened. "So much did I feel

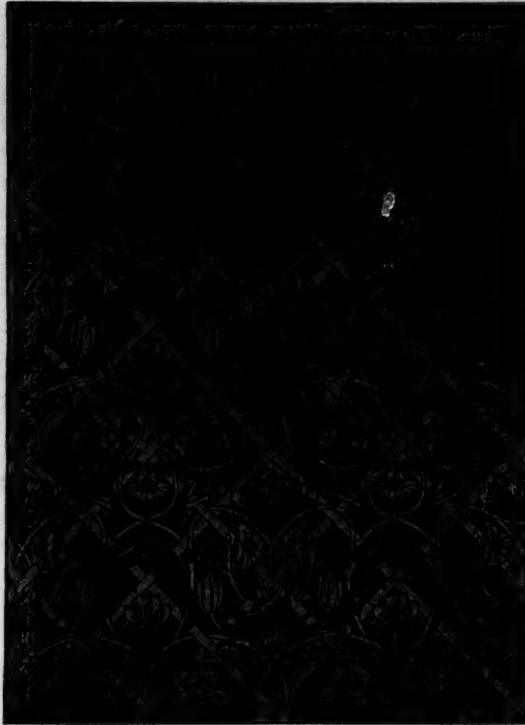


LETTER-PLATE.  
(By W. Reynolds-Stephens.)



BRONZE PANEL FOR GATES OF BAPTISTERY, WELBECK.  
(By F. W. Pomeroy.)

this," he went on, "that when I came back to our beautiful boulevards and saw our exquisite ornament,



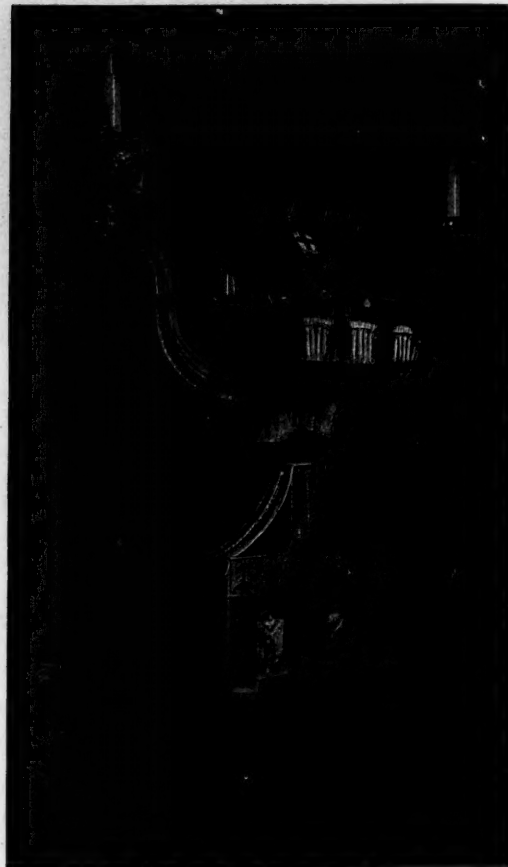
FLORAL TRELLIS PAPER.  
(By Heywood Sumner.)

executed in the best tradition, that I found them after all—well—*articles de Paris*!—even to our well-designed lamp-posts." He was not aware that the standard design of Parisian lamp-posts was the work of a Londoner, a student of South Kensington Schools.

Apart from originality of design, the greatest lesson taught by the Arts and Crafts Society is the dignity of labour—the propriety of any artist, however distinguished, to devote his hands to any form of design, however trifling; and the superiority of the work of those hands over the work of machines. It is too late in the day to need to insist on either of these fundamental theses; and there will probably be few visitors to the gallery who will not prefer Mr. Ashbee's silver plates, for all that their circles are not mathematically true, to the machine-turned plates of commerce. Men have now come to see that mechanical accuracy is in itself by no means a delight, but that, on the contrary, as evidence of the exclusion of craftsman's skill, is rather matter for continual regret. Another lesson, to be learned by craftsmen and patron alike, is that no man—if he is to keep his talent fresh and free, and his artistic conscience clean—should ever repeat him-

self. That the great artists, at least among the painters, would sometimes repeat themselves, even *ad nauseam*, is evidence only of the triumph of commercial over artistic considerations. The doctrine of non-repetition is less a dogma than an instinct in a true craftsman who loves his work and respects himself. We but lately heard of the death of an old cabinet-maker who lived and died in his native village in the Ardennes, and whose proud boast it was that he had never made two pieces of furniture alike; and whose epitaph, devised by himself, may now be read on his headstone, "Here lies —, Workman. He died an Artist." This is the true spirit of the art-craftsman, which it must be the aim of the Society to foster and develop.

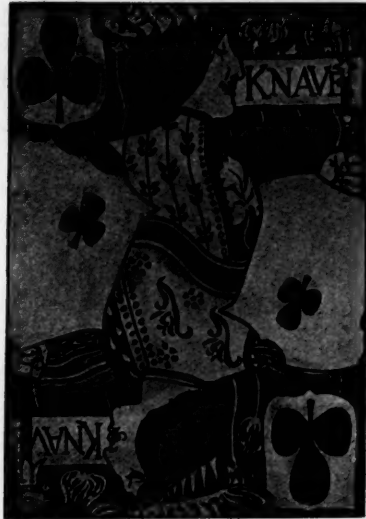
The improved excellence of the new exhibition is to be recognised in many ways: in a greater reticence than was formerly the case, greater manual



LECTERN IN IRON, COPPER, AND BRASS.  
(By W. Bainbridge Reynolds.)

skill, more highly-developed fancy and imagination, and a more defined unity of idea and intention. There are still examples of that form of originality that rather hinder than help the movement in the

favour of the public, and rather hinder than help the public itself in its understanding of what fine applied art is, and of the depth of the enjoyment to be found in it. The trail of Mr. Aubrey Beardsley—



DESIGN FOR PLAYING CARDS.

(By R. Anning Bell.)

who may be termed the Hyde to Sir Edward Burne-Jones's Jekyll—is still over some able designers, for cleverness, even foul genius, always attracts disciples, even when sound excellence fails to do so. Then there is what is colloquially termed the "Spooky School," whose "spookiness" reveals itself alike in form, design, and colour. But the great fact remains that a distinct school of decorative design is evolving



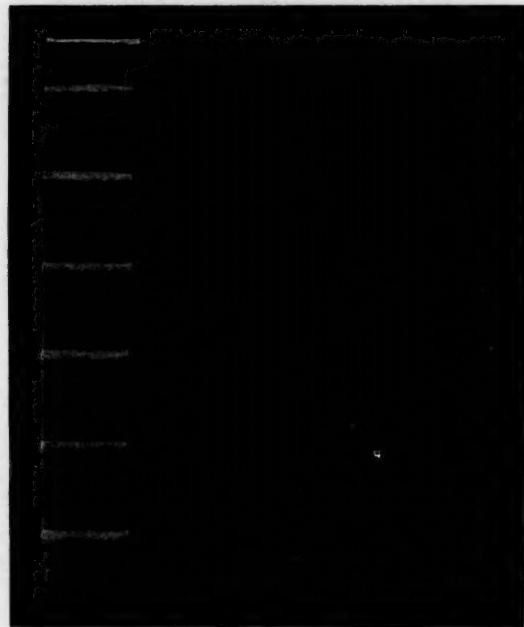
ENAMELLED CASKET.

(By Alex. Fisher.)

itself out of the chaos which attended its birth—a chaos the very existence of which itself bore witness to the extent and scope of the renaissance; and the

result is an exhibition of great interest by men of power, by artists of taste. It is not too much to say that some of these men even now—in spite of a certain narrowness in the Society which one may yet detect—could unite to raise such a House of Art as has not yet been seen, beside the interest of which the formal glories of London's expensive palaces would pale into gaudiness or emptiness—into mere *articles de Paris*.

In selecting illustrations from this exhibition we have not sought to place the most charming, the most captivating, examples before the reader. We have rather aimed at presenting the stronger-flavoured specimens of work of the better-known men, the more truly to illustrate the tendency that



BOOK COVER OF CHAUCER.

(By F. Cobden-Sanderson.)

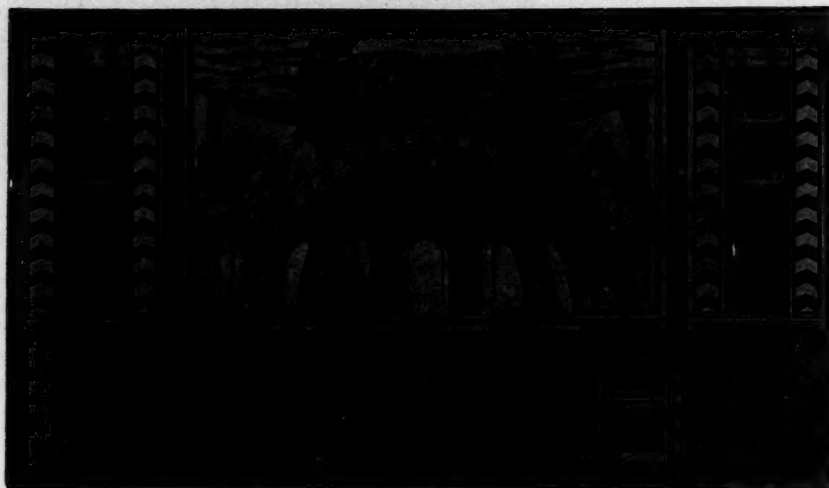
may be given to the domestic arts of the near future. This direction may not be exactly that which was intended by William Morris—dead, just as the doors of the exhibition were being thrown open. It is wider, more fantastic, less "organic," than his own tastes demanded. But it is, for the most part, sincere, and reveals a power which in a modified form will assuredly tell on the art of the future. Furniture, needlework, metal-work, jewellery, printing, binding, tapestry, wall-paper, carpet, book-illustration, mosaic, sculpture, gesso decoration, stained glass, cartoons, enamels, goldsmithery, design, pottery, tiles, and what not—all are represented. They may make little effect on the ordinary trades, whose hide-bound



Unions accord scant welcome to a system wherein individual power and intelligence and art-feeling is a main disagreeable factor—a factor calculated to

are the fire-dogs, to be reproduced in this Magazine next month. Mr. Heywood Sumner, whose enthusiasm has done so much in recent years to carry

decorative art along the right lines, contributes a noble and expressive design in his great cartoon for the embellishment in *sgraffito* of the Lady Chapel of St. Agatha's, Portsmouth. The subject is the "Star of Bethlehem," and combines effectiveness and simplicity with charm of design and sentiment. This agreeable quality runs through all this artist's work, and may be detected hardly less in his wall-paper (for



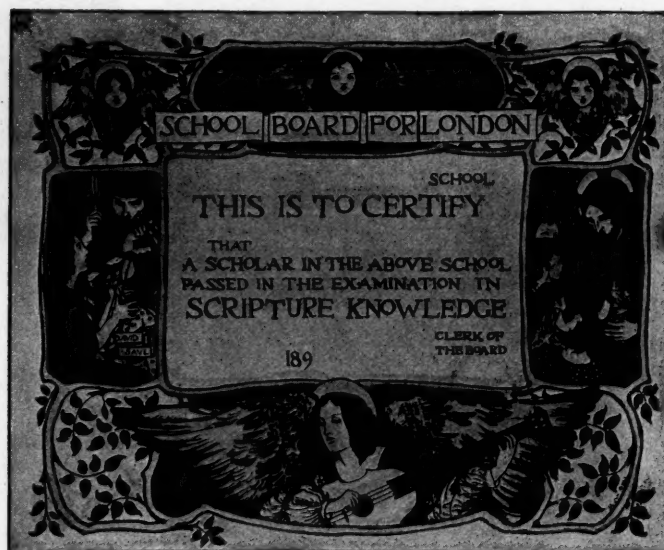
DESIGN FOR DECORATION OF THE APSE OF THE LADY CHAPEL, ST. AGATHA'S, PORTSMOUTH  
(By Heywood Sumner.)

disturb the dead level in which all schemes for the equalisation of wages must be based. Their appeal is to the man of taste and judgment—to the man who can appreciate originality and reward it.

It may perhaps be objected that the craftsmen themselves are a little too unconventional in their work, too stiff in their opinions. It needs such men to effect a great revolution. It was ever the function of extremists to direct a middle course; and if these men have so far sacrificed themselves as to turn their backs on what is easy and *banale* and popular, it is not less the duty of the rich to do their part, and accord them such support as circumstances will permit.

In church decoration the exhibition is rich. The imposing lectern by Mr. W. Bainbridge Reynolds, wrought in iron, with brass and copper enrichments, is a work of striking originality throughout, thought out in every detail, even down to the nails which, while protecting the steps, tell the story of the little monument. In itself it is enough to render the collection remarkable, and will attract deserved attention to this clever architect turned metal-worker. Hardly less remarkable in their way

Jeffrey and Co.) called "A Floral Trellis-paper" (which, by the way, requires a somewhat large surface for the proper display and significance of the repeat), than in the Fitzroy school picture entitled



SCHOOL BOARD CERTIFICATE.  
(Designed by R. Anning Bell.)

"Play." The cartoons of Sir Edward Burne-Jones and of Mr. Walter Crane fill the section of stained-glass windows, but it is much to be regretted that



THE HOUSE OF PRIDE. REDUCED FROM A PAGE OF "THE FAERIE QUEENE."

(By Walter Crane. By Permission of Mr. George Allen.)

no stained glass is shown, especially none of that lovely work which John la Farge invented, and which the Baron Rosenkrantz has with so much success just introduced for the first time into this country, in Wickham Church, near Canterbury. Finally, besides Mr. Pomeroy's fine lectern, there is the portion of



PANEL FOR QUILT

(Designed by C. F. A. Voysey. Executed by Mrs. Reynolds-Stephens.)

figures of St. Elizabeth and St. Dorothea, and with the still more exquisite panels of rose and apple-trees, as original and as graceful a work of its kind as we have ever seen. It is interesting to observe with how much success the cove which surmounts it suggests, but not insists upon, an architectural character. A variety of other work comes from Mr. Frampton, of which the coloured plaster panel of "Music" is the most successful, and the elaborate carving on Mr. C. H. Townsend's great mantelpiece the



DINING TABLE.

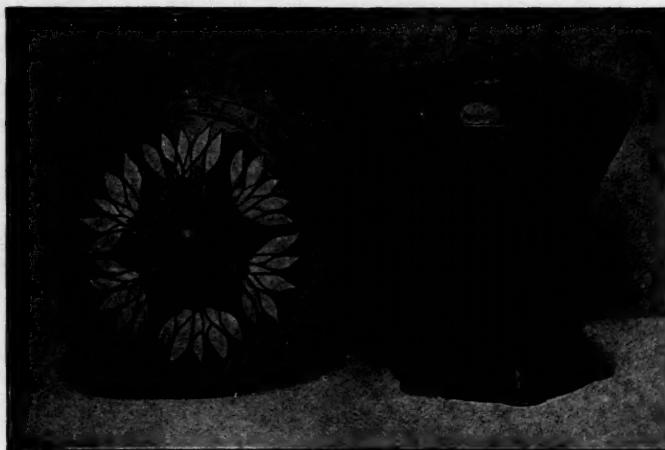
(By W. Reynolds-Stephens.)

chancel stalls, the exhibit of Mr. H. Wilson, the chief merit of which lies in the success with which, both in the design and in the carving, the feeling of the wood has been retained.

Close by is the beautiful screen of Mr. George Frampton, A.R.A., "precious" in the best sense, and with its decoration of ivory, mother-of-pearl, gold, and enamels, with its dainty

least, mainly because, in the latter case, in its present light it can with difficulty be seen.

The section of enamels is well filled. Placed upon jewellery, as in Mr. F. S. Robinson's original works (see p. 32), coloured enamel threatens, if not skilfully used, to become a little crude; but whether adopted practically in place of gems, as in the exquisite five-sided ivory casket by Mr. Fisher, representing "The Story of Cupid and Psyche," or in broader fashion, as in the Queen's cup, by Mr. Nelson Dawson, "and Edith his wife" (as the cup itself proclaims), it is a joy for ever. The beautiful blues and greens, the perfect sense of grace of composition, the translucency and the delicacy of Mr. Fisher's work are captivating; and the question may even be asked if he does not carry his art to too consummate a finish. Mr. Nelson Dawson aims rather at breadth of effect, and whether he gives us his *cloisonné* with simple tones of blue, yellow, and green, relieved by touches of red, or combines his enamel with beautiful metal-work—as in his triptych, his beaten silver dish, or his steel and copper trowel—



CUP IN BEATEN COPPER, WITH LID IN CLOISONNÉ ENAMEL

(By Nelson and Edith Dawson. The Property of H.M. the Queen.)

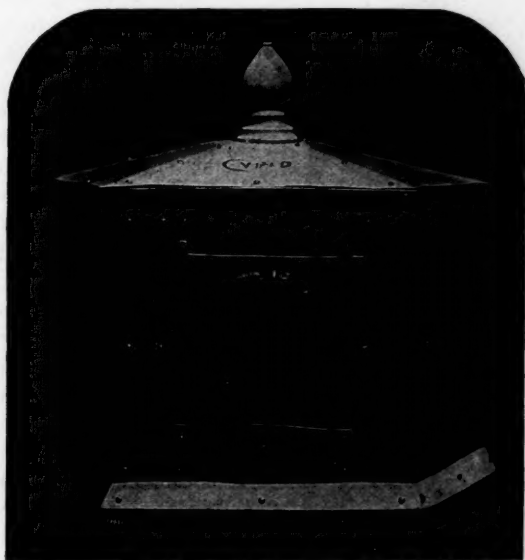




MODELLED DESIGN FOR PUNCH-BOWL.  
(By Eleanor Mercer.)

he shows a masterful command of his material and of himself.

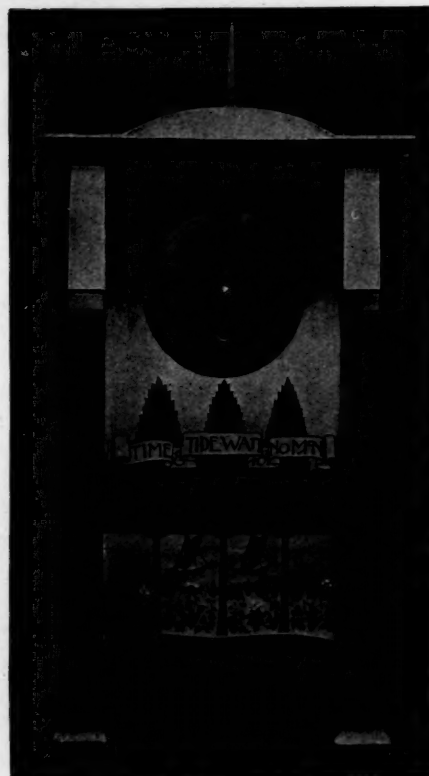
One phase of the independence of not a few among the workers is the remarkable versatility that results from it. Thus from that admirable artist, Mr. Reynolds-Stephens, we have a dining-room table on a new plan (see p. 38), whereby there is no longer a head and a foot, for upright stands for fruit and flowers occupy the ends; and a model for a letter-box lid, so dainty and charming in design, and so beautiful in patina, that standing before a door embellished with it would almost become a form of artistic entertainment. Mr. Anning Bell, again, exhibits a variety of qualities and characteristics in his designs for court playing cards; a sense of dignified



IVORY AND ENAMEL CASKET.  
(By Alex. Fisher.)

fitness in his School Board Certificate, to be printed in three colours; and a frieze, which, by the way, is detracted from by festooned roses in the background

that are out of all proportion, and look rather like gigantic crackers. Nor is Mr. Lewis Day less prolific; for, besides the excellent tiles, which will be illustrated in our next Number, his numerous designs for embroideries, carvings, and the like, help to maintain his own reputation and the interest of the exhibition. Even Mr. Cobden Sanderson, who has lavished all his delicate fancy on his binding for the Kelmscott "Chaucer"—a work of very singular grace and beauty (see p. 35)—



CLOCK.  
(By C. F. A. Voysey.)

has also turned his attention to the fashioning of a semicircular steel fender, to which we shall make more special reference in our next Number.

Mr. Walter Crane's inexhaustible fancy and invention have perhaps never risen to a greater height or done work more thoroughly worthy of his genius than the exceedingly important series of illustrations and decorations to Spenser's "Faerie Queene," which Mr. George Allen is about to publish. One of these—"The House of Pride"—we are enabled to reproduce in reduced size. It shows how charming is the artist's work, how rich in design, and happy in border-designing. We would have to reproduce others, such as the "Charissa," to testify further to



what appears to us Mr. Crane's improvement in the greater vitality displayed in this series, wherein vitality seems to be added to beauty, and a sense of humanity to conventional design. With a brief reference to Mr. Pomeroy's beautiful coloured gesso overdoor, designed and executed in alabaster for the justice-room of the Sheffield Town Hall; to Mrs. Reynolds-Stephens' intelligent embroidery of Mr. Voysey's dove-billing quilt (it is not everyone, as Mrs. Horner's carefully-worked imitative panel of Sir Edward Burne-Jones's "Love" clearly proves, who so thoroughly understands

the function and the limitation of the needle); to Miss Mercer's most graceful cup—the chief fault of which appears to be the heavy shadow cast by the overhanging lip; and to Mr. Colton's bronze model of a fountain, now erected in stone in Hyde Park, and we have for the present a collection of works which is destined to exercise as real an influence on the public of taste as on the artists themselves.

[We are requested to state that the copyrights of all objects and designs included in this article are specially reserved by the artists or owners.]

### STENCILLED STUFFS.

By LEWIS F. DAY.

IT is not many years ago since stencilling was a despised art, deservedly so. It had fallen into the hands of the most mechanical of workmen. It ceased, as practised, to be an art or even a craft. Only here and there an artist turned it to artistic account.

Owing mainly to Japanese influence (to the interest, that is to say, excited by the importation of Japanese stencil-plates into this country—marvels of careful and cunning contrivance) a reaction in favour of this neglected process of work set in, a reaction which has developed into a fever, just now at its height, when clever young students are trying to do in stencilling what they had far better do with a free brush, and even manufacturers are going back to the use of the stencil-plate in hopes that it will give them results not to be obtained by means of the printing-block which superseded it.

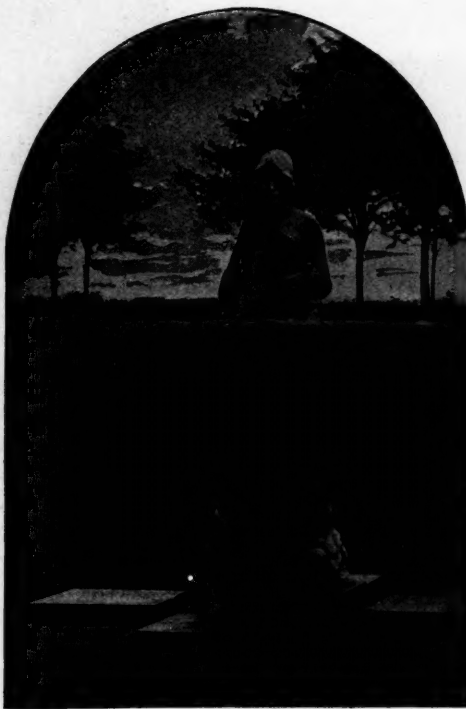
It is more than possible that the value of stencilling as a reproductive process is, for the time being, overrated. Certainly, claims are made on its behalf which cannot well be supported. Granted that by means of it effects can be obtained which are not produced in printing, this is rather because, printing being the cheaper method, cheapness is more and more demanded of the printer, than because he could not get, if he

were paid for it, much of that subtle variety of colour which is the boast of the stenciller. Many of those who vaunt the charm of effects which seem to them peculiar to stencilling are presumably ignorant of what the block-printer can do, and did years ago, by means of "patching," "blending," and other devices familiar to the "paper-stainer."

It is probable, however, that the public will never be disposed to pay for "mere wall-paper" a price equal to that they are prepared to give for stencilling, in itself an equally mechanical process; and so, for the moment, stencilling is all the rage. One great advantage of stencilling is that the work

can be done on the wall, which, in a way, compels due consideration of the relation of the pattern, both in scale and colour, to the place it is to fill.

Most of us would certainly prefer decoration thus executed *in situ* to the mere covering of walls with so many yards of patterned material turned out of the workshop by the piece; and stencillers seem to cut the only really firm ground from under their own feet, when they take to the mere making of stencilled goods, which can, in the nature of things, never compete in price with printed work. For the moment they produce, it is true, something not quite in the ordinary way of printing; but it will not be long before printers, who have



FOUNTAIN.

(By W. Colton. Erected in Hyde Park.)

been, as it were, taken by surprise, carry back the war into their domain; and then—there is no room for doubt with whom the victory will rest.

The extinction of the mediæval practice of stencilling on cloths for wall-hangings followed naturally upon the perfecting of expeditious processes of weaving. Of late years it has been revived again, and some beautiful things have been done, on canvas, for example, in oil paint. This is at best, however, a clumsy and rather amateurish way of decorating stuffs. Woven, printed, or



THE "HARROGATE" STENCIL.

stencilled, we want our textiles dyed, and, apparently, the first to stencil stuffs in dye has been Mr. Aldam Heaton—with whom is now associated Mr. J. Croft-Smith—whose long familiarity with the textile industries should be sufficient guarantee that his hangings are stencilled not in pigments but in veritable dyes. They have certainly all the appearance, and especially the transparency, of dye, and he claims that they are fast. The hangings lately exhibited by him in his show-rooms at Bloomsbury Street are chiefly woollen materials, "mohair," "moreen," and "balk cloth"—all fabrics which fall in soft folds, and which give singularly lustrous colour. Indeed, in the case of curtains stencilled in blended shades of ruby red, the effect reminds one inevitably of similar effects produced in earthenware. Scarcely less suggestive of "silver lustre" are the hangings stencilled in yellows, merging on the one hand into greenish, on the other into orange, tones. Many of Mr. Heaton's designs, and the happiest of them, consist of big, bold scrolls; and advantage is taken of the process (stencil-plates being easily cut) to avoid repetition in the pattern, which

winds its way unrestrained throughout the entire length of the curtain. It is repeated only laterally; but as the repeat is some five feet wide, that scarcely counts. There is at once greater breadth of effect and more individuality of design about these handsome arabesques than in the smaller repeats after the manner of the "verdure" of old tapestries, taken, indeed, in some cases from familiar examples at South Kensington.

Mr. Heaton thoroughly understands and appreciates the limitations of stencilling. His designs are planned for the process employed; he neither disguises the "ties" necessary to the construction of a stencil-plate, nor emphasises them in an unnecessary and aggravating manner; he simply accepts them as part of his design. Nor is he misled by Japanese precedent into a minuteness and elaboration of detail, well enough in its place, but destructive of broad and simple decorative effect.

It seems as if Mr. Heaton had perfected a system of textile-stencilling which gives admirable decorative results at the same time that it provides employment for women. The prices at which he produces his stencilled fabrics compete rather with



THE "RAYNSFORD" STENCIL.

woven than printed goods; but there should be demand enough for individual work of a kind which does not, strictly speaking, come into competition with manufacture. That is really its *raison d'être*.

## LAURENCE ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.: A SKETCH.

BY M. H. SPIELMANN. WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY N. WAAIL.

WHAT the Berlin Photographic Company did for the Rembrandts at Cassel and Berlin it has more recently done for Mr. Alma-Tadema, in a volume containing a score and more of photogravures with a sketch of the artist's life by Mr. F. G. Stephens—an album which for taste in production and for quality of its plates has rarely been equalled: a tribute that is an honour at once to the painter and to the publishers.\* That it is as fine—viewed as a collective example of the process of photogravure—as the Rembrandt achievements can hardly be asserted. The difference, however, is due rather to the difference in the styles and colouring of the old master and the modern, than to any inherent defect in the plates themselves. How fine these are may be seen more particularly from that which reproduces one of the most admirable of all the artist's pictures, "In My Studio"—the picture he presented to Lord Leighton in exchange for the "Bath of Psyche," which the President wrought for Mr. Tadema's ante-hall. The work to which I refer is prefaced by Mr. Stephens' essay on Mr. Tadema and his art, against which the chief complaint is that it tells us too little of the artist's life. For this reason, I propose to give the story in my own way, based on words from the master's lips, fallen during several conversations.

Alma-Tadema's position in the World of Art is

\* "Laurence Alma-Tadema, R.A.: A Sketch of His Life and Work." (London: Berlin Photographic Company.)

one apart. Others who have worshipped at the shrine of "Classicism," as it may comprehensively be termed, have, with more or less success, represented ancient life as it may have been; Alma-

Tadema convinces us, often in spite of ourselves, that he shows us the life as it was. The George Ebers of the brush—that and a good deal more—he stands proudly on the pedestal he has erected for himself; proudly, yet simply, too—easily and with unaffected *bonhomie*—fully conscious of his just worth, but entertaining no exaggerated sense either of his own powers or of the public estimation or appreciation. Yet there is hardly a painter in Europe more widely popular than he, whether as an artist or a man. Cosmopolitan in his acquaintance as he has been in his homes, he is essentially a man of many friends; picturesque in gesture and expression, more given to laugh than to frown—yet by no means



L. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.  
(In the Ante-Hall.)

averse to the latter when he deems there is occasion for it—he possesses little of the phlegmatic calm characteristic of the Dutch. As a matter of fact, he is less a Hollander than a Frieslander, a Parisian, or a Londoner, and his vivacity will be readily understood by the student of the races of the Low Countries. Original in most things and energetic in all, public- and private-spirited alike, he is direct, bright, and witty in conversation, as becomes one blessed with a sunny nature; and when he talks in his musical English—in demisemiquavers, as one might say, freely punctuated with minims and crotchets—he



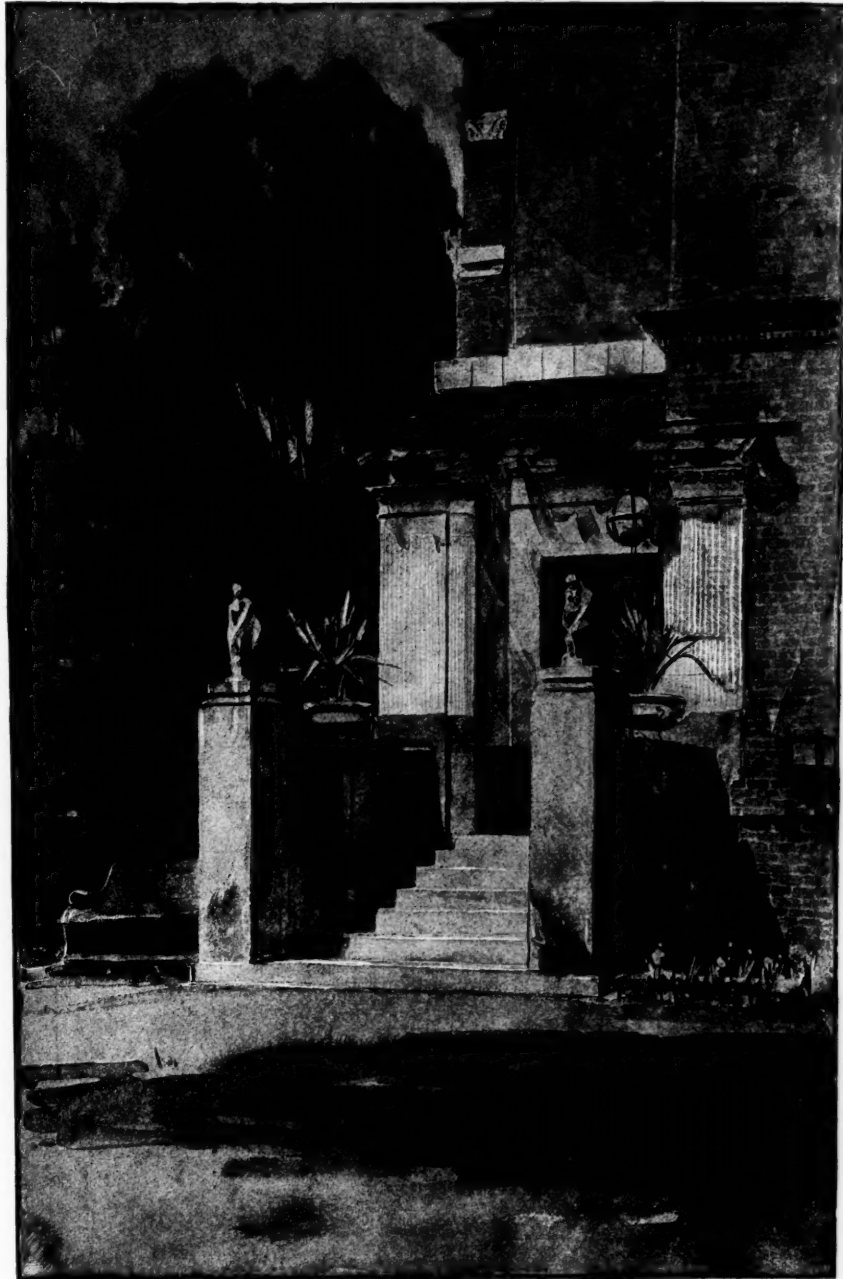
startles his hearer continually with refreshing observation, emphasis of opinion, vivid expression, and happy turn of thought. Add to that a familiar knowledge of the world, an intense and absorbing passion for his art, and, in common with so many of the Old Masters, a keen business capacity, set off by a genial courtesy, and the spiritual man is before you.

Surely the house which such a man, successful as he has been, would erect to himself may be imagined with some degree of logical certainty: a dwelling-place like no other on this earth.\* An original ground-plan, a novel elevation, unheard-of arrangements, ornamentation and decoration unprecedented in modern building in point of boldness and chasteness of design and execution, are all combined in this wonderful dwelling. After passing under the colonnade, the visitor may enter by the conservatory, arriving in the ante-hall, where each of the two-score upright panels of the great screen running round it is painted by a different artist of eminence (most wonderful and beautiful of autograph-albums), and where upon the high mantel border are inscribed the hospitable lines:

"I count myself in nothing  
else so happy,  
As in a soul rememb'ring  
my good friends."

\* The illustrations here given of Mr. Alma-Tadema's house, it should be explained, are not borrowed from the volume to which I have referred; they have been drawn by Heer Waail.

Or he may straightway ascend the brazen staircase and enter the studio: the effect is equally surprising and pleasing. The walls of this vast marble-lined chamber, pierced with doors and openings, are decorated with infinite refinement. The surface of the great apse is covered with silver-leaf in order that the studio may be flooded with pure light, so that the painter's palette may be maintained at painting



ENTRANCE TO THE HOUSE FROM THE GARDEN.





THE COLONNADE.

pitch; and at night the illuminants are reflected from it with brilliant splendour of effect. The celebrated piano in oak, mother-of-pearl, ivory, and I know not what besides, is raised in well-merited honour in a niche that is lighted by day through windows of onyx. And, greatest marvel of all in a studio, the orthodox, inevitable top-light is for once heterodox, evitable, and absent. The inscriptions about the house, too, are a feature eloquent of the hospitality they proclaim. From the hearty "Salve" above the house-door to the graceful salutation in the ante-hall, from those about the studio to the rest about the house, they breathe a love of art and a cordial welcome to the visitor. Outside the bed-chamber is a God-keep-you, infinitely comforting, doubtless, to the devout mind; and facing, so that it may meet the eye of the occupant on his quitting the room in the morning, is a cheery good-morrow that should put him in excellent humour for the day. And the point of it all is that some of the letters are painted in scarlet, which, reckoning Roman fashion, amount to numbers that mark, literally, red-letter dates in the Alma-Tadema family.

In Dronrijp, near Leeuwarden, in Friesland, Laurence Tadema was born on the 8th January, 1836,

the son of a notary in the village. Precocity, the clarion of the great, marked out his future career. At the age of four, so promising was his talent for art, that he received drawing-lessons; at five, he corrected his drawing-master's work—that is to say, he pointed out faults which his astonished preceptor was forced, with some little mortification, perhaps, to admit. The circumstance was of good omen, for had not Michelangelo as a child corrected the finished drawing of Domenico Ghirlandajo and reduced it, as Vasari says, to a "perfect form"? In due time, however, young Tadema was set to follow his father's profession of the law; but he had chanced upon Leonardo da

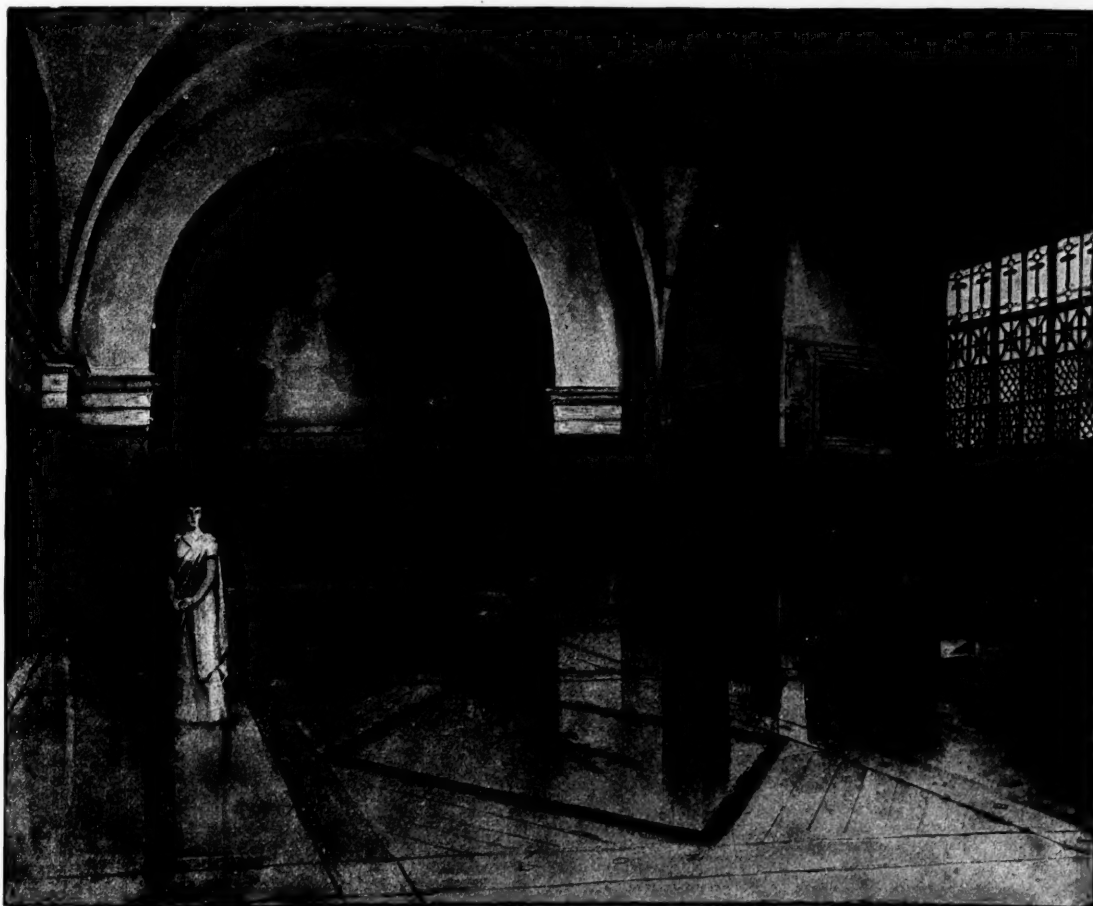
Vinci's treatise in the village shop, and then upon a book on perspective, and he read them again and again until he knew most of them by heart. So as he grew up, he formed the determination to become an artist—a resolution which his prudent mother, now at this time widowed, sought in vain to shake, and to which she only yielded when the doctors warned her that her delicate son was fretting himself to death by her opposition to his wishes. With art as the now recognised goal he soon mended, and he applied himself with energy to study, turning his attention principally to the classics. But, as he himself has told me, while hating Latin and Greek for themselves, he loved them for their mythology and archæology, and familiarised himself with their subjects chiefly through the medium of the fancy sketches of gods and goddesses and their attributes with which he freely decorated the margins of his school-books. He once told me, too, how during a grand school examination, when all the masters sat round in solemn array, just as he was in the middle of a Latin speech, the sun broke in, lighting up the professors' bald heads with liquid gold and touching with fiery light the green curtains that hung beyond. In a moment, all thought

of masters, onlookers, and examination vanished—he was stricken dumb with the fine effect of light and shade, until a reproachful prompting voice brought him back unwillingly to earth. Who, I wonder, among all that school assembly suspected the real secret of the boy's astonished silence, or guessed how deep the sunlight ray had struck into his little soul?

Tadema now soon left his native village, and in 1852 became a student under Wappers, "David's antidote." He was a hard-working, rollicking student, always painting throughout the day, never reaching his ideal of good work, and as constantly destroying his pictures, never discouraged, always trying, usually improving. Indeed, with the sole exception of "The Oracle," all his early works have been burnt by his own hand. Another act, based on sense and expediency not less sound, was the assumption of the "Alma—" which is prefixed to his name; it added grace and euphony to the name, but, what was to better and more practical purpose far, it lifted him in the exhibition catalogues out of the T's and deposited him in the A's, near the beginning: an arrange-

ment of especial advantage in the case of foreign catalogues of exhibitions. A typical example, this, of the discernment and sagacity that distinguish him as a shrewd man of the world.

The discovery of some Merovingian antiquities near the village of Dronrijp emphasised and developed young Tadema's taste for mediæval and classic themes. This pronounced inclination delighted Professor Detaye, the Professor of History of the Antwerp Academy, who, warmed into enthusiasm by so apt a pupil, crammed his young head with archaeology of all periods. The youthful painter obtained possession of Gregory of Tours' "Historia Francorum," and forthwith on suggestions derived from its pages he painted his two principal Merovingian creations—"Clotilde at the Tomb of Her Grandchildren" and "The Education of the Children of Clovis." The last-named was his first great success, for it was bought by the King of the Belgians for the sum of £64, and now hangs in his palace at Brussels. Tadema was by this time in the studio of Baron Leys, after passing under the tutelage of



MR. ALMA-TADEMA'S STUDIO.

Dyckmans and De Keyser, and was working on some of the master's pictures when he began to turn his attention to Ancient Egypt and to lay the foundation of his reputation as the great apostle of pictorial archaeology of our day throughout the length and breadth of the world of art.

But Alma-Tadema was not content merely to skirt his subject. He entered thoroughly into Ancient Egyptian life, because he knew that upon it was founded all more recent civilisation. At least, it is that which forms a *point d'appui* for the student of customs; and, as the painter himself loves to express it, "Egypt is the portal to the road which leads through antiquity." Of this course of study the first important result was "An Egyptian Festival Three Thousand Years Ago," for which the then Prince Napoleon bid three thousand francs—"a franc per 'year ago';" but, as four thousand was the artist's price, the offer was declined. In 1862

Mr. Alma-Tadema gained the gold medal at the Antwerp Academy, and in the following year he made his first visit to Italy—an expedition, be it observed, not undertaken till the young painter had firmly marked out the artistic path he determined to follow and had trodden it far enough to know the ground and the direction whither it pointed. I was once talking over this very question of travel with Mr. Alma-Tadema and its proper relative educational value, when he expressed himself emphatically and to the point.

"What is the use," he cried, "of trying to graft a fruit-bearing branch on to a sapling if the sapling has no trunk to speak of to graft it on? Rubens followed the right principle, and, after deriving full benefit from his sojourn abroad, remained Rubens still. But what would he have been if he had undertaken the journey prematurely—before the artist in him was formed?"

Now, at that time Mr. Gambart was the great picture-dealer of the day (*il principe Gambarti*, as he is still sometimes called in Nice), and he ruled the picture-market in Western Europe beneficently, no doubt, and, not less certainly, with the utmost advantage to himself. When the report circulated in any town which it was his custom to visit on his professional rounds that "Gambart is coming!" plots were forthwith formed by the rising young painters of the community to lure him into their studios to view their works; and bitter was the disappointment when the great man departed straightway after visiting the one or two artists of repute whom he had come to see, and ignored the blandishments that were laid out to ensnare him.

Young Alma-Tadema, who now had a studio of his own,



IN THE HALL.



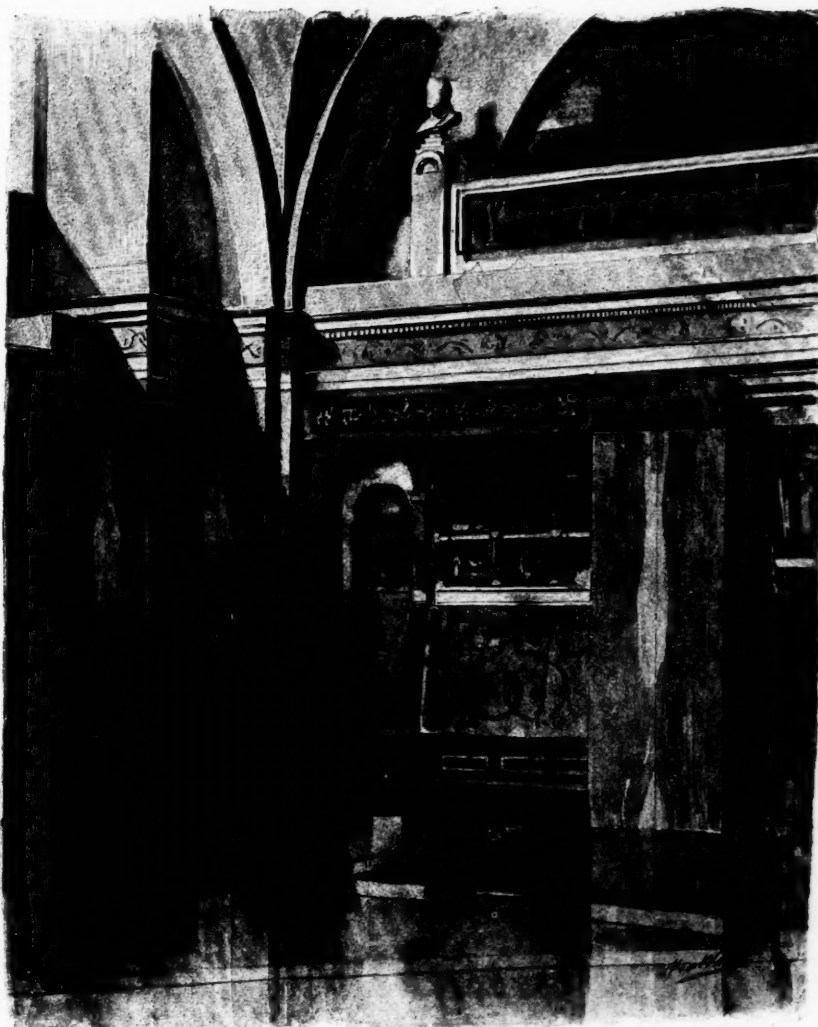
had tasted of the disappointment too; but, through a kindly subterfuge of Leys, who purposely misdirected Gambart's cab-driver to his pupil's studio instead of to another's, he received the yearned-for visitor. When Gambart discovered where he had been deposited, and saw the jolly, smiling young artist at the door, he could not find it in his heart to drive away; so he entered.

"Do you mean to say," he demanded brusquely, "that you painted that picture?" And he pointed, with obvious surprise, to the "Coming out of Church," which stood upon the easel. Mr. Tadema bowed assent.

"Well, then," he added, after a few words as to price, "let me have twenty-four of the sort, at progressive prices for each half-dozen."

Here was a stroke of unheard-of luck! And, to make matters

better, Gambart agreed, after much pleading, that the painter might go back to antiquity instead of to the Middle Ages. Thus it came about that some of the artist's most famous works were included among the pictures which had been ordered, like gloves, at so much per dozen. There was the "Three Thousand Years Ago," already referred to; then came "The Egyptian Chess-Players," with its fund of quiet humour; then "The Pyrrhic Dance," a fine work, in which the attitudes of the chief actors were suggested by the figures on an antique vase. It created an extraordinary sensation when it was exhibited at the Royal Academy. Of this picture Mr. Ruskin—a sincere admirer *au fond* of Mr. Tadema's work—told the Oxford undergraduates once that "the general effect is exactly like a microscopic view of a small detachment of blackbeetles



SINGING-GALLERY IN THE STUDIO.

in search of a dead rat;" but, although he added that "it is the last corruption of the Roman State and its Bacchanalian phrenzy which Mr. Alma-Tadema seems to hold it his heavenly mission to pourtray," he hastened to bear witness to his tremendous ability by declaring that "he differs from all the artists I have ever known, except John Lewis, in the gradual increase of technical accuracy which attends and enhances together the expanding range of his dramatic invention; while every year he displays more varied and complex powers of minute draughtsmanship, more especially in architectural detail, wherein, somewhat priding myself as a specialty, I nevertheless receive continual lessons from him."

So true is this in respect to execution that I may quote, as an example in point, the astonishment



of a distinguished Academician, who told me that all the difficult silver-work, marble, and mother-of-pearl, with all their complexity of reflected lights and cross-colourings, in a portion of "The Roses of Heliogabalus," were painted in on Varnishing Day at the Royal Academy while the picture was hanging on the wall, and the artist, pipe in mouth, and without model or study of any kind, was keeping up a lively conversation with a little ring of men around him. When I asked him afterwards if this were true, he raised his eyebrows in quiet surprise as he replied, "Why not? It was all thought out before."

"Phidias in the Parthenon" and "Claudius"—the latter so splendidly etched by Rajon—are two more of the pictures painted for Mr. Gambart; and when, after four years of diligent work (that is to say, in 1869), they were all completed, the dealer called again. "I want you to paint me twenty-four more," he said, naming prices, on the same progressive principle, but at a much higher rate. The artist agreed, and the first picture delivered was the celebrated "Vintage Festival." But, as this was so much more important than any that had gone before, the dealer insisted on paying for it at once at the highest rate. He was a liberal, straightforward man; and the artist tells with generous pleasure how, when at last the second consignment of pictures was finished, Mr. Gambart gave a dinner to the artist-colony of Brussels, Mr. Tadema found himself the honoured guest, and, in front of his cover, a silver jug bearing a flattering inscription, while his napkin concealed a substantial cheque, all over and above the bargain.

It was in this same year of 1869 that Mr. Alma-Tadema came to London and paid this country the greatest compliment in his power by applying for Letters of Denization from the Queen. That proceeding, however, might be called a matter of mere convenience, for not less than a Dutchman or an Englishman, is he an Ancient Greek in spirit—a Conscript Father—a priest of Memphis—just as he pleases. Nor will those who saw him at the "Painters' Masque," as I did, a dozen years or more ago, readily forget how, attired in classic garb, he appeared thoroughly to the manner born; nor repress a smile in recalling how, when the summer dawn was breaking, he threw himself into a hansom-cab, *pince-nez* on nose, cigar in mouth, and his rich but limp and fading flower-wreath drooping at each ear; while the startled market-gardener, wakened on his cart, stared speechless at the strange apparition, and pursued his journey with mouth wide open and bewildered eyes.

His first exhibit on arriving in this country were the pictures he called "Un Amateur Romain"

and "Un Jongleur," and, partly through their novelty, a remarkable sensation they made. Then followed "The Emperor Hadrian Visiting a Romano-British Pottery"—a marvel of knowledge, but lacking in grace through the treatment of the figures in the foreground and the strange cutting-off of the labourer's body. This picture the painter ultimately cut up, himself dissatisfied with the general effect, so that the whole picture now makes three, of which the semi-nude slave is the most valuable as a piece of brilliant flesh-painting. In 1875 appeared "The Sculpture Gallery," which was really painted—as Gainsborough's "Blue Boy" was—to combat an idea. It had been said, and steadfastly held, that the satisfactory rendering of sculpture in a picture was impossible. Alma-Tadema set himself to prove the contrary in this work, and succeeded. Ruskin judged of the flesh-painting in it with some severity, for, said he, it belonged to the foreign school by which the shadows were of charcoal and the lights of cream-soap; but while silent on the central purpose of the picture, he admitted it to be the principal historical piece of the year. The large picture was in the collection of the late Mr. Vanderbilt, of New York, and a small replica of the work, I may add, was painted for Mr. Gambart and is now at Nice.

When Mr. Tadema was painting "The Picture Gallery" archaeological accuracy was hardly of less importance with him than a religion; indeed, the correctness of the accessories in this remarkable work (which, by the way, was painted in response to a challenge) came to tell against the artist, for, as he has himself reminded me, picture-buyers are frequently not picture-lovers, and still less often, antiquity-lovers. Furthermore, Mr. Gambart discovered that an intending purchaser finally refused the picture as "there was so much in it for a fellow to remember, and he did not want to look a fool over it." And again, it is often impossible to be correct on points on which Antiquity is silent; it is so fatally easy to trip. In one of his Eastern pictures, for instance, he introduced a sunflower, in the belief that, as it belonged to the "*Jerusalem* artichoke" family, it was sure to be right, and he only ascertained too late that the sunflower, whether *Jerusalem* (*girasole*) or otherwise, is a comparatively modern importation from South America. Then somebody discovered that the shape of the seat in "Sappho" dated from two hundred years antecedent to Pericles, and another objected that certain Greek lettering on a pedestal ought to have been something else—although the artist had the British Museum at his back as his authority. And, finally, he was cruelly tripped by the discovery that in one of his Roman flower-pictures he had introduced the *clématis* *Jackmanni*—the creation of Mr. Jackman of a very

recent date. So Tadema came to the final and obviously correct conclusion that archaeology need be absolutely accurate only in so far as it is pictorial and not scientific, and that if it be not expressive or necessary it need not be insisted on.

But Mr. Alma-Tadema's skilful realism has not had the unattainable fortune of convincing every critic, among them Professor Ruskin, who, in his Notes on the Royal Academy for 1875, inveighed against the "gossip of the past," which is probably agreeable to a supremely ignorant populace. "The actual facts which Shakespeare knew about Rome," he said, "were, in number and accuracy, compared to those which Mr. Alma-Tadema knows, as the pictures of a child's first story-book, compared to Smith's Dictionary of Antiquities. But when Shakespeare wrote—

'The noble sister of Pub-  
licola,  
The Moon of Rome;  
chaste as the icicle  
That's curdled by the  
frost from purest snow,  
And hangs on Dian's  
temple,'

he knew Rome herself  
to the heart; and Mr.

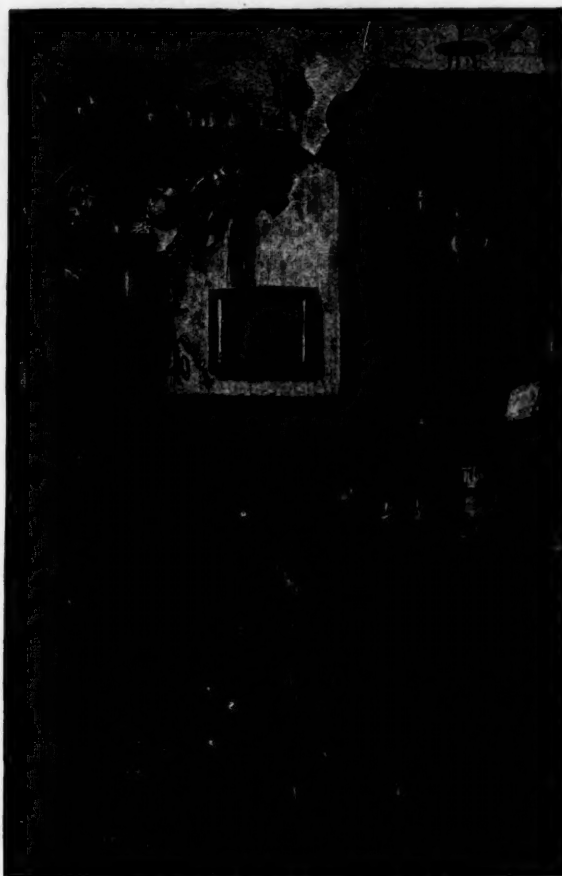
Tadema, after reading his Smith's Dictionary from A to Z, knows nothing of her but her shadow; and that, cast at sunset." A judgment, this, like so many of Ruskin's, spoilt by exaggeration; yet enclosing a truth that the more sensitive searchers after vibrating life in Mr. Tadema's pictures will assuredly in some measure respond to.

It is not easy to speak of Mr. Tadema's method of work or favourite processes of technique, as he is for ever changing—always trying something else, ever striving to do better. One of the problems he once set himself to solve, and has intermittently returned to, is the relation of the architectural column to the human figure and the juxtaposition of both in a picture without apparent disproportion of size, yet with complete illusion. The reader will

have little difficulty in recalling a dozen pictures in which the artist has cunningly endeavoured, with a greater or less measure of success, to give an appearance of truth to the relative size of the column which in reality does not (and within the compass of the canvas could not) belong to it. "A Connoisseur"

is one of the many instances of this. "The Convalescent," too, and "After the Audience"—a picture which was painted for a collector who wanted another "Audience at Agrippa's." Then there is "Fishing" and many more, all with the same motive—the last of them the gorgeous "Spring," exhibited in 1895, and now in the possession of Herr Robert von Mendelssohn.

A curious custom, though logical, is this habit of Alma-Tadema's of painting in "classes." Thus there are the "rose-pictures"—of which I need mention only "Catullus at Lesbia's," "Antony and Cleopatra," and "Helio-gabalus"—for the painting of which latter work, by the way, the artist used to re-



MRS. ALMA-TADEMA'S STUDIO.

ceive two boxes of roses a week throughout the winter, each flower being painted from a different model. Then we have the "poppy pictures," of which, of course, "Tarquinius Superbus," "A Hearty Welcome," and "The Idyll, or Young Affections," are among the chief; the "oleander pictures;" and the "circular-seat pictures," with "Sappho," "The Improvisatore," "An Old Story," and "The Reading from Homer" at their head. I may mention that the great work last named (which became a "scratched" picture at the hand of some lunatic-vandal at the exhibition) was painted in the six weeks preceding the Academy Sending-In Day, as the picture it replaced—one to have been called "Plato"—did not satisfy the artist after he had expended eight months of hard work upon it: the

same amount of time required for the "Heliogabalus" itself. This canvas was on an easel in Mr. Tadema's studio the last time I was there, its face turned sorrowfully to the wall, awaiting the fate the painter may ultimately mete out to it. Again, there are the "bridge pictures," the most important of them "By the Bridge," a sort of elaboration of "The Flower-Girl;" and, finally, there are the three versions of "Claudius," of which "Ave Caesar! Io Saturnalia!" (the property of Mrs. Perrins) is the completest and the finest. Like Sir John Millais, Mr. Alma-Tadema has on only one occasion painted a full-length nude female figure. This picture was executed as an object-lesson to his pupil, the Hon. John Collier (its present owner)—the only condition on which he would accept him as a learner. So the youth's father gave the commission, and the son watched the painting, whereby it was hoped that he would acquire the difficult art of painting flesh; and the position since taken by Mr. Collier is an interesting commentary on Mr. Alma-Tadema's very practical mode of instruction. For this picture, "The Sculptor's Model," the inspiration was drawn from the "Esquiline Venus," then recently discovered; and the aim of the painter was to realise, as far as possible, the conditions under which the masterpiece was wrought.

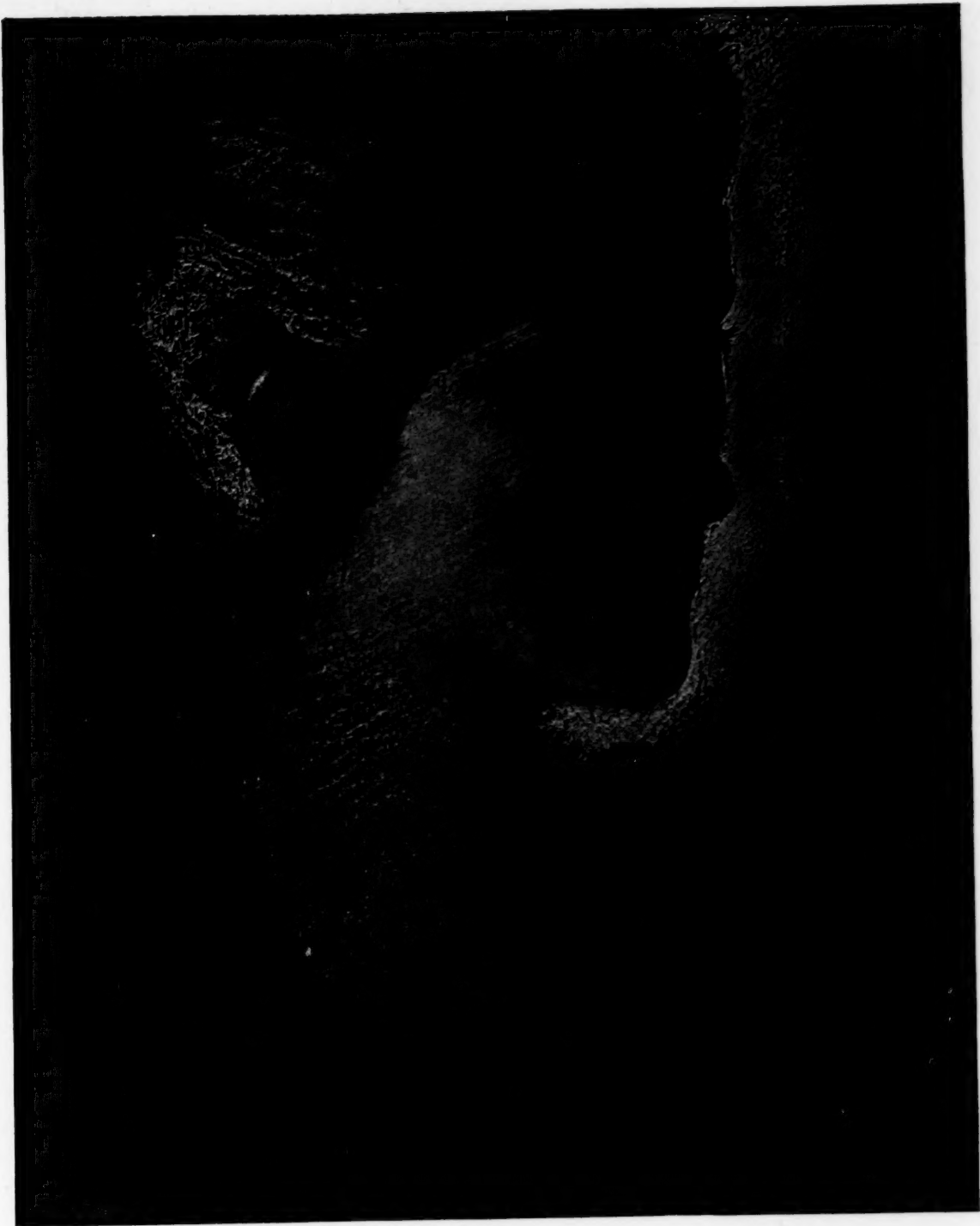
I suppose that the leading characteristic of Mr. Alma-Tadema's artistic mind is his conscientiousness. His brilliant "Spring" was scraped out more than once—with its multitude of exquisitely-painted details and lovely heads and figures—as it did not seem to him to "come well" as a whole; so that in its final form it represents the labour of two or three pictures, and comes as near to the intention of its painter as well could be. No part of a canvas is ever scamped or "faked," and Mr. Tadema has told me that the little glimpse of sunny sea and sky in the top corner of many of his pictures often gives him as much trouble as all the rest of the picture. For this conscientiousness and self-application hostile critics in the Press and in his own profession fall foul of him—for where lives an artist who has no such critic among his fellow-workers? "*Ça sue!*" they exclaim, in the elegant slang of the studio, ignoring the fact that it was by honest sweat that Ter Borch, Gerard Dow, Metsu, De Hoogh, Van Mieris, even Meissonier in our own day, reached the heights of their achievements, and that it is by the same infinite care that Alma-Tadema has risen to his place. Without it, for example, he would never have rivalled and excelled Solomon Ruysdael in his rendering of marble; without it—for he keeps his sudden impulses for his personal intercourse—he would have been nothing. He formed his style with deliberation and care. When he found that he was

painting too dark, he re-formed that style as diligently and carefully, hiding no fault to himself nor compounding in anywise with his æsthetic conscience.

"As the sun colours flowers, so art colours life," runs the motto in his studio; and with the slow deliberation of Nature in her exquisite processes, he follows her and seeks to record her beauties: with so much love, with such keen and delicate appreciation, that those who carp and dub his pictures "pot-boilers" are fain to admit—for they have no other choice—that if so indeed, they are the very apotheoses of "pot-boiling." His originality, his easy confidence and knowledge of effect, the brilliancy of his colour, his juggling with the falsehoods of painting so as to make them artistic truths, his scholarship which while always learned is never pedantic, his skill in imitation of textures, his daring which sometimes almost amounts to audacity, and his perfection of finish are a sufficient justification of the pinnacle on which he has been placed. He may not be a poet in the highest sense, but his imagination is at once picturesque and powerful. There may be "more mechanical steadiness of practice than innate fineness of nerve," as Ruskin said; his style may to some extent be artificial; indeed, a certain artificiality is inseparable from his style of art. But compare it with the hardness and artificiality of M. Gérôme, and the advantage lying with Mr. Alma-Tadema will be clearly established.

That such a master has attracted imitators in crowds is hardly to be wondered at. I do not mean accidental repeaters of subjects whose treatment is totally different—as when, for example, Mr. Tadema, with "An Earthly Paradise" himself followed Mr. Orchardson's "Master Baby." I remember once calling the artist's attention to an unblushing piece of plagiarism, in which grouping, poses, draperies, and the very folds had all been imitated with slavish accuracy from a work of his own. But Mr. Tadema merely shrugged his shoulders philosophically as he quoted the artistic axiom that "those who follow will never see but the master's back."

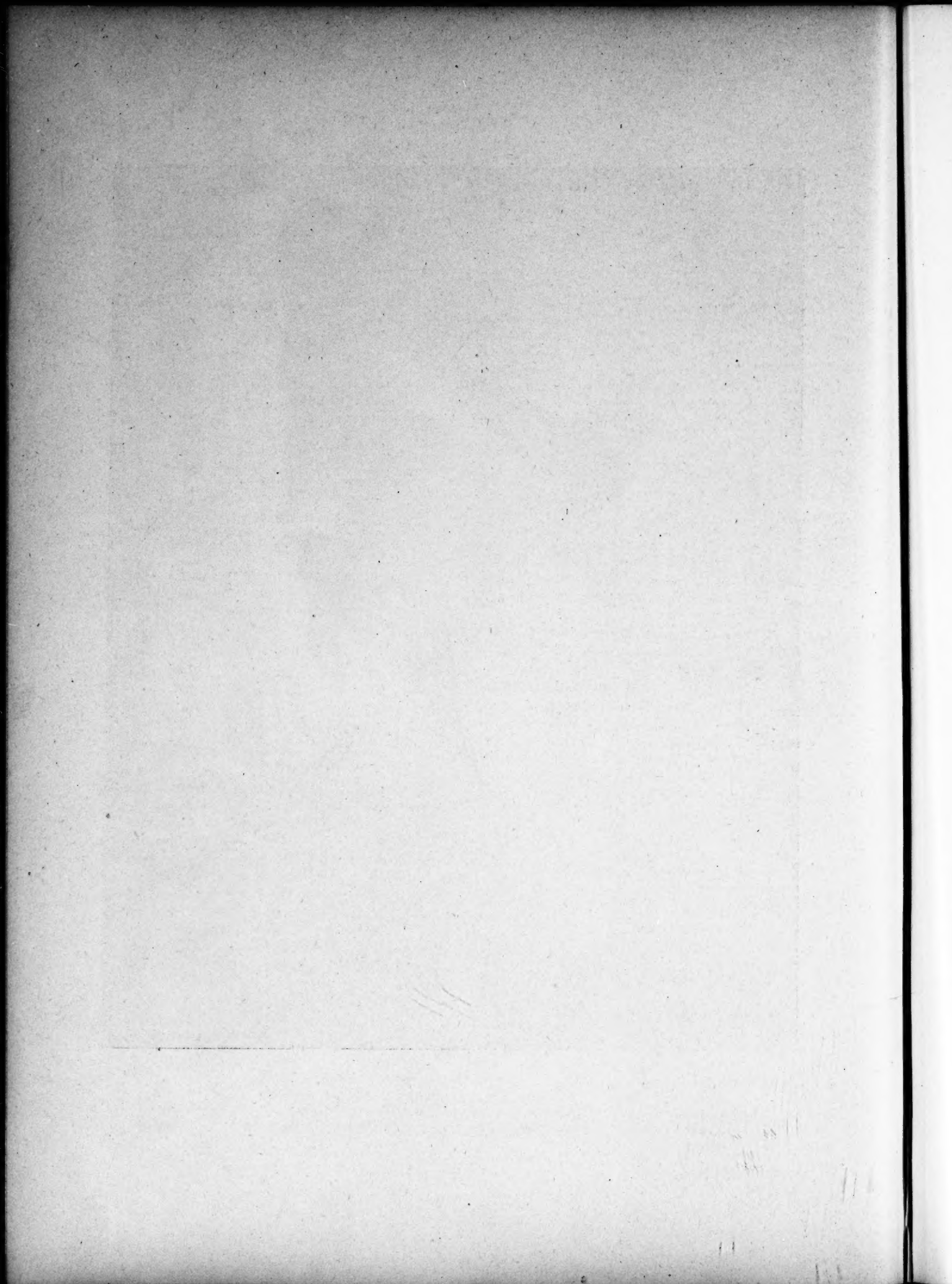
Of Mr. Tadema's honours it is almost unnecessary to speak in detail—for he must possess nearly all the more important that the European Academies have to bestow, and he is, besides, Knight of some half-a-dozen Orders. Of greater value and more permanent delight to him is the knowledge that the character of Aïssa, the hero in the art romance of the great Dutch writer Vosmaer, is drawn line for line from him; that a portion of Ebers' "Egyptian Princess" was suggested by his "Flower-Girl;" and that a whole prose idyll by the same author was inspired by his "Question," of which the title was retained.



STUDY OF A HEAD.  
(By Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Bart.)

MAGAZINE  
OF ART





## NOTES AND QUERIES.

**REGULATIONS.**—Questions and Answers may be signed with the name of the writer or with a pseudonym; but the full name and address must be enclosed for the information of the Editor.

No enquiries of a commercial nature as to value or genuineness of pictures in the correspondent's possession, or other matters more properly addressed to picture dealers, can be inserted.

Illustrative matter may be included when helpful to the lucidity or interest of Query or Answer, and photographs and drawings—in respect to which, however, no responsibility can be taken, although every effort will be made to return them, if prepaid, to their owners—may be sent for reproduction.

No pictures, prints, or art objects may be sent to the Office of THE MAGAZINE OF ART in respect to this section, without the previous consent of the Editor.

Queries intended for insertion in any particular number of THE MAGAZINE OF ART should reach the Office by the 25th of the previous month: for example, a Query intended for the December Number, which is published on the 24th of November, should be forwarded by the 25th of October.

The Editor cannot guarantee insertion of Query or Answer in any special number of the Magazine. Every effort, however, will be made to publish them in the Part in course of preparation, and to accompany them with Answers compiled in the Editorial Office, or by experts connected with the Magazine. This will not prevent subsequent additions by the whole body of readers of the Magazine to the information already given. To our readers, indeed, we look for the co-operation which is needful to render this section of real interest and value and to ensure the success anticipated for it.

The Editor reserves the right to refuse the insertion of any Query or Answer should he for any reason think fit to do so. Although he will exercise such supervision as may be possible over the Answers inserted, he cannot hold himself responsible for the opinions or the facts of Correspondents.

The Editor has been greatly encouraged by the immediate response accorded to the announcement of this section in last month's Part and by the readiness already evinced by readers to avail themselves of the opportunity offered.

[1] **WILKIE'S VILLAGE FESTIVAL.**—A version of Wilkie's famous "Village Festival" is reported to have been sold at Christie's on July 4th of this year. This appears to be the third or fourth painting by the same master of the same subject, one of which is in the National Gallery, and the other, I believe, in Windsor Castle. Can your readers tell me more precisely of the whereabouts of these pictures?—L. ROBINSON (Reading).

•• The picture referred to was in the collection of pictures of Mr. Arthur Seymour, and, curiously enough, was displayed at the same time and sold on the same day as those of the late Mr. Angerstein, for whose father Wilkie painted the original "Village Festival," now in the National Gallery. Mr. Seymour's picture, which was signed and dated 1810, measured 24×29½ inches; although on a large scale, it did not include the whole design as we see it in the finished work in the National Gallery. There is no version of this picture in the Royal Collections either at Windsor Castle, Buckingham Palace, or elsewhere; but a beautiful little replica is one of the gems of Sir Charles Tennant's superb collection of old English masters in Grosvenor Square.

[2] **PAINTINGS BY ROBERT SEYMOUR.**—Can any of your readers inform me of the whereabouts of any

original water-colours and oil-paintings by Robert Seymour, the first illustrator of "Pickwick"?—M.

•• Five original water-colours by Seymour were sold at Sotheby's on March 7th, 1892. The purchasers were Messrs. Robson, Howell, Stephen, and Sabin, from whom, doubtless, particulars of their whereabouts might be obtained.—G. S. LAYARD (Malvern).

[3] **SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES' "DAILY CHRONICLE" CARTOON.**—A drawing by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, representing Adam and Eve at work after their expulsion from the Garden of Eden, appeared in the *Daily Chronicle* about a year ago. I have heard it stated since that the cartoon was not original; that it was not drawn for the journal in question; and that it was, in fact, executed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones for another publication. As an enthusiastic student of the artist's work, I should be glad to know if these statements are true, and if the drawing in question is or is not original.—A STUDENT.

•• The cartoon was of course drawn for the *Daily Chronicle*, according to the announcement made by that journal. The motive itself had already been used by Sir Edward as a frontispiece to a volume of poems by Mr. William Morris; but the drawing was specially made for the *Daily Chronicle*, and adapted to a special

object at a special juncture; and it has the further credit of being perhaps the first true work of art executed by an artist of world-wide reputation for a daily paper working in the service of the people. As to the matter of "originality," a further point must be dealt with. An artist of Sir Edward Burne-Jones' calibre, of his facile invention and splendid imagination,



LABOUR.  
(Drawn by Sir E. Burne-Jones, Bart. Reproduced by special permission of the Proprietors of the "Daily Chronicle.")



ADAM AND EVE AFTER THE  
EXPULSION FROM EDEN.  
(From the Panel by Jacopo Della Quercia  
at Bologna.)

can hardly be said to be anything but original. At the same time, it is quite open to him consciously or unconsciously to derive inspiration from works that he has seen before, making them, by his handling and by his individuality, works to all intents and purposes original. Such is the case of the Adam and Eve. By courteous permission of the Editor of the *Daily Chronicle* we reproduce in miniature the cartoon alluded to, together with the panel by Jacopo della Quercia, which is one of the ten that decorate the pilasters of the great western portal of San Petronio, in Bologna. Of this great architectural work a full-size plaster cast may be seen in South Kensington Museum. A reproduction of this panel is here given from a photograph taken from the sculpture itself, so that the STUDENT may make his own comparison of the treatment of the subject by the two masters. The originality of Della Quercia's conception need hardly be insisted upon, for hitherto Ghiberti, Uccello, Andrea Pisano, and others had represented Eve only as the mother with a mother's cares and joys. Della Quercia shows her as sharing in the work to which Adam was condemned; and the freshness and vividness of the conception doubtless struck the poetic mind of Sir E. Burne-Jones. It similarly struck Raphael, who, in his "Bible" in the Loggia of the Vatican, treated the subject somewhat similarly in "The Labours of our First Parents."

[4] **THE APPRECIATION OF ROMNEY.**—The esteem in which Romney is held as a painter at the present day is surely one of the most surprising circumstances to be found in the art-world within recent times, and I think that, without violating your rule as to "commercialism," I may fairly ask if this esteem, as exemplified in the prices given for Romney's works in the sale-room, is not rather overdone? What, I should be glad to know, is the justification for such a price as £10,500, given recently for "Painting and Music"? And may we not have a reproduction of the picture in THE MAGAZINE OF ART?—J. H.

\*\*\* A reproduction of the picture in question—which, it may be stated, was sold for 10,500 guineas, not pounds, to Mr. C. Wertheimer—appeared in the September number of the Magazine (p. 460), under the title of "Beauty and the Arts." A writer in *Temple Bar* has recently drawn attention to the same subject, reminding the public that Romney's pictures for years after his death never fetched more than an insignificant sum, and that the "St. Cecilia" (Mrs. Billington), which in 1890 brought 900 guineas, was once knocked down for eight and a half guineas.

There can be little doubt that this rage for Romney will eventually withdraw to its proper limits; the probability is that, by the law of ironical fate, he will fall far beyond it, as we have seen in the case of Guido Reni, Carlo Dolei, Etty, Dyce, and a score of other painters. The fact is that Romney is ridiculously over-appraised. He had grace and beauty and fluency, a sense of style, and a courtly appreciation of dignity. For these qualities he is esteemed. But his breadth is usually emptiness, his colour often poor and generally hot and brickly, his line too obvious, his dexterity summary, and not to be compared for sheer skill with that of Mr. Sargent. He was a good deal of an artist, but not so much of a painter. Referring to Romney, Sir John Millais declared in a private letter written three years ago to the Editor of this Magazine: "Shoddy pictures of the last century are just now run up in price, and the times require a very strong pen to clear the air." There is little doubt that most of our accomplished artists hold the same opinion. Lord Leighton certainly did. The contrary view is held chiefly by younger men, who are blinded to Romney's faults by the brilliancy of his merits. Although we can never expect to see his "Mrs. Tickell," which sold for 1,150 guineas in 1894,



drop to the four guineas it fetched in 1804, the present generation will probably see a very considerable reduction in the market value among connoisseurs of painting. As to connoisseurs of beauty, that is a different thing.

[5] **SIR JOHN TENNIEL AS A DECORATIVE ARTIST.**—Sir John Tenniel has for many years devoted his pencil to execution of political cartoons in the pages of *Punch*, but it is generally known that at the outset of his career, and later, he aimed at excellence if not in a higher, at least in a graver, plane of art. Has he executed anything other than the fresco, now perished, in the Palace of Westminster?—J. COPELAND (Peebles).

\*\*\* It is a mistake to suppose that Sir John's Westminster fresco has "perished." It is true that it has been greatly injured by time and the climate, but as a matter of fact its condition is much better than that of any of its companion pictures in the Upper Waiting Room. Besides this work, it is hardly necessary to remind the reader, are Sir John's contributions in water-colours to the Royal Institute, and more especially—in the way of public work—the important decorative figure of "Leonardo da Vinci" on the west wall of the South Court in the South Kensington Museum. This work is carried out in mosaic.

[6] **WHO WAS "E. I. F."?**—I have in my possession a porcelain tile on which is painted a bouquet of flowers in strong but well-chosen hues. On the back appears "E. I. F., 1772." I should like to know if the artist was a craftsman of importance.—C. L. F.

\*\*\* The initials are clearly those of Emmanuel Jean Frutting, of Berne, in which town he established a factory for the production of porcelain stoves. M. Garnier, who refers to this craftsman in his "Dictionnaire de la Céramique," states that a stove bearing these initials is to be found in the Gasnault collection in the Limoges Museum, but adds that many pieces with this signature are of doubtful origin. We should be glad to publish a reproduction of this apparently rare piece if the owner will permit.

[7] **THE BRONZE WORKS OF J. B. CARPEAUX.**—It would be useful to me if your readers could tell me what were the chief works executed by Carpeaux in bronze. I know most of his marble statues, etc., but have been unable to ascertain the subjects of his principal works in the metal.—FONDEUR.

\*\*\* When he was thirty-two (1859) Carpeaux exhibited in the Salon his bronze statue of "Jeune Pêcheur." In 1863 his "Ugolin et ses Enfants" was erected in the Tuileries Gardens, a

replica of it, also in bronze, being shown in the Salon of 1867. In the following year there was shown the statue of the Prince Imperial. The sketch for the monument to Watteau was acquired by the town of Valenciennes, and was carried out in 1884—nine years after the painter's death. The great group for the Observatory fountain, representing the Four Quarters of the World, was cast by Matifat in 1874. Besides these were the busts of Maître Beauvois and one or two others.

#### NOTES.

**SIR JOHN MILLAIS' "AUTUMN LEAVES."**—I have just read with the greatest interest your excellent article on the great Sir John Millais, whose loss is irreparable. It is in no way a depreciation that I should like to relate to you a circumstance connected with "Autumn Leaves" that I heard years ago from Mr. Eden at Lytham, where he was living after having left the neighbourhood of Bolton, in which place he had been a successful bleacher.

When the picture reached him he disliked it, and he asked the great painter to take it back; but this Mrs. Millais, his mother, said was impossible. He was then told to sit opposite to it when at dinner for some months, and he would learn to like it. He tried this, but, alas! disliked it more and more. One day a friend—I think Mr. Miller, of Preston—called, saw the picture, was enchanted, and said: "Eden, I will give you any three of my pictures for 'Autumn Leaves.'" "As you are a great friend," said Eden, "you shall have it;" and so the picture changed hands. This is what Mr. Eden told me, and now it is on the way to be "among the world's best masterpieces."—EDW. STUART TAYLOR (Sutton S. Ann's Rectory, Loughborough).

[We believe that it was to Mr. J. Leathart, not to Mr. Miller, that the picture passed.]

**SAM BOUGH AND BEVERLEY.**—Reading the very interesting life of Sam Bough in *THE MAGAZINE OF ART* for September, I find a startling mention of my old friend George Augustus Sala. I was associated with Beverley from 1844 to 1846. I well remember that Beverley went to Manchester in the summer of 1845 to paint the scenery for a revival of *Acis and Galatea*, leaving me to look after his interests at the Princess's Theatre, Oxford Street. I had a chat with George Gordon, who had been at work with Bough in the Manchester painting-room, from which I learned that it is not correct to say that Bough was a pupil of Beverley, and I am quite certain that he would not ask Sala to wipe his palette (or clean his boots), which it is always the duty of the painter's labourer to do. Besides, Sala was not associated with Mr. Beverley till after June, 1846.—W. J. CALLCOTT (Savage Club).



## THE CHRONICLE OF ART.—NOVEMBER.

**National Portrait Gallery.** THE thirty-ninth annual report of the National Portrait Gallery is without question the most satisfactory of all. It records a popularity which in respect to attendance has equalled in three



MRS. SIDDONS.

(By Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A. Recently acquired by the National Gallery. In the West Octagon Room.)

months any previous year's numbers. It sets forth formally Mr. WATTS's splendid gift of eighteen portraits, together with twenty-seven other canvases of the highest interest, from King Edward IV. down to Lord Leighton and Robert Louis Stevenson. Seven have also been purchased, including WESTALL's famous portrait of Lord Byron. Sixty pictures have been repaired, sixty-eight placed under glass, and so forth; while 245 new biographical tablets have been written and affixed to the portraits. We draw special attention to these details in order to show how much energy and activity are being displayed in the organisation of this admirably conducted institution, which contains as many as 905 pictures on the walls, 116 works in sculpture, and 29 miscellaneous portraits in cases. The grand total thus amounts to 1,050—a total which places the New Portrait Gallery, of course, among the largest galleries of its kind in the world. After an explanation, which, however, is not a satisfactory one, of the opening of the gallery without any sort of ceremonial, the director proclaims—what we set forth two years ago in this Magazine, but was at the time officially contradicted—that the gallery, newly opened as it is, has no more room for additions to the collection. In other words, the site first granted and the designs first made were inadequate from the beginning. In the partition of the site now occupied by the barracks—which we have over and over again pointed out are a constant and imminent source of grievous danger to the National Gallery as well as the National Portrait Gallery—it is necessary that the latter should receive its due share, more especially as the opening of Mr. Tate's building will

probably make some room in the National Gallery by reason of modern English pictures being removed to Millbank. A reference is made to the official catalogue, but no claim, of course, is made for the very high credit which should properly be accorded to it. We observe that a "special arrangement" has been made with Messrs. Walker and Boutall to photograph all the pictures in the gallery. We presume that this does not mean a monopoly.

**Miniature Painting.** THE pleasure with which we welcome the awakening of the miniature painters of England to a sense of their own dignity and that of their art is somewhat dashed by the knowledge of a curious rivalry, not, we hope, of personal jealousy. We have often urged in these columns the desirableness of forming a Society of Miniature Painters, not with a view merely of securing the concrete advantages of a corporate establishment, but with the double object of reviving in the public mind an interest in one of the most exquisite and refined of all the methods of portraiture; the self-education of the artists; and assisting, by honourable competition, the bringing forth of that excellence which, from Cooper to Cosway, has always constituted a subject of national pride. We were hardly prepared, however, for the foundation of two societies almost at the same moment, both bodies declaring themselves ready for amalgamation, yet neither, for the time at least, prepared to give way. This should not be; the art of miniature painting cannot support two societies, and for the sake of the art,



DOÑA ISABEL COBOS DE PORCEL.

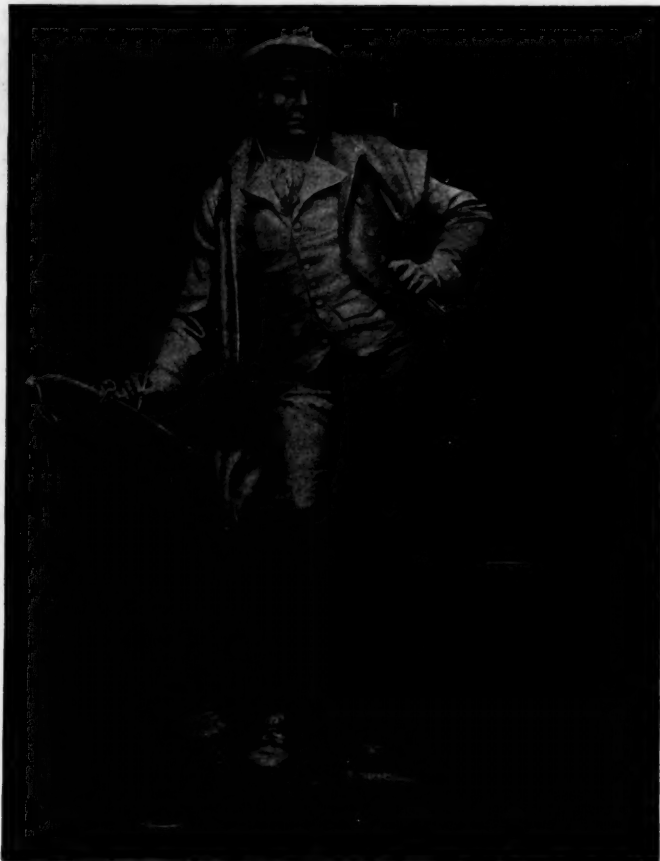
(By F. Goya. Recently acquired by the National Gallery, Room XV., No. 1,473.)

amalgamation should be arranged without delay. This should be the easier as no matter of essential importance, no fundamental principle whatever, separates the two concerns. If matters proceed as they have begun, one of

two things is sure to happen: either the collapse of both, or the absorption of one by the other after a damaging struggle. The two societies appear about equal in strength, numerical and artistic, and it will be to the benefit of neither if considerations which would do no credit to a vestry are permitted to sacrifice the art on an altar of egotism.

**Current Art on the Stage.** THE French axiom "*il faut reculer pour mieux sauter*"

may be applied just now to Art in the Theatre, which has probably been holiday-making with the rest of the world—or, as the professional phrase has it, "resting"—collecting all its energies to achieve a record-breaker later on in the long-expected *Monte Cristo* ballet at the Empire Theatre. At the *Gaiety*, however, Mr. TELBIN contributes a conspicuous exception to this record of artistic inactivity, in a scene of peculiar charm and accomplishment—a view of Dartmouth Sound from the heights above—which graces the second act of *My Girl*. In the crowd of yachtswomen peopling the foreground of this picture, Mr. WILHELM gives evidence of his versatility in an array of *fin-de-siècle* toilettes, steering a singularly felicitous course of ocean blues and sea-foam colouring between the Scylla of fashionable convention and the Charybdis of theatrical



BURNS STATUE.

(By F. W. Pomroy. Recently unveiled at Paisley.)

**THE BURNS EXHIBITION**  
GALLERIES  
OF THE  
**ROYAL GLASGOW INSTITUTE**  
OF THE  
**FINE ARTS**

"Should soul acquaintance be forgot?"

175  
SAUCHIEHALL STREET  
GLASGOW

**CATALOGUE**  
1896 PRICE ONE SHILLING

Wm. Sage & Co., Printers, Glasgow.  
(Designed by J. Hassall.)

extravagance. The poetry that adorned the scenery by BEVERLY for Planquette's opera *Rip Van Winkle* at the Comedy Theatre some years since, finds, unfortunately, little echo in that of the latest *Alhambra*

ballet on the same romantic theme. The one pictorial incident treated with artistic feeling is the brief moment of Rip's awakening in the rosy flush of dawn, but the actual scene on the mountain tempts one to ask why the unmistakable Matterhorn is allowed to o'ertop the Kaatskills, and why the draperies of the phantom fays should be bordered with up-to-date frills! The village tableaux are sadly lacking in atmosphere, and the costumes throughout claim no special recognition for colour or fancy. To enhance the pictorial value of his interesting revival of *Cymbeline*, Sir HENRY IRVING has secured the co-operation of Mr. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A., whose reliable and popular archæology has been ably edited for the Lyceum stage by Mr. HARKER. The Roman scenes in particular reveal beyond a doubt the source of their inspiration, and are in admirable contrast to the comparative barbarism of the British interiors, with their quaint Celtic decorations and Druidic symbols (a curiously effective corridor in "Cymbeline's Palace" is excellent in draughtsmanship), and to the landscape illustrations from the brush of Mr. HAWES CRAVEN, who may be warned against cultivating a monotony of style and treatment. His opening "set" of the "Garden of the Palace" is oddly "Japanesque" in sentiment, and his final picture of the "King's Tent," formed by some draperies attached to a tiresomely perforated oak-tree, lacks breadth. The "Field of Battle"—with a defunct steed of the toy-shop variety amongst the cromlechs of Stonehenge—is remarkable chiefly for the superfluity of standards and insignia as compared with the rank and file of the Roman soldiery engaged. Perhaps Mr. Craven's most noteworthy scenic effort is in Act IV., "Before the Cave," a composition suggestive of the familiar methods of Mr. Charles Stuart in his sunny gleams on Scottish and Welsh hillsides—though here at one moment the eye is

irritated by a transparency in the back cloth showing a scarlet sun setting in a bright emerald light on the estuary below. The costumes are largely of the *Lear* and *Macbeth* order, and against these Cymbeline's royal raiment



THE LATE G. DU MAURIER.  
(From a Photograph by  
W. and D. Downey.)

seems more characteristic of the Hebraic priesthood. Sir Henry's Iachimo suggests in the "make-up" rather the Renaissance than Ancient Rome, though his superb robe of lapis-lazuli blue, draped in the earlier scenes by a toga heavy with jewelled vine-embroideries, is sufficiently typical of the luxurious decadence of art under the later emperors. Imogen's first dress is almost startling in its *bizarre* assemblage of hues—outrivalling Joseph's traditional "Coat of Many Colours"—but Miss Terry wears it with all possible distinction and grace, and later on as "Fidele" is irresistibly charming in the subdued harmonies of the discreetly fashioned page's disguise.

**Miscellaneous.** We call the attention of all artists to the terms of a competition which will be found in the advertisement pages of this Part. For designs for a poster, prizes to the value of £100 are offered by Messrs. Cassell and Company, Limited. The judges will be Mr. JOHN SPARKES, Principal of the Royal College of Art, Mr. EDWIN BALE, R.I., and Mr. M. H. SPIELMANN.

In connection with the Burns Centenary there is an exhibition at the Royal Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts of everything that it has been possible to collect concerning Scotland's greatest poet. The Art section includes portraits of Burns, and of his friends and associates; and pictures of the scenes among which he lived and about which he wrote. Then there are personal relics; various editions of his works, and a collection of MSS. and books relating to Burns and his time.



THE LATE WILLIAM MORRIS.  
(From a Photograph by Hallger.)

The catalogue is a bulky volume—we give a reduced reproduction of the cover, designed by Mr. HASSALL—for the compilation of which, with the exception of the book section, Mr. ROBERT WALKER has been responsible.

A statue of Burns has been unveiled by Lord Rosebery at Paisley to commemorate the Centenary of the poet's death. The commission was gained by Mr. F. W. POMEROY in an open competition, and the cost has been defrayed

by a series of Burns concerts. The statue is in bronze, and is a graceful and virile composition. Mr. Pomeroy found his inspiration in the opening lines of "The Brigs of Ayr":—

"The simple bard, rough at his rustic plough,  
Learning his tuneful trade from every songster on the bough."

**Obituary.** It is with deep regret that we notify here the sad death of that highly-talented humorous artist,

Mr. FRED BARNARD, in the month of September. In view of an article on his life and work, which we propose to include in an early Number in the series of "Our Graphic Humourists," we withhold for the present a biographical notice.

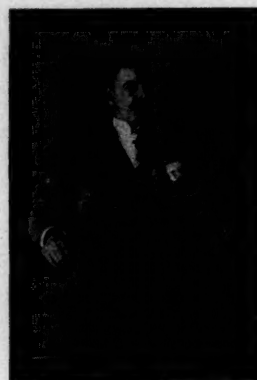
With sentiments not less sincere we record also the death of Mr. GEORGE DU MAURIER, the delightful artist, the genial satirist, the exquisite pourtrayer of beauty with pen and pencil, who has taken so great a share in social art, and has helped to make *Punch* a delight for six-and-thirty years. We are pleased to think that it was in these pages that this artist made his literary *début* some years ago, and that his pencil has embellished them. A careful estimate of his life's work was published in this Magazine on p. 229 of the volume for 1892.

To the life and death of the great art-reformer, WILLIAM MORRIS, we propose also to make such fuller reference as appears to be due, not only to his own great talent and brilliant work, but also to the powerful influence for good which he exerted on the art-views and the art-productions of this country, of Europe, and of America.

A portrait is presented of the late Mr. C. S. REINHARDT, whose black-and-white work has embellished the best of the American books and magazines for some years past. He was a consummate master of the art of pen-drawing, and was among its most distinguished professors.

VICTOR LAGYE, the celebrated Flemish artist, has died at Antwerp at the age of seventy-one. He was born in Ghent in 1825, and studied at the Academy of Fine Arts of that City. He went to Rome at the age of sixteen, fought under Garibaldi, and escaped from a sentence of death when the city was captured by the French. He commenced painting again at Brussels, but a little time after went to Antwerp to Baron Leys, with whom he stayed till he died. He painted the well-known series of panels in the Hôtel de Ville at Antwerp, illustrating the marriage-customs at different epochs.

"THE Exposure of the South Kensington Museum." The writer of the anonymous letter addressed to the Editor on this subject is requested to communicate confidentially his name and address.



THE LATE C. S. REINHARDT.



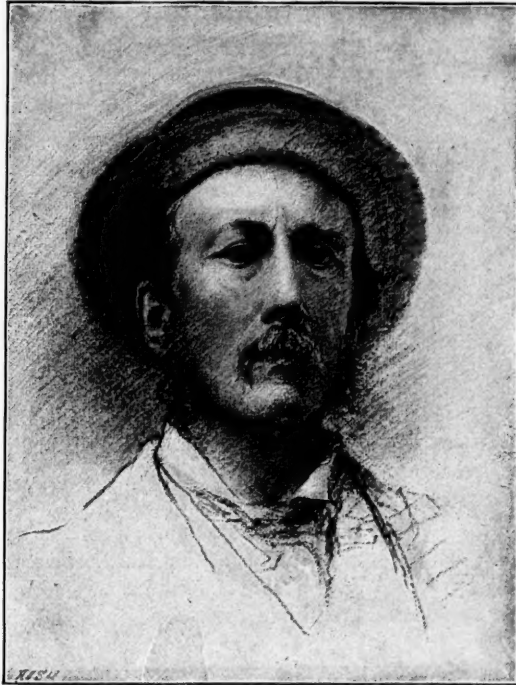
THE LATE FRED BARNARD.  
(From a Photograph by F. Gregory.)



## GEORGE W. JOY.

By JOSEPH ANDERSON.

THE early work of Mr. George W. Joy merely gave that promise which is frequently shown by amateurs. It was marked by good drawing, by



GEORGE W. JOY.

(From a Sketch by Himself.)

conceptions savouring of youth, and by a smooth finish, but much that is desirable in colour was wanting. He first painted subject pictures. These were hard in outline and low in tone. Portrait painting then occupied a considerable period of his time, and here the severe lines gradually softened. Yearning for some outlet to his imagination, he returned to subject pictures, most of them with a patriotic motive, and to works of imagination. Within a dozen years, Mr. Joy's work has so changed, and has reached a level of merit so far above his early labours, that it is difficult to believe the present painter could have grown out of his former self. Without hesitation it may be said that his art of the last few years is worthy of very serious consideration, for if not in the estimate of the bulk of English critics, we find support at least in the best critics of France, and in many other Continental judges of art. Mr. Joy is not only in earnest and in love with his art, but he manifests an

unusual energy and breadth. In these qualities and a singleness of purpose that characterises him, lies the secret of his growth. His "Lear and Cordelia," now in the possession of the Leeds Municipal Gallery, "Christ and the Little Child," now on his easel, "The King's Drum," and "The Danaids," reveal a painter possessing all the refinement and dignity of repose, thoroughly imbued with the spirit of an elevated art. It is not proposed to class Mr. Joy, for there is an element that is decidedly unique in his productions. This is probably what has, in a measure, barred him from the recognition he deserves in England, although it has served to enlarge his reputation in France—a country that has on several occasions recognised the merits of British painters before they were acknowledged at home. Mr. Herkomer, R.A., and in earlier times John Constable, are—one a distinguished, the other an illustrious example. During the last six years Mr. Joy has been a contributor to the Salon, where he has been warmly received by both painters and art critics. A nude subject, "The Danaids," was the first of his pictures exhibited there. It was originally a half length, and would never have been finished but for the encouragement of Mr. G. F. Watts, under whose



SKETCH FOR "THE FIRST UNION JACK."





LAODAMIA.

counsel it was made a full length. "The Danaids" was followed by "Truth," which was received with such enthusiasm in Paris that Mr. Joy, out of gratitude, painted his "Joan of Arc" as a thank-offering to the French people for their hearty welcome of the work of a comparative stranger. The French Government was quick to see the merit of the picture, and promptly bought it. In this manner one act of appreciation begot another, and that begot a third.

Of "Joan of Arc" no comment need be made, except as to colour. This is one of its principal merits, and is a delight of tender contrasts. A litter of glistening yellow straw, steel armour, a red scabbard, the opalescent wings of the angel, a silvery halo about the angel's head; over all, the glow of lantern light, for the scene is night within a stable (see Frontispiece).

"Truth" scarcely speaks for itself in black and white as the "Joan of Arc" is seen to do. Apart from its colour, the feeling of "Truth" in the original is so faithful to nature that, nude as the figure is, it commands our respect and reverence. The eye radiates beams of truth; truth is written upon the broad white brow, and there

is no shadow of falsehood on the noble features of the face. Truth is naked, but she fears no gaze. All this, and an image of beauty, are recorded in Mr. Joy's picture. This painting and "Joan of Arc" surpass all his other works, and may be considered as the fullest notes to which his art has yet given expression.

The "First Union Jack," painted in 1891, a sketch for which is here reproduced, is now in possession of the Fine Art Society. It is one of the first successful examples of Mr. Joy's painting in a higher key. In this picture, the soft silken folds of the first Union Jack lie

on the lap of a lovely girl, and are stretched along the floor. The girl is daintily plying her needle. A letter lies at her feet on which is sketched the design of the flag she is making. The picture inspires in one a sense of patriotism, mingled with the charm of romance, and is pleasing in its humour, grace, and ease. Its most striking and important detail is a bold contrast in colour that cannot fail to challenge criticism, although it is one of the picture's claims to distinction. A lover of Wagnerian music would love the boldness that dares to dash the minor and the



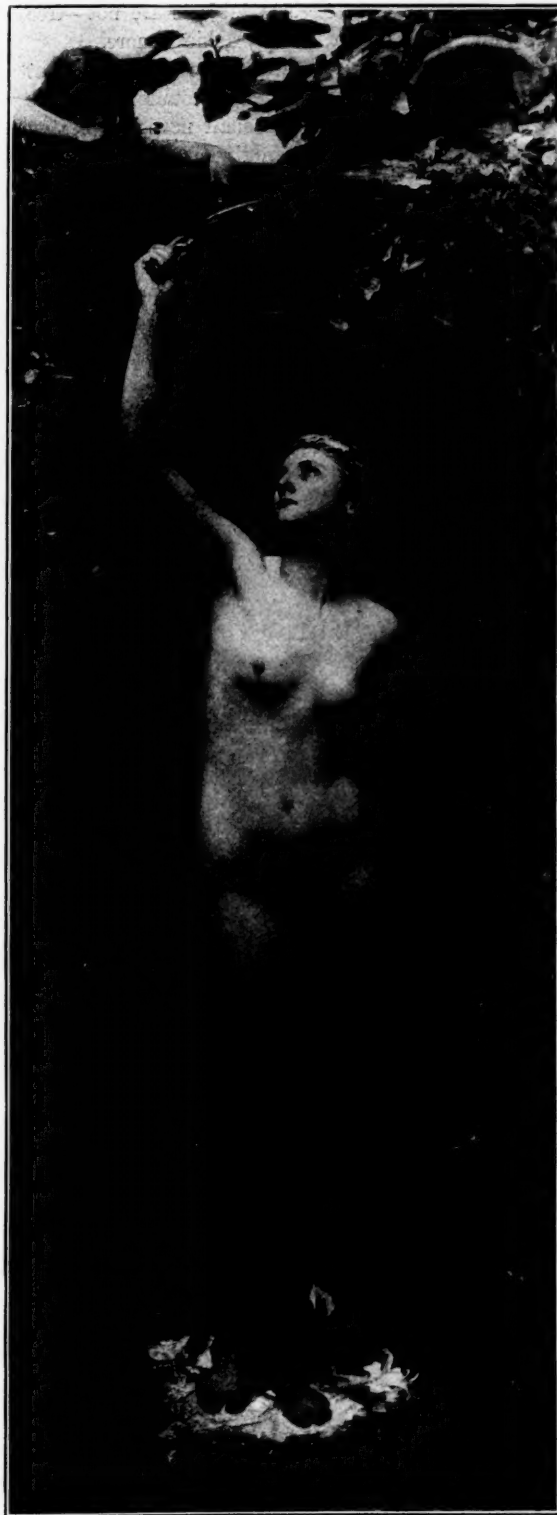
LEAR AND CORDELIA.

(From the Painting in the Leeds Corporation Art Gallery.)

major chords of colour into a strange but pleasing harmony that verges upon dangerous ground. The intense red and blue of the flag in the foreground might appear to clash with the greens, browns, and yellows of the well-painted tapestry in the background; but they no more clash than do the emotioned discords of Wagner thrown together, mastered, and then caressed into a melody of tranquillity. It is not intended to suggest that the picture is a Wagnerian creation in oils. It possesses too little grandeur, too much placidity. It is the colour alone to which the simile applies.

"The Bayswater 'Bus" is as bright in tone as it is refreshing in feeling. It delighted the French by its human nature and its truth to the familiar features of life in omnibuses. It cannot be called a slight work, although the subject be slight, for the artist has expended infinite care upon it, and his treatment has elevated what might, in the hands of most painters of familiar street scenes, have been a commonplace performance.

At the present moment Mr. Joy is engaged upon the most important work of his career. It is an essay in religious art, bearing the title "Christ and the Little Child." The picture, it will be observed in the reproduction, is in an unfinished state. The figure of Christ reflects many of the attributes of the "Son of David." It is characterised by the highest simplicity. The personality is that of one who has indeed been reared and educated as the son of Joseph the carpenter. There are meekness, peace, benignity, truth, and charity in every lineament of the face. Even the unstrained poise of the head, the serene grace of the body give intimations of a spotless soul. Thus far the picture succeeds in presenting faithfully the idea of Christ. A gap is, however, visible. There is wanting the high intellect and the towering imagination rarely absent in the face of those who possess them. And while there is goodness, there is little suggestion of the inspired and exalted spirit of the Son of Man. The element of transfigured beauty of nature that the masters have accustomed us to look for—Raphael in his third cartoon, "Christ charging Peter," and Guido Reni in his "Ecce Homo"—this element is not present. Nevertheless, it may be said, and said with much hope, that Mr. Joy has achieved something above the religious painting seen in the galleries of our Academy during the last decade, for he is entirely what



TRUTH.

(Purchased by the German Government. By Permission of the Berlin Photographic Co.)

English painters of religious subjects are not—free from affectation. And he may achieve more.

Mr. Joy's best known works are "Nelson's First Farewell," "Wellington's First Encounter with the French," "The King's Drum shall never be beaten for Rebels," "Flora Macdonald's Farewell to Prince Charlie," and "The Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports" (Wellington as an old man). In this last Mr. Joy stirs a deeper current of pathos than in any

after a glance at the reproductions that accompany this paper. As a young man it nearly befell him to seek his fortunes as a violinist. He played the violin with skill and feeling, but loving art most, he studied drawing while he played, in spite of being haunted by a fear that his love for art might in his case prove her the syren. At the age of nineteen he left Harrow, went to Kensington, and worked under Mr. Herkomer. It was here that



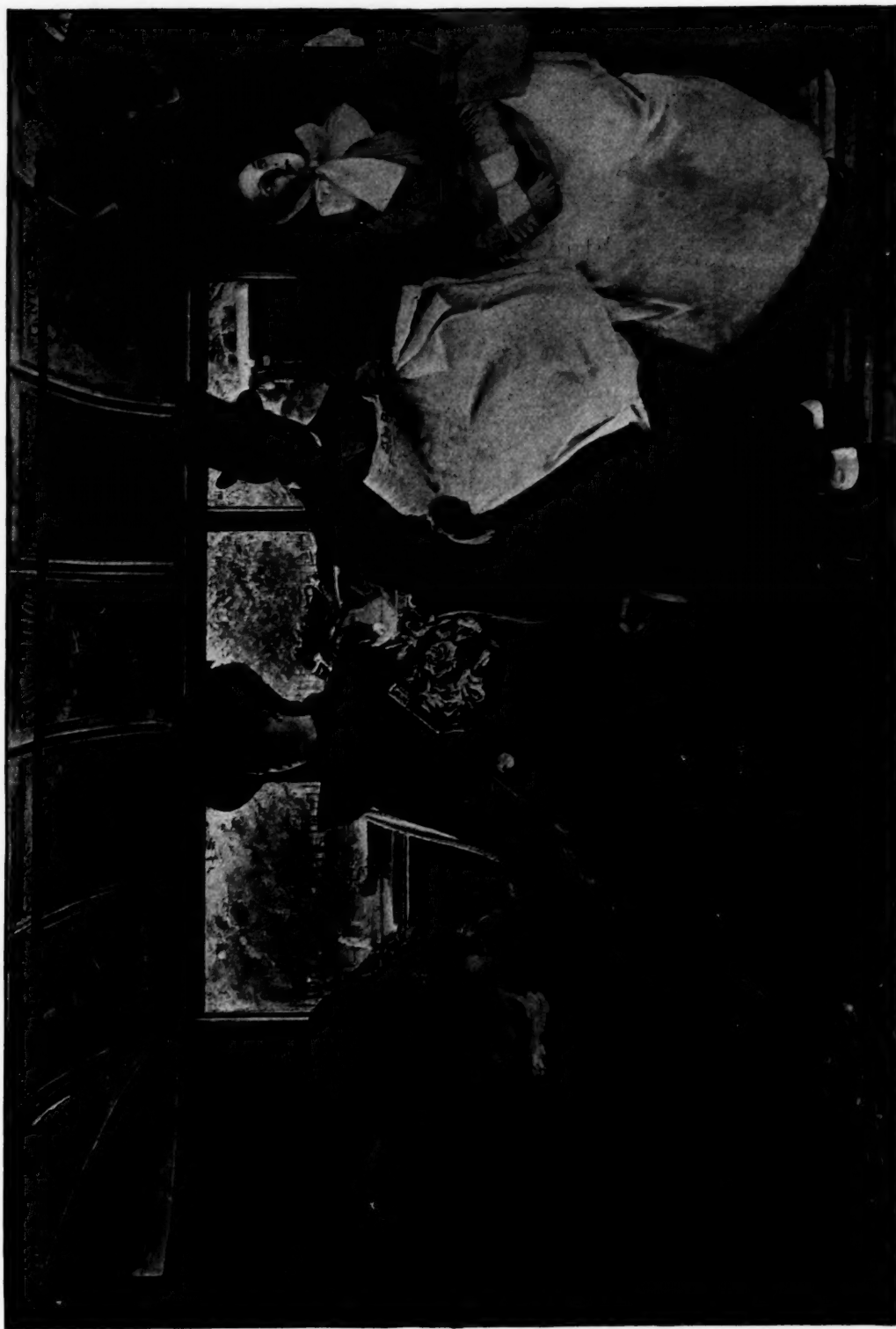
"THE KING'S DRUM SHALL NEVER BE BEATEN FOR REBELS!"

other of his works, not excepting "The King's Drum," "Flora Macdonald," and his "Death of General Gordon."

"Nelson's First Farewell" and "Wellington's First Encounter with the French," though admirably painted pictures, particularly the last, are too young in sentiment to win favour with the mature in matters of art, and they may in some degree be responsible for holding Mr. Joy back from English acceptance. It is regrettable, nevertheless, that a painter should be judged by his slightest and, it again happens in this case, his most popular works.

Mr. Joy is an Irishman and a man of varied talents. His versatility as an artist will be obvious

he felt his misgivings. He then went to the Royal Academy classes, at the time when they were becoming more strict as to drawing. Mr. Joy was the only student out of his batch who got into the "life" class. Encouraged by his progress, he went to Paris, where he was invited to occupy a corner of Jalabert's studio: he attended Bonnat's life class, and during this time he became the friend of Oulieri. From this period his career began, and for some years he knocked in vain at the door of success. Since the year 1890, however, Messrs. Cassell and Company have bought his "Flora Macdonald;" the Fine Art Society, his "First Union Jack;" the French Government, his "Joan of Arc;" the German

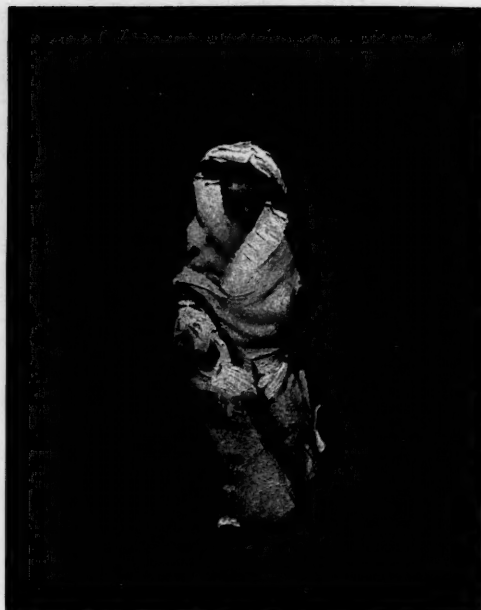


THE BAYSWATER 'BUS.



Government, his "Truth;" and the Queen has purchased a portrait, while Lord Leighton, not long before his death, acquired a picture from his brush. All this came after some dozen years of up-hill toil, but the invigorating air of success, far from injuring his work, has added warmth and virility to his most recent undertakings. It has been intimated that Mr. Joy gave great care to a subject of tertiary importance, "The Bayswater 'Bus." Indeed, his zeal for familiar, historical, and literary truth knows no fatigue, and on beginning this picture, besides taking the utmost pains

to secure suitable models, he engaged one of the old Bayswater omnibuses, in which he sat and wrought daily for close upon two months.

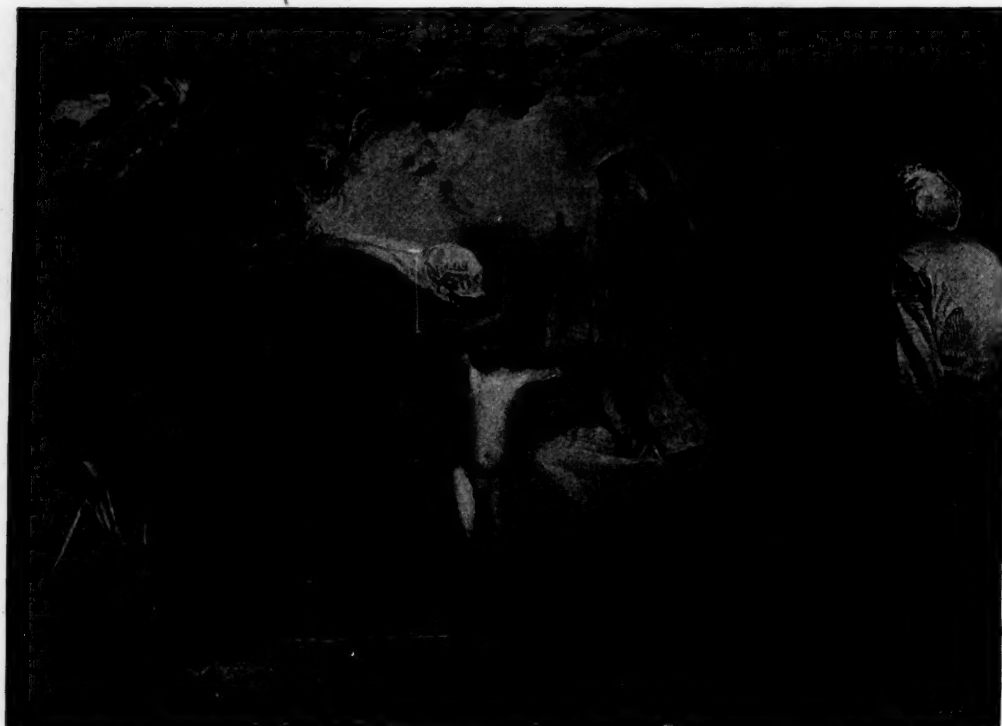


A BABY BEDOUIN.

Before painting his "Death of General Gordon" he obtained all possible information from military sources; he had a building erected from drawings by Colonel Watson. He then rose before sunrise all during one summer, painting in the open, not studies, but on the picture itself. Every dress, every arm, was genuine, and the figures of the Arabs attacking Gordon were drawn from real Soudanese.

The bottom of the well in his "Truth" is gold, and for this he has been blamed as being too literary. It was as patent to others as to himself that grey stones

throughout would have obviated many difficulties, but he preferred long and anxious labour to sacrificing the least fragment of fact in his image of "Truth."



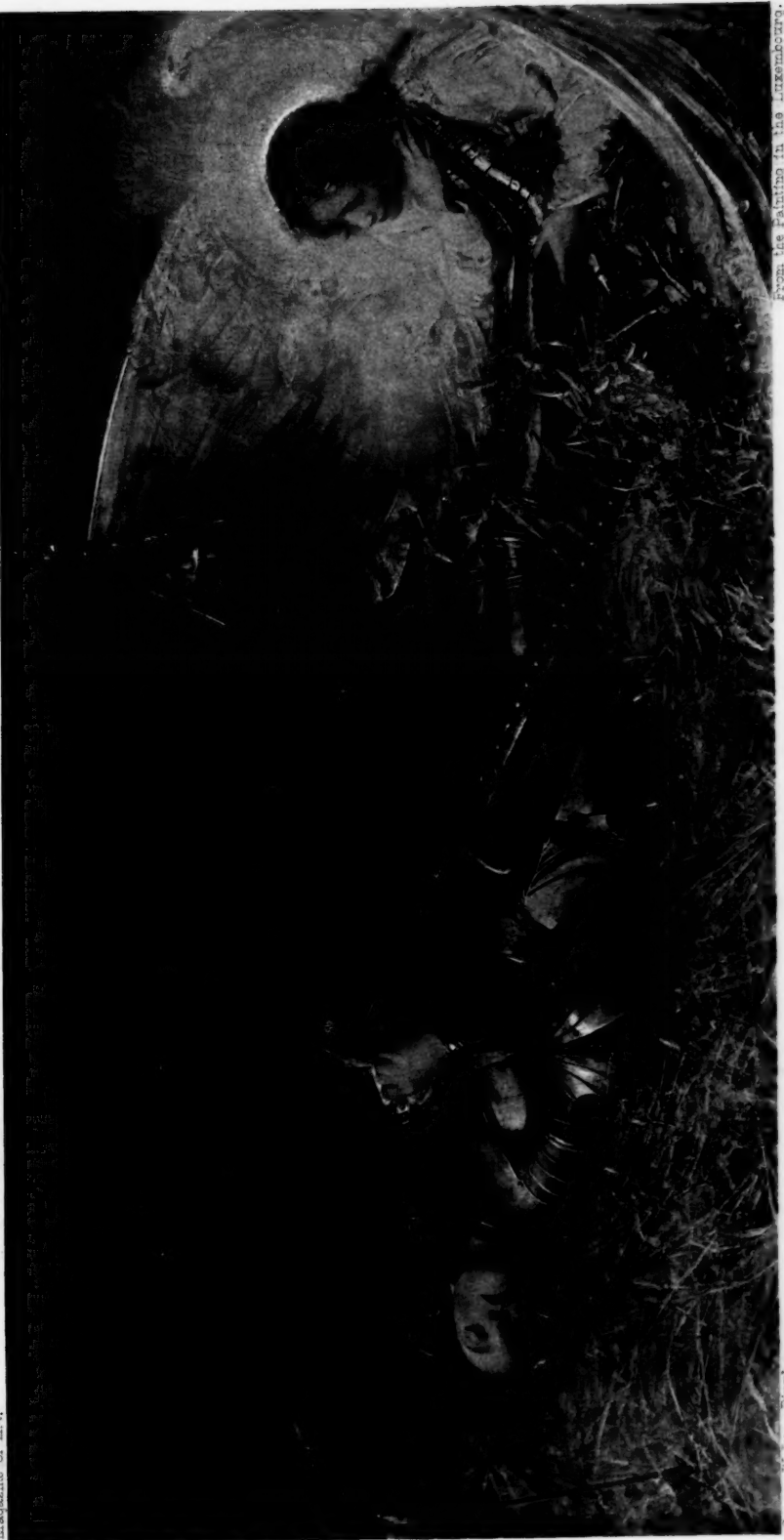
CHRIST AND THE LITTLE CHILD.  
(Unfinished.)





Magazine of Art.

Photo. Rembrandt Intaglio Printings Co. Ltd.



From the painting in the Louvre.

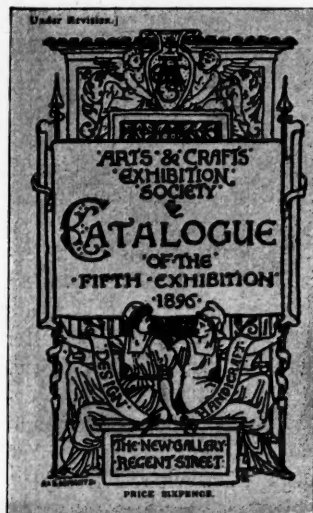
George W. Cox, Paris.

# JOAN OF ARC.





## THE ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBITION.—II.



(Drawn by Walter Crane.)

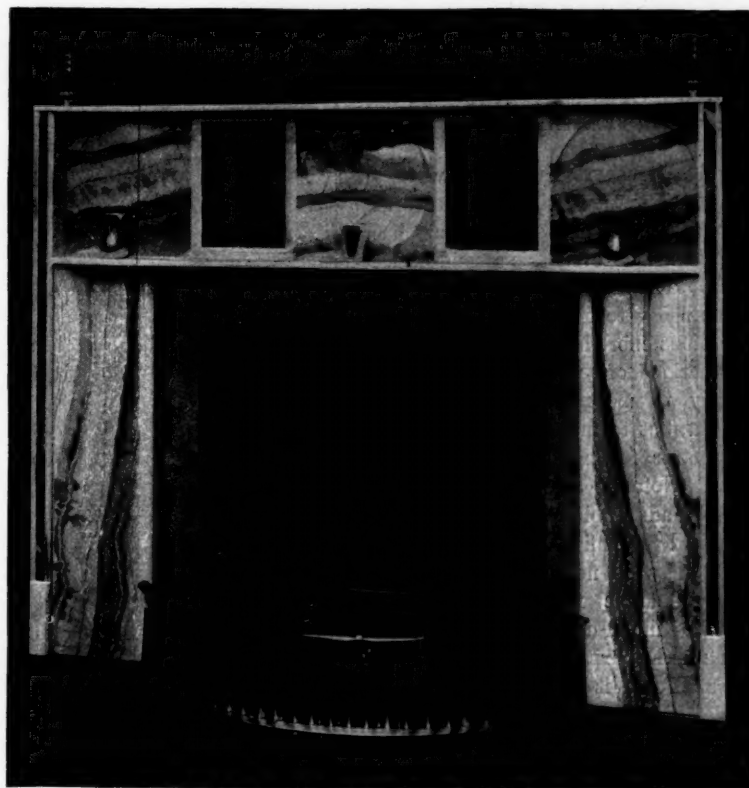
for all such admitted beauty as they may possess, the conventional objects of commerce are notoriously lacking. Furniture and such-like are to-day turned out by an impersonal firm for an impersonal public. Designer and craftsman (that is to say, the artists), on the one hand, are wholly out of touch with the purchaser, on the other; and the latter, brought up to regard his acquisitions with as little real interest as he lavishes on the bricks and mortar of the house he lives in, never knows the joy of sympathy bred of direct concern in the construction and adaptation to his needs of the furniture of his home.

Doubtless, the newly-born passion for simplicity and purity of design has led many members of the society into a self-conscious baldness that has resulted in what is dubbed the "rabbit-hutch school;" but affected simplicity is the natural

antithesis to the unconscious and thoughtless elaboration which has been fast leading us into a distorted version of redundancy of ornament, such as we see in the Viennese school. Rather, say our purists, begin afresh and return to archaism than fall still further into the slough of false art. And so there has arisen a school parallel, in some sense, with the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood in another branch of art, whose attitude is a practical protest and whose influence is directed to awaken the dormant art-consciences of those who have brains but think not. Hot gossellers are apt to be extreme; but men of sense can make allowances and be indulgent to those who, in their desire for significant expression, are apt to fall into exaggeration and caricature.

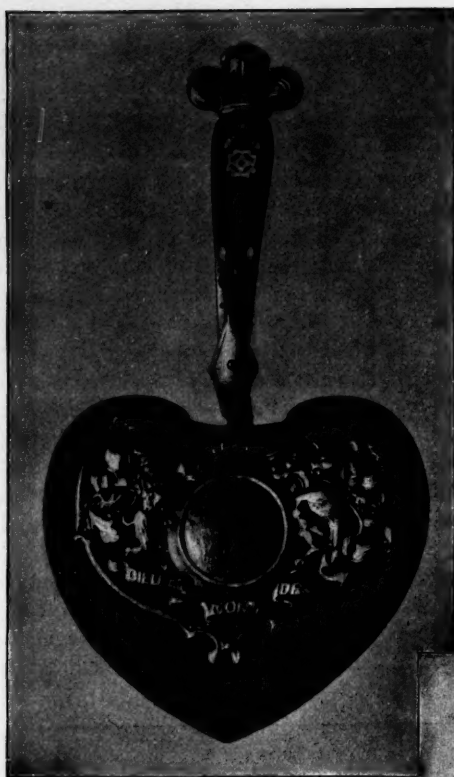
So much may account for what is extravagant at the New Gallery; but, it should in justice be said, the extravagances, which at least have the merit of thought and humour, are neither numerous nor

quality in which,



CHIMNEYPIECE IN MARBLE AND ONYX. (By W. R. Lethaby. Executed by Farmer and Brindley.)

STEEL FENDER. (By T. J. Cobden-Sanderson. Executed by Longden and Co.)



TROWEL IN WROUGHT STEEL, SILVER  
AND COPPER, WITH ENAMELS.  
(By Nelson and Edith Dawson.)

unduly obtrusive. Last month we suggested that the entirely sane works were more than enough to monopolise our attention; even this second notice cannot exhaust the list, so that it is encouraging to think how much conscientious effort has been put into the production of work intended not merely to meet the demands of a market, but to make direct appeal to the better feeling of individual persons. Notable among these works are the admirable park gates by Mr. Reginald Blomfield; admirable, because they do not aim at displaying the gymnastic refinements of the smith so much as the qualities of the iron and the purposes they are intended to serve. It is the modern fashion to demand from iron lightness and malleability alone, so that we have exquisite but radically incorrect examples of the metal beaten into rose-leaves and twisted into tendrils—the malleability insisted on, but the

strength and weight—two of its three inherent virtues—wholly forgotten. Mr. Blomfield, with his smith Mr. Elsley, has made no such mistake. His gates are reticent in design, noble and strong, admirably suited to the purpose of keeping intruders out, and free from all those fireworks of smithery which render a real sense of distinction impossible. Mr. Lethaby's chimneypiece in marble and onyx, executed by Messrs. Farmer and Brindley, with a grate by the same designer and Mr. J. Gardner, and a semicircular fender designed by Mr. Cobden-Sanderson and executed by Messrs. Longden and Co., compose together a pleasing if rather severe arrangement, in which the workmanship proclaims itself as excellent as the design is thoughtful and harmonious. Mr. Voysey's carpets, although always happy in colour, are not equally admirable in design. Nothing could be better in its way than the first here reproduced, which is not only excellent but inexpensive. In the "Bo-peep" design the case is different; for the growing trees and grazing sheep (conventional to the furthest point) which may be correct enough when viewed from one



WROUGHT-IRON GATES.

(Designed by Reginald Blomfield. Executed by Messrs. Elsley.)



end of the room must necessarily be absurd when viewed from the other and from the sides; while "water-colour print" by Mr. J. D. Batten, of "Eve and the Serpent," executed by Mr. Morley Fletcher;



STEEL CASKET, WITH ENAMELS AND GOLD SETTING.

(By Alex. Fisher.)

three sides of the border must always be irritating to see. This is a mistake common enough to designers of hangings. At the same time a word of praise should be accorded to the excellent workmanship of Messrs. Tomkinson and Adam, the weavers. Mr. Voysey's versatility must also be recognised in his finely-proportioned model for a lamp-post, his quaint and characteristic designs for clock- and barometer-cases, and other objects.

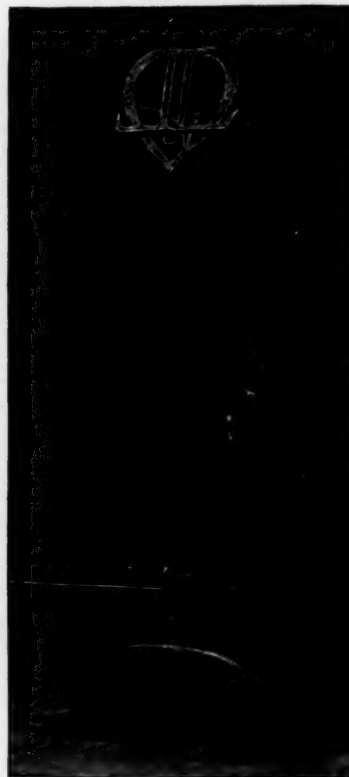


TILE PANEL.

(Designed by L. F. Day for the Pilkington Tile Co.)

Wandering through the galleries we find many exhibits to arrest our attention; far more than our space will permit us even to mention. There is the

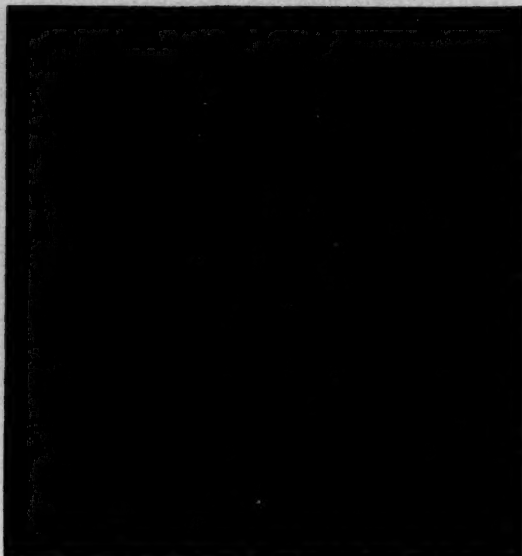
there are the enamels on silver by Mr. W. R. Colton; there is the extremely forced and, on some grounds, unwelcome chimney-piece of Mr. G. Jack, and his far more pleasing carved oak leg of a settle. There is Mr. Christopher Whall's charming swallow decoration for Douglas Castle; Mr. Nelson and Miss Edith Dawson's trowel in wrought steel, silver, and copper, with enamels, together with their beautiful heraldic design on beaten steel with *champlevé* enamel, and their alms-dish in



WROUGHT-IRON FIRE-DOG.

(By W. Bainbridge Reynolds.)

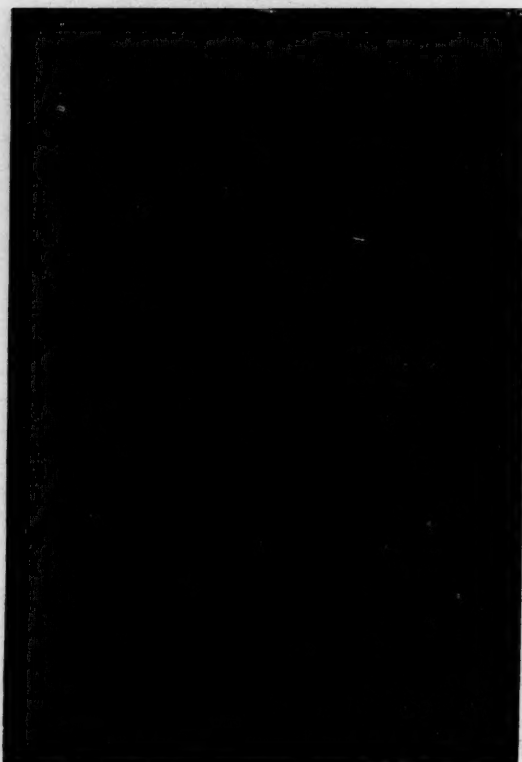




TILES.

(Designed by L. F. Day for the Pilkington Tile Co.)

beaten silver and enamel, representing, with wolves in disturbed tracery round the border and lilies and crown enamelled in the centre, "The Turmoil of



CARPET.

(Designed by C. F. A. Voysey. Executed by Tomkinson and Adam.)

the World and Inward Peace." There are Mr. Catterson Smith's hammered silver plaques after Sir Edward Burne-Jones's designs; there is Mr. Alexander Fisher's beautiful steel casket set with enamels; there is Mr. Onslow Whiting's clever design for a door-knocker; Mr. G. Morris's music-cabinet; Miss Mercer's punch-bowl; Mr. G. W. Rhead's design for stained glass on the subject of "Apollo and the Muses," in the manner of his master, Ford Madox Brown; Mr. Spooner's mahogany cabinet; Mr. Edgar Wood's bedstead; Mr. Walter Crane's damask tablecloth, "The Five Senses;" Mr. W. F. A. Voysey's mantel and fireplace; Mr. Henry Arthur's sideboard;



HERALDIC DEVICE IN BEATEN STEEL AND CHAMPLEVÉ ENAMEL.

(By Nelson and Edith Dawson.)

Miss Hay's doorplates and handles; Mr. Lewis Day's pure and graceful designs for panels intelligently embroidered by Miss Swindells; the Hon. Mabel de Grey's inlaid box and cupboard; Mr. Christie's iron four-post bedstead, cleverly executed by Messrs. Shirley and Co.; Mr. Alexander Fisher's copper bowl with enamel on silver; the striking collection of books, book-covers, illustrations, and typography, to which we hope to give special attention later on. Then there are the exhibits of domestic objects in metal, chiefly in brass and copper, by Mr. W. A. S. Benson; the glazed pottery of Mr. Rathbone's "Della Robbia" Company, which Messrs. Liberty have introduced to London; and Mr. Lewis Day's tiles by the Pilkington Company; the charmingly delicate and dainty pottery panel of "Le Printemps" by

Mr. Léon V. Solon—clever son of a clever father; the novel pianoforte of Mr. H. B. Scott, exhibited by Messrs. Broadwood and Sons, and the other by Mr. Walter Cave, shown by Messrs. Maple; Mr. Halsey Ricardo's beautiful fireplace-surround on the subject of "Camelot," exhibited by Messrs. De Morgan; Messrs. James Powell and Son's dainty and charmingly-wrought blown table glass; the original and extremely characteristic smithery in beaten gold and silver by Mr. Ashbee, together with his ornaments; and the notable lectern in bronze by Messrs. Wilson and Pomeroy. When they are all examined, some estimate may be formed of the great movement which is intended as an antidote to the degradation of latter-day taste, and which assuredly is feeling its way to the foundation of a notable and worthy school.

The loan collection of the works of Ford Madox Brown has its proper place in this exhibition, not

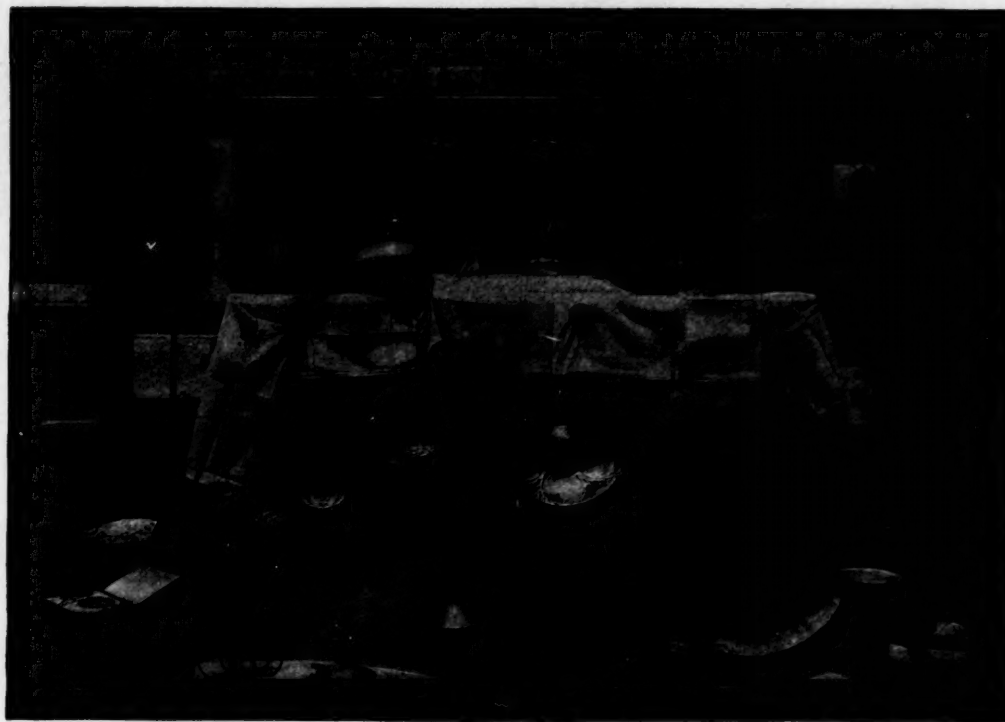
alone because he was the direct forbear, so to say, of the present Society, but because his sense of decoration and the numerous works in which he gave it play offer even now examples enough, practical and suggestive. The faults of his style proclaim themselves, and need not be dwelt on here, for so personal are they to the man that no follower, no disciple, is ever likely to fall into them heedlessly. But the merits of the style—the elevation of thought, the extraordinary power of invention (a quality he used so to admire in Dyce and Maclise), the fertility, and originality—are so many, that only superficial observers will be turned from them by their cramped quaintness and archaic idealism.

The finished oil-paintings themselves, interesting as they are, are not here quite in place. They serve little purpose in showing the artist as a designer, and are too few to show him adequately as



TILES.

(Designed by L. F. Day for the Pilkington Tile Co.)



CASE OF METAL-WORK.

(Designed by C. R. Ashbee. Executed by the Guild of Handicraft.)

a picture painter. "The Summer Day," as it is now called—the old title of "The Pretty Baa Lambs" being rejected as too "soft" for these less sentimental times—shows his great power of technique, but is deficient in the light it professes to be a study of.

Suggestions—cartoons, studies, and so forth—are, it is true, given us of his greater works; but a sense of fitness compels us to turn our chief attention to those of his designs exclusively executed for decorative purposes. Madox Brown excelled, we consider, in his designs for stained glass; and of these we have a very considerable number—enough to appreciate how great a man he was. He made no concessions to popular taste; he would sometimes even shock by the familiar touches he would introduce into his works—touches of an *intime* character which, while they occasionally would detract from the loftiness of dignity in the subject, would add to their humanity, to their universal sympathy. An example of what we mean may be seen in the design for the second mural painting of the Manchester series—"The Romans Building Manchester"—wherein, in the midst of this heroically imagined group, the general's little son is kicking viciously at his laughing black nurse. Human nature, indeed, was at the bottom of Madox Brown's work, and he never hesitated to import it into any of his designs, not minding if the effect was sometimes incongruous. He was influenced not

a little by a contempt for that conventionality in design which in the Thirties and Forties so sapped English art, and he carried his protest a little too far. His babies have been objected to because their infant bodies and habits were too truly characteristic, or over-characteristic, of babyhood. But in his designs for stained glass most of these objections vanished; we no longer see men with extreme development of calf contrasted with extreme narrowness of ankle, nor with countenances distorted by grimace rather than with expression. Madox Brown

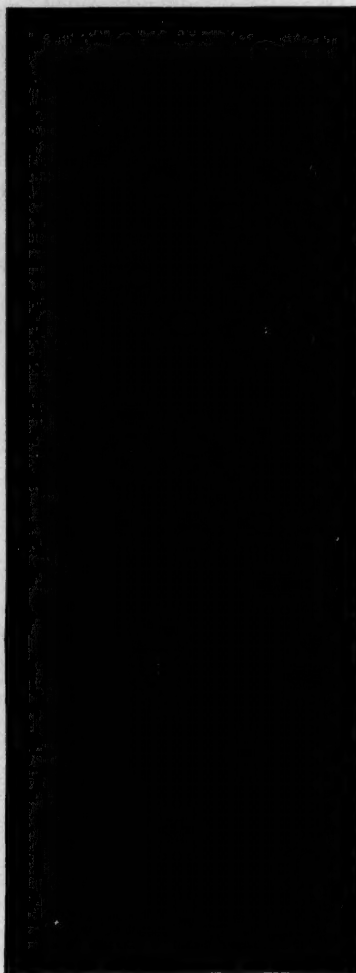
was a master of picture-lighting, and could put more luminosity into a canvas than perhaps any of his contemporaries, in however high a pitch they might paint. His sense of colour was extraordinary, and his power of harmony and his delight in giving

rein to that power were such that, in his later works at least, the glow was sometimes almost overwhelming especially when seen within the same hour as other pictures. Add to these qualities his splendid feeling for line, his merits as an ornamentist, together with his profound knowledge of costume and custom of many periods, and the secret of Madox Brown's success (*d'estime*, it is true) is evident.

This very considerable collection at the Arts and Crafts is representative of all Madox Brown's forms of designs, if not of his technical processes. His book-illustration may be seen in the quaint "Brown Owl," and his oil-picture painting in "Oliver Cromwell on his Farm," "The Pretty Baa Lambs" afore-said, "William the Conqueror Finding the Body of Harold," "Cromwell at St. Ives," "King Lear," as well as his portrait of himself; while of the water-colours those of "The Entombment of Christ" and "The Younger Foscari" are perhaps the most interesting. But the main portion of his other work here shown is to be divided among his cartoons for stained glass for Morris and Co., his designs and sketches for his mural paintings in the Manchester Town Hall, and similar

preliminaries for the important decorative work he executed in the Manchester Jubilee Exhibition—a series for which he has never received just credit, even in the excellent biography newly published of him by his grandson, Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer. There is a wealth of artistry and of suggestion in this collection for artists to observe and men of taste to study.

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CARTOON FOR WINDOW OF UNION CHURCH, ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE.

(By Sir E. Burne-Jones.)

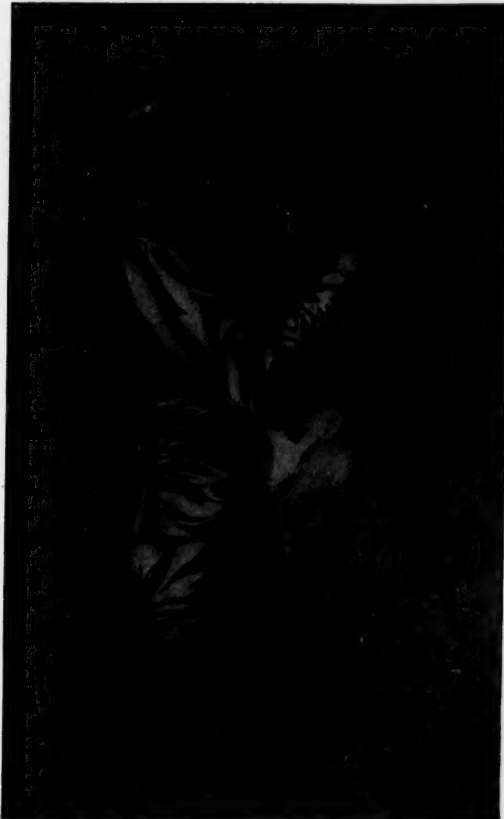
## LORD LEIGHTON'S SKETCHES.

By ALFRED LYS BALDRY.

**T**HERE is with the general public no idea so absorbing as the desire to be admitted behind the scenes, to be allowed in any art to study the processes by which the complete and perfected result

present in as adequate a manner as possible a summary of the infinite labour which throughout his life he devoted to the building up and perfecting of his pictorial productions. In such a show he may be seen for what he was—a man of extremely fastidious taste, a worker whose one idea was to satisfy in even the smallest and apparently the most trivial matters his intense anxiety to be exact.

To the members of his own profession, and to everyone with a technical knowledge of art, these sketches have a far more intimate interest. They are in the highest degree instructive, because they prove with what constant attention and never-ceasing self-examination he worked. His pictures were to him matter for absorbing thought, for analysis and comparison, which was often extended over a period of many years. He never did anything hurriedly, nor committed himself to technical



CHALK DRAWING.

is achieved. No matter what may be the loss of illusion which must result from this satisfaction of curiosity, everyone is anxious to see in progress the building up of a great work. In the case of an important picture people are not satisfied merely to admire it when it is at last put before them in the form which seems to the artist most nearly to realise his intention; they want to penetrate into the studio itself, and to become acquainted with the methods by which he has acquired the knowledge of which the evidence appears throughout the canvas that he has completed. Therefore, the exhibition of the sketches and studies by Lord Leighton, which has been arranged by the Fine Art Society, is certain of wide popularity, for it is designed expressly to



STUDY OF DRAPERY FOR "DAPHNEPHORIA"



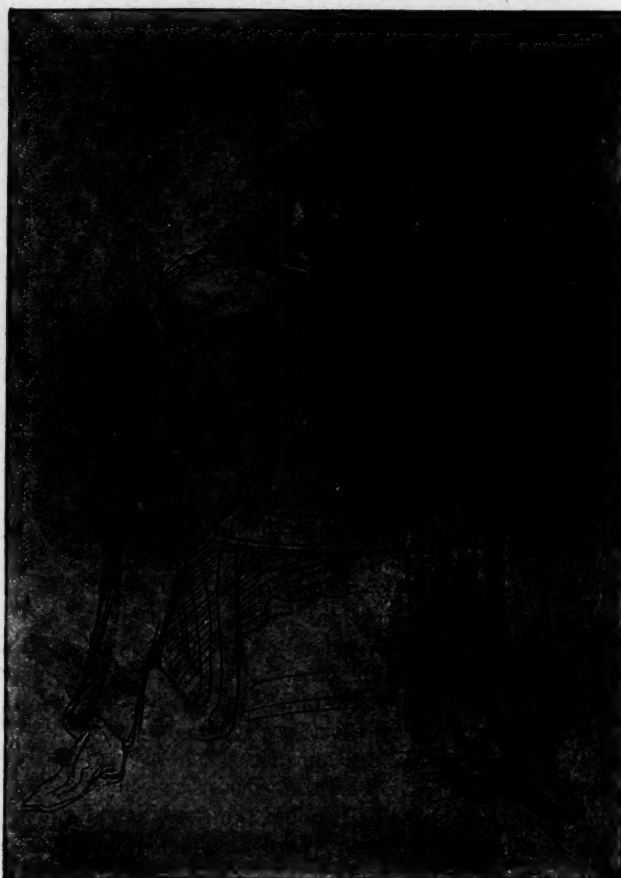


PENCIL STUDY.

statements that he had not verified beforehand by every means in his power. A particular desire to reason out and to construct upon a basis of definite information guided him in his practice. Nothing was left to fortunate accident, no moment of chance inspiration was allowed to divert him from his serious intention; unless the idea which had formed in his mind was matured by the most careful process of cultivation, he hesitated to turn it to account. His instinct was that of a student learning by every access of knowledge the need for closer and more strenuous attention to his subject.

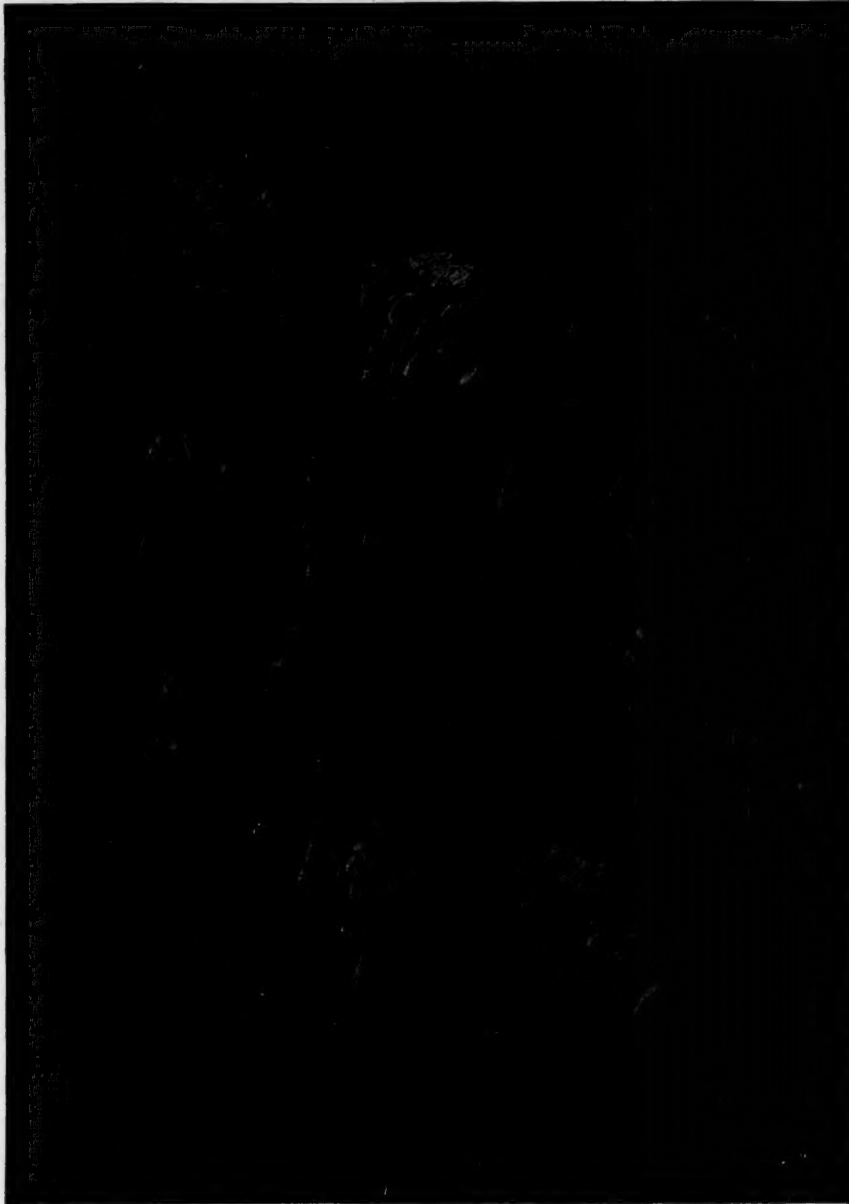
In nothing is this better seen than in the manner with which he repeated in his sketches the figures and groups that he proposed to include in his compositions. He would cover sheets of paper with tiny notes of the same figure, varying them apparently hardly at all, but seeking, nevertheless, to arrive at

the most perfect expression of his meaning. He was always in search of a better way of doing what he proposed to do than the one which first commended itself to him. A distrust of his own capacity to decide offhand what was most suitable for his purpose seems to have dominated him throughout his life. What were his final conclusions were the result of a very elaborate system, during the application of which, in their earliest stages, he was ready at any moment to abandon his previous conclusions and to occupy himself in new directions. This habit of thought appears strongly in the custom which, as his sketches tell us, he possessed of walking round his subjects. He was not satisfied to proceed with the first aspect of his pictorial motive that presented itself to him; he must see it from various angles, and study its



EARLY PENCIL SKETCH.

proportions and line arrangement from points other than that one from which at the outset he viewed it mentally. His feeling in this respect was that draperies which he made from the model with the intention of using them in specific compositions he was obviously concerned from the first with con-



PROJECTS FOR "ELIJAH."

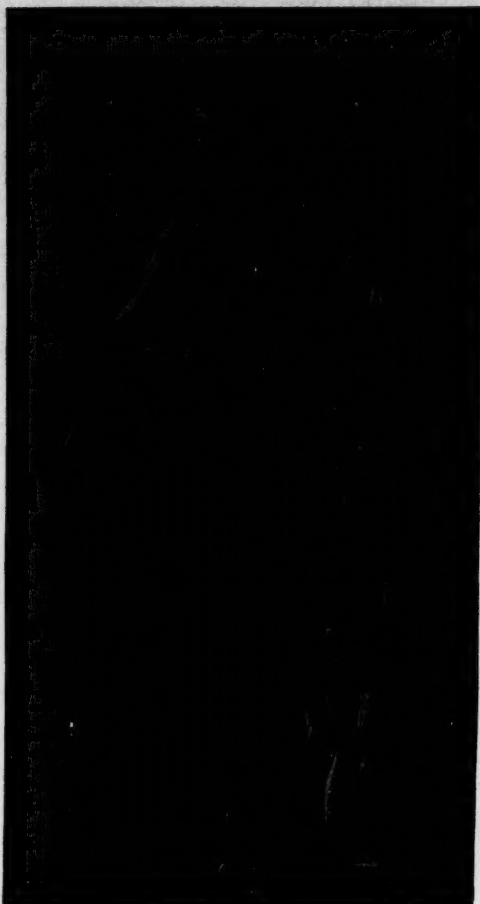
of a sculptor, the instinct to construct and to work from something that had become at last almost solid and tangible.

There is another characteristic of his art which appears very strongly in these sketches: his extreme appreciation of line. Both in his rough jottings of ideas for pictures and in the studies of figures and

siderations of the flow and harmony of his linear arrangement. Unlike most other artists who make a considerable amount of preliminary work a necessary part of their system, he ignored almost entirely the physical characteristics of his model and the accidental peculiarities of the material of which the drapery was composed, and imposed upon both the

living forms and their coverings the aspect which his personal inclination led him to prefer. To interest himself in the facts that were before him, to make a portrait exact in detail as a literal basis upon which to build up afterwards the ideal convention which controlled

companion and associate of civilisation; but his constant life in a dream world, and his repugnance to observe details which, if at times jarring and discordant, are not



A STUDY.

him in his paintings, were by no means ideas that occurred to him as important. From the first rough note what was in his mind was his picture, and its suave atmosphere affected everything connected with it that he touched. In a sense this habit was prejudicial to him as an artist, for it tended to lead him, as years went on, further and further away from nature, and to formulate a preconception which was in its origin based quite rightly upon a most judicious regard for the highest qualities of beauty and refinement. Without doubt his convention was a necessary outcome of his eclecticism, the protest of an extremely aesthetic mind against the ugliness which is the dearest



PENCIL DRAWING (ROME, 1854).

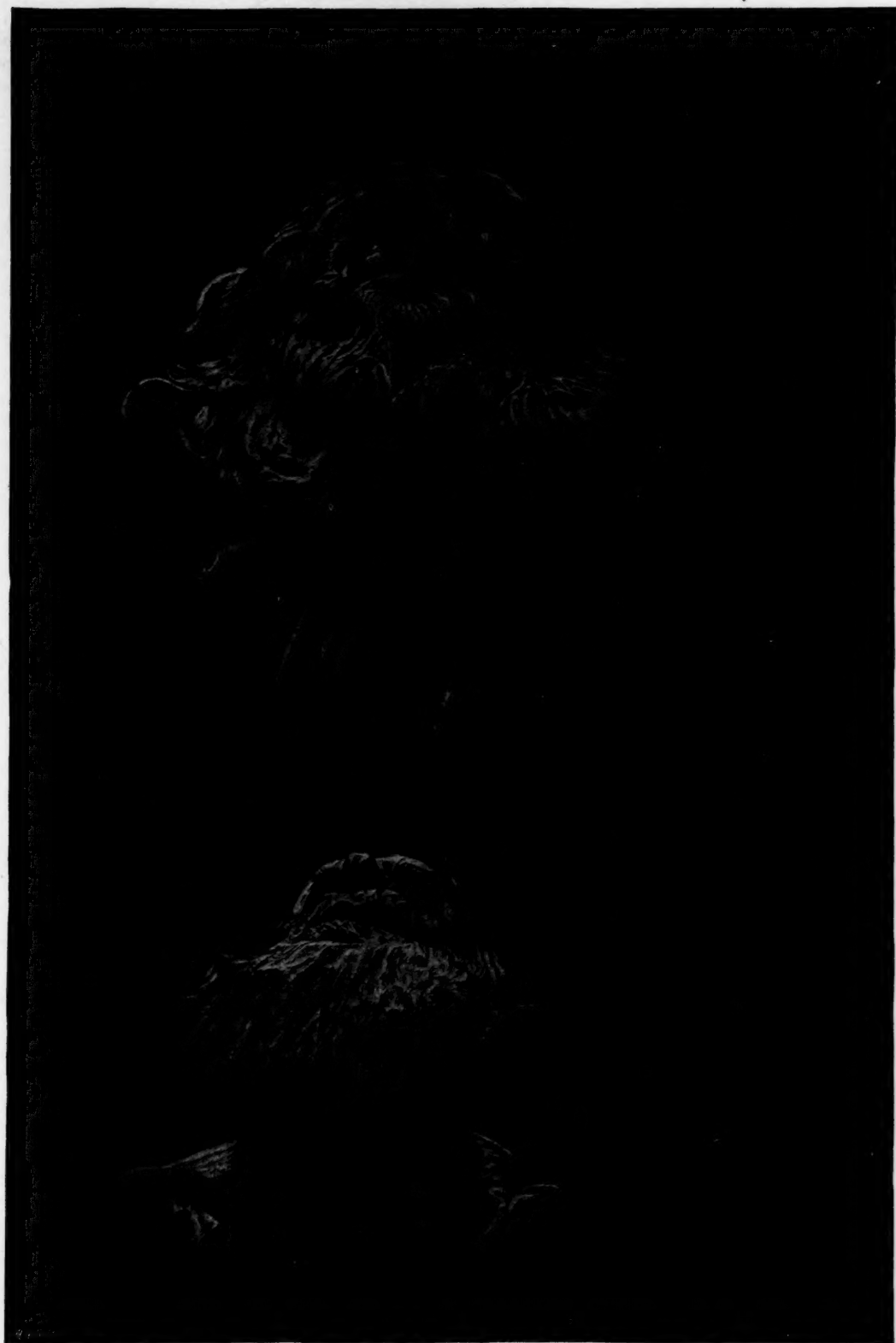
without importance in their effect upon the mind and hand of the artist, certainly influenced in a very marked way the expression of his ideas.

Yet there was scarcely anyone who used preliminary



PENCIL DRAWING (ROME, 1854).

study more extensively than he did, though he turned it so exclusively in a definite direction. For every

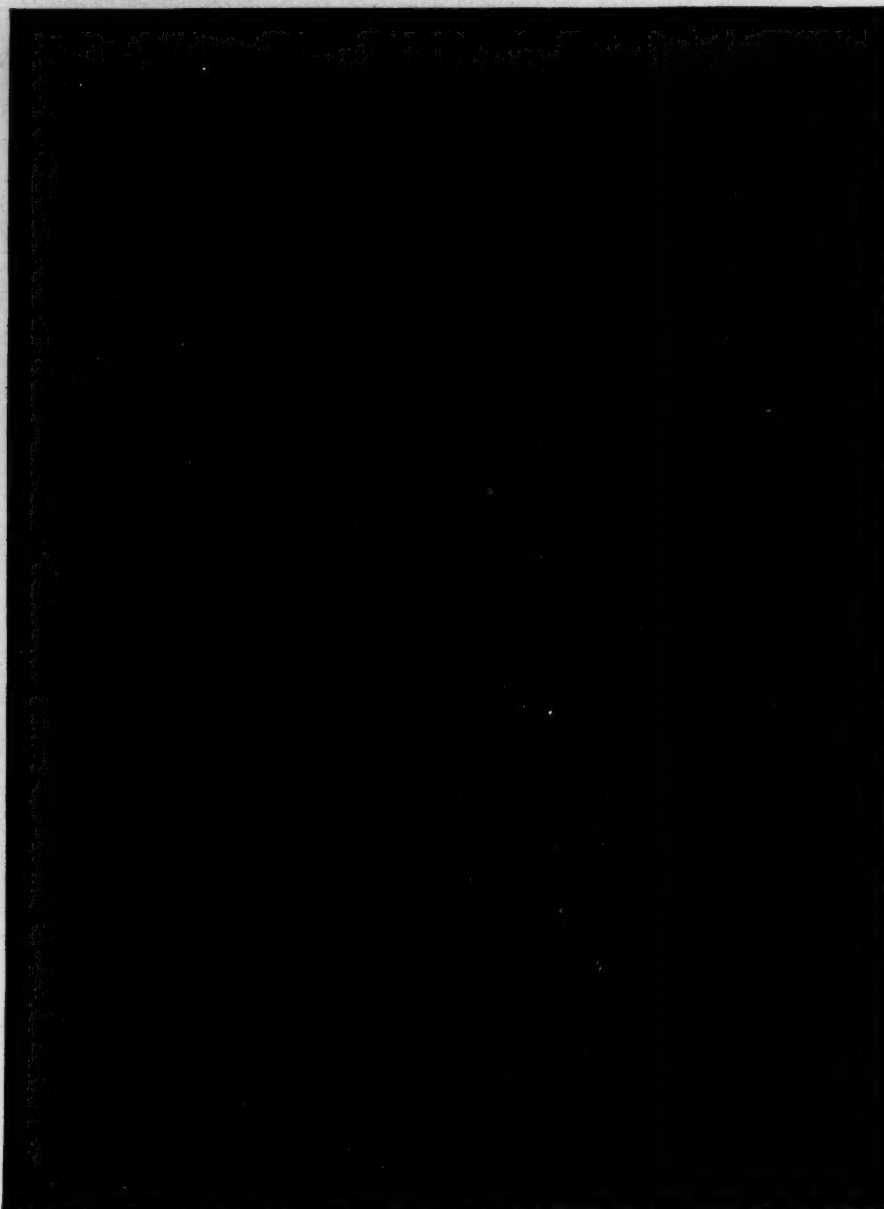


STUDY FOR "AND THE SEA GAVE UP THE DEAD WHICH WERE IN IT."



important picture he ever painted he has left scores of detailed drawings. The total number amounts to many hundreds, and their variety is astonishing. When collected they show with curious vividness how

earlier stages of his career, are intensely painstaking efforts to secure the sort of accuracy he desired most.



FIRST SKETCH FOR "FLAMING JUNE."

Some are the roughest notes in which are recorded the germs of ideas which he was afterwards to carry to completion; some are experiments, serious evidences of self-examination in which he showed how unwilling he was to accept as conclusive his first decision; and others, especially those which date from the

little the unrest and the desire to range in new fields of practice, with which most artists are affected, existed in his nature. Seemingly he made up his mind in boyhood what course he wished to follow, and during an active and extraordinarily industrious life deviated from it not an atom.

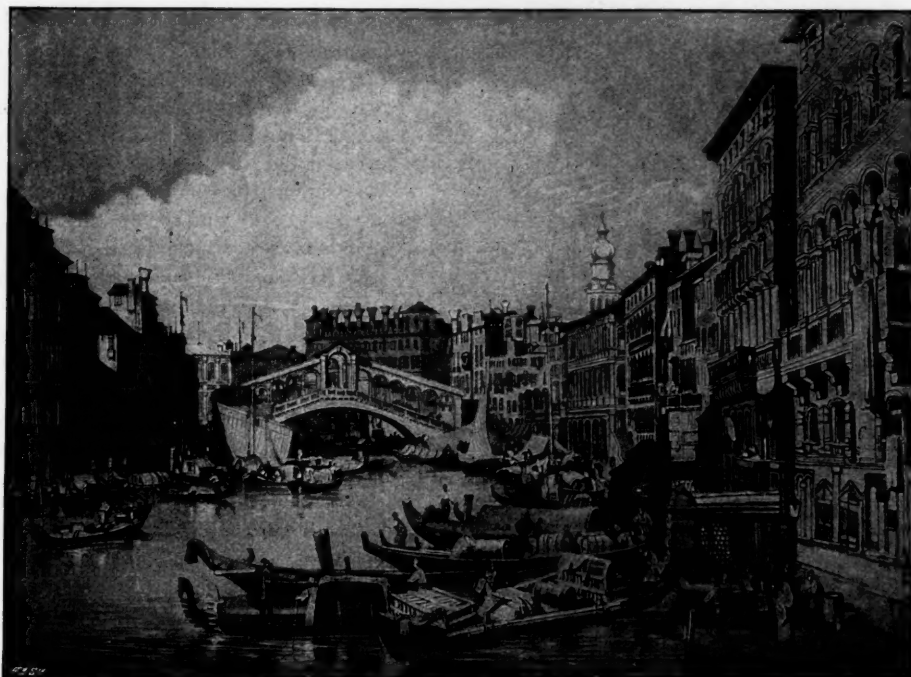
## THE REVIVAL OF LITHOGRAPHY.

### INTRODUCTION: ITS RISE AND FIRST DECLINE.

By M. H. SPIELMANN.

**A** HUNDRED years have passed since Senefelder's first happy introduction—half discovery, half invention—of the art of Lithography. The hundred-and-first is witness of a revival full of promise and

means by which he might evolve his artistic dreams or dash off his most vigorous thought, with the certain knowledge that permanence and easy publicity were at his command. Thus would



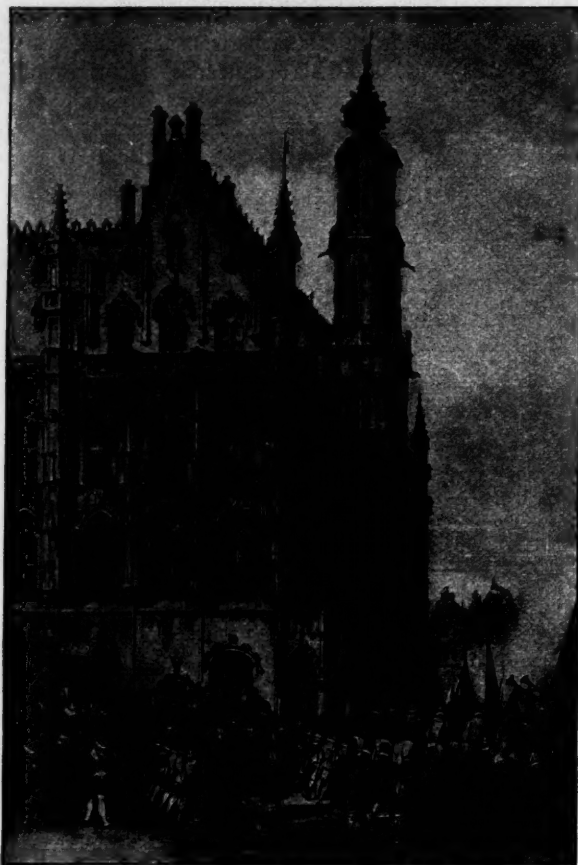
VENICE: THE GRAND CANAL.

(From the Lithograph by S. Prout.)

already full of beauty: a revival possibly destined to rival the brilliant renaissance of Etching which, realising how it had become the victim of its own foolish misconception of its functions and limitations, has but lately risen afresh from the degradation to which it had condemned itself. It was impossible that an art which consisted simply in the drawing with pencil, pen, or brush upon a stone, and rendered a ten-thousandfold harvest in the almost infinite number of its prints—or, rather, replicas—that might be multiplied from its surface, was one which could not willingly be allowed to die. It was not only that lithography was cheap and rapid and convenient; it was rather that it was the medium *par excellence* by which the true artist might reproduce his freely-made sketches and designs—a

Gavarni first scrawl over his stone uneasily and at random, seeking inspiration from the scribbles that he made; or with feverish haste would throw the idea upon it already formulated in his brain. It is clear enough, therefore, that artists' lithography—that is to say, Original Lithography, for I pay here no heed to the less spontaneous art of the reproducer—is not, and could never be, the lithography of the lithographer; and this is the saving fact on which we who love the art base our hopes and our judgment of the immediate future. Herein we are more sanguine than Mr. William Simpson, our greatest surviving English lithographer of the old school, who wrote to me some time ago, on this very point: "Artists seem always to take to etching, so that they neither learn the capabilities of lithography

nor acquire a knowledge of the process. I believe that if they did, and found what a beautiful means it is in the hands of an artist, they would prefer it. I have talked this matter over with Louis Haghe and with Robert Carrick, and both of these men—who were alike lithographers and water-colour painters of the highest repute—quite agreed with



FROM "BELGIUM AND HOLLAND."  
(From the Lithograph by Louis Haghe.)

me on this point. But that is what there appears to be but small hopes of."

The hopes, on the contrary, are great. A powerful movement has been of recent years initiated, and exquisite work has been produced. Before, however, I proceed to explain this movement and to speak of the masterpieces of lithography lately produced, it is necessary that I should set forth briefly in this paper an outline of the art's history antecedent to the decline which paved the way for its revival with all its beauties fresh upon it, and all the lumber of past prejudice and malpractice left behind.

No sooner did Senefelder—the poor disappointed

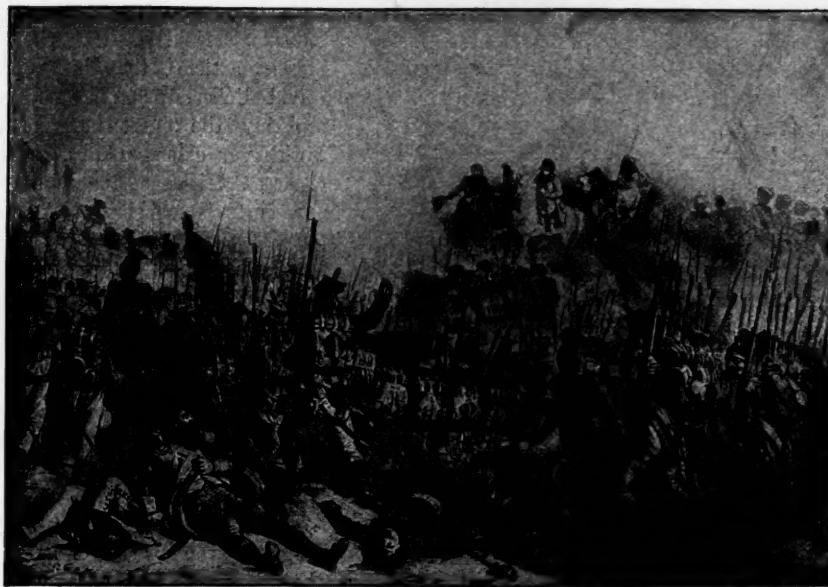
student of jurisprudence, the stage, and the drama—realise, as well as discover, the virtues of a calcareous stone, which through the application of grease would accept printer's-ink and through that of water repel it, than he quickly appreciated the importance of the invention he developed from it; and, more fortunate than most inventors, he drew upon himself the notice not only of the artists of his country, but of those, later on, of France, whither General Lejeune and the Count de Lasteyrie brought it back from Munich; and, later still, of those of England.

In Germany the new art, now duly recognised, was soberly taken up and widely practised, arousing the interest and commanding the "patronage" of the Court; but few of the artists of that country, save Adolf Menzel and one or two associates, took it very seriously. In France it quickly became a vogue; and the vogue, the rage; it was practised by amateurs royal, ducal, and other who boasted any claim to dilettantism. By the artists its reception was enthusiastic. The uncertainty of aquatint, the tediousness and expense of line-engraving, the chemical drawbacks of etching, all combined to carry forward the claims of the new method which, whether for original sketching or for purposes of reproduction, offered advantages belonging to no other process whatsoever. Goya, then an octogenarian and an exile at Bordeaux, experimented with it and obtained extraordinary results, and his few productions, executed in or about 1825, of which I would specially mention "The Bullfight," gave birth to what may be called lithographic Romanticism: for Delacroix saw them and spread their fame, and so gave rise to the second of the four periods into which the life of the art should be divided.

The first dates from its birth in 1830, during which interval the Baron Gros gave to the world his Mamelukes, Charles Vernet his Cossacks and his hunts (whose son Horace later delighted the world also with his studies of military life), Prud'hon his little comedies, Bonington his genre subjects, and Gericault his epics and then his horses. The second period extended from 1830 to 1840, when the romantic and the colourist schools, headed by Delacroix and Isabey, reigned supreme, and Devéria put forth his portraits, and Henri Monnier his scenes of Parisian life. From 1840 to 1855 or 1860, the glories of lithography—then, perhaps, the triumphs of subject and utility rather than exclusively of art and handling—

were sustained by Charlet, Daumier, Raffet, Diaz, and M. Ferdinand Rops, who in their various styles carried the popularity of the art higher than it had ever been before. For the artists, its popularity was based upon technical considerations, so delicately and accurately responsive was it to every shade of the draughtsman's mood, to every touch of his skilful hand. For that reason Gericault, who executed only one single serious etching, besides a few studies of animals, produced a hundred litho-

powerful a one!—for such a purpose. By it the artistic sense of the connoisseurs was charmed and caressed; and with it the country was one moment set a-laughing, and the next inflamed by passion. With it, too, Daumier and Gavarni rivalled Balzac upon the stone, and Charlet and Raffet “discovered” the army, glorified Napoleon, and deified the Empire. These men understood the true utility of the art; but others arose who, partly by carrying its technique to its extreme point (as the Americans



INFANTRIE POLONAISE MARCHANT À L'ENNEMIE.

(From the Lithograph by C. Raffet.)

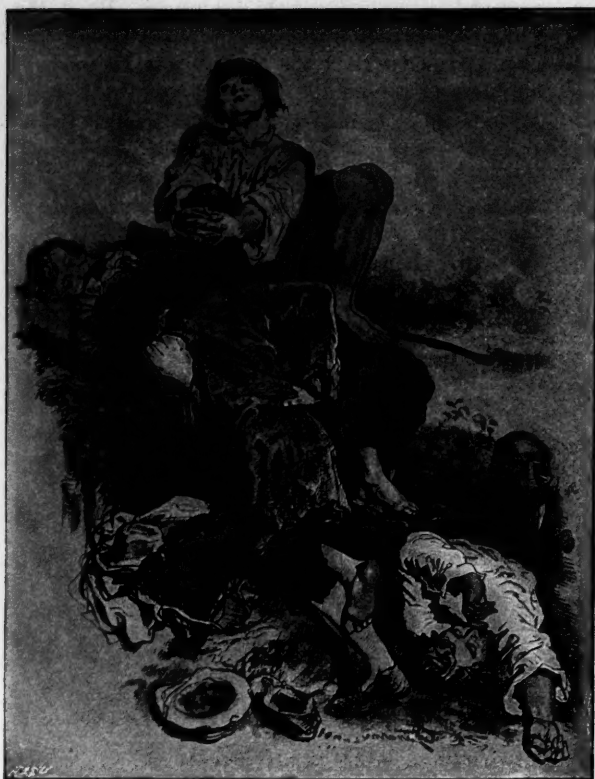
graphs; and Decamps seventy-three lithographs, and but a couple of etchings. Hippolyte Bellangé, who etched not at all, so far as I am aware, put forth five hundred lithographs, and similarly, Delacroix, merely flirting with etching, in lithography produced his “Hamlet” and his “Faust.” Daumier confined his wonderful colour studies and records, satires, and whatnot, to the stone in black and white, to the number of three thousand; and Gavarni, who detested the chemistry of etching, in his *Comédie humaine* alone executed as many. Indeed, the harvest of Daumier, Gavarni, and Raffet between them, amounts to seven thousand prints, all known. To these great men lithography meant as much as etching did, not to Rembrandt alone, but also to satirists like Gillray, Rowlandson, and Cruikshank, and as the wood-block meant to Tenniel.

Social life, satire, political passion, and red-hot patriotism kept the public interest in lithography alive, for it was the unique instrument—and how

carried wood-engraving), tired the public with it, and partly by using it for subjects for the rendering of which newer methods were more appropriate, dragged it down; and the dates 1860 and 1880 enclose its period of debasement. Caricature, also, had become too violent, so that lithography turned rather to the representation of manners and customs. This duty was in time usurped by photography and “process;” artists were drawn aside by a rising popular interest in etching; even architects—in France at least—abandoned it for the more flattering blandishments of *taille-douce*; and the downfall of lithography was complete. A few faithful souls still practised it quietly, almost furtively; and to their good sense and better instinct is due in no small measure the revival which is now reawakening the enthusiasm of the lover of art.

The practice of the art in Belgium, whither it was carried by Jobard, needs little notice, for it produced no artist of cosmopolitan reputation save Madou. It sent us, however, Louis Haghe to second,





STUDY.

(From the Lithograph by Gavarni.)

and, after a time, to head, the efforts of Samuel Prout in this country. As early as 1816 Ackermann had published the first lithographs of Prout, who soon became famous for his views of Continental cities and his extraordinary feeling for architecture. His market-places, so naturally peopled, are still a delight to look at, and make us feel, with Ruskin, that his are the only crowds the spectator feels inclined to get out of the way for. To their artistic beauties—one might almost say, to their perfection—Ruskin bears frequent witness, and when he declaims in "Modern Painters" against "the wretched smoothness of recent lithography" as compared with the manly work of Prout's bold and sometimes hasty touch and his "scrawled middle-tint," the student of lithography will appreciate the justice of the criticism.

But for all Prout's excellence—unrivalled and unapproachable, as Ruskin declared it—Louis Haghe became the more important figure in the practice of the art. His main work consisted, it is true, in re-drawing on the stone other men's work; but his own sketches in "Belgium and Holland" are altogether admirable, full of quiet power rather than of force. His architectural detail was a little

more made out than Prout's, and his lighting was excellently managed. He used but one tint at first, then two, and finally, before he gave up the stone altogether, three—black, blue, and ochre—yet the result was by no means what is now understood by chromo-lithography. I may here mention—what I have never seen printed—that Haghe's right hand was without fingers, a congenital defect, and that he did all his work with the one hand he was limited to; and, furthermore (although it comes not rightly within the scope of the present article), that his reproduction of David Roberts's "Fall of Jerusalem" was probably the finest piece of lithographic work ever executed in England, just as Robert Carrick's "Blue Lights," after Turner, is to be considered for breadth and tenderness of effect the classic, as well as the first great, piece of chromo-lithography.

J. D. Harding was an excellent artist whose touch with the lithographic chalk, especially when handling trees and foliage, is to all artists delightful; but neither his technical manipulation nor his graduating tints could be compared to Haghe's. He was very particular as to the white lights with which stone-artists made much effect—often, to my mind, illegitimate and illogical, even by the best of them; and,

although he was precise in teaching that they should "always be confined to objects which are in Nature positively white," he did not in practice, even in his finest work, which I take "Picturesque Selections" to be, always carry out his principles. Indeed, the lights taken out were used without proper effect, so that, instead of helping the plate, they often made the artificiality of it the more apparent.

Then followed John Nash and Mr. William Simpson, the latter the better artist of the two and far the more versatile; and in romantic and historic art, Cattermole and Corbould; in the rendering of cattle and animals, James Ward, R.A., Mr. Sidney Cooper, R.A., and Frederick Tayler; in portraiture, J. H. Lynch and R. J. Lane, A.R.A. On these men, reinforced occasionally by Alfred Stevens and others of less note, fell the burden of sustaining England's reputation in the section of lithography, and made her paramount in the departments of tint, transfer, and lithography in colour, just as Germany was paramount in the exquisite finish of the work, and France in the higher plane of artistic conception and brilliancy of execution. Then, in due time, just as abroad the art decayed, etching usurped its place in public and



A STUDY.

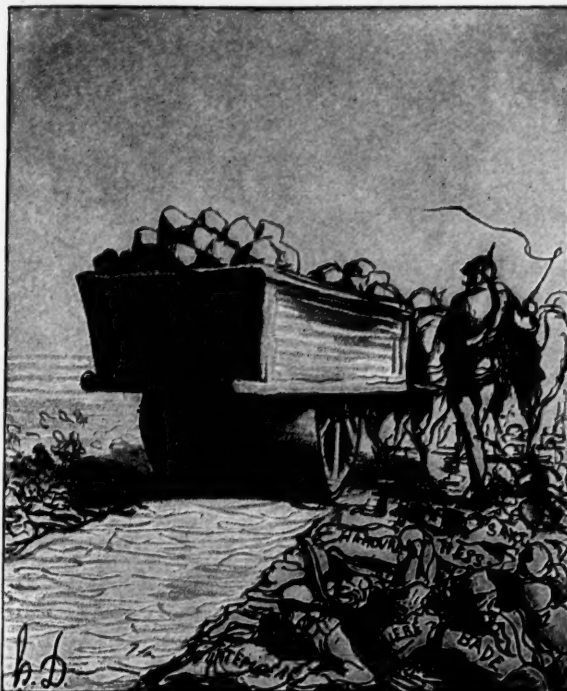
(From the Lithograph by J. D. Harding.)

artistic taste; wood-engraving supplanted it for book-illustration, and photography annihilated it for portraiture, just as the new "three-colour process" will assuredly dispossess it in the field of chromo-lithography.

Although Scotland had no printers like Day or Hullmandel, no Hanhart or Way to encourage her, she achieved at least one success in the art which must not be omitted. This was David Morrison, of Perth, who about 1830 illustrated with extreme taste and skill the catalogues of the library and paintings belonging to Lord Gray in Kinfauns Castle—books to which Sir Walter Scott refers in his notes to "The Fair Maid of Perth," but which I believe to be wholly forgotten by, or unknown to, lithographers in this country.

It will thus be seen that in this country at least the field of Original Lithography, as at present understood, is practically virgin soil and promises a rich harvest. With the grease-pencil or lithotint-brush our artists have never given rein to their fancy, nor

ever sought to express such artistic passion as may move them. They have hitherto been precise, deliberate, almost emotionless, and with relatively but little poetic feeling. Fact, not fancy, has been their aim. Lithography, indeed, has hitherto been chiefly used as a means only to an end; it will now be practised as its own end—for its own charm rather than for the opportunity it offered to record the beauties of architecture or to produce well-drawn models for the art-schools. It is the same new spirit which is animating the artists of France and England both—a profound appreciation of lithography's own exquisite qualities and its capacity for rendering easily, beyond any other method, every gradation of tone, and of permitting the artist to attempt any problem he may choose. Power, force, tenderness—the whole gamut from black to white—all are within his reach, with a variety of technique offered by no other process, except in a very limited sense by wood-engraving. How these remarkable qualities of lithography have recently been taken advantage of in the two countries, and what the individual artists have achieved in his direction, will be set forth in my subsequent papers.



UNITED GERMANY!

(From the Lithograph by H. Daumier.)

## ADOLPHE ARTZ.

By RICHARD HEATH.

**T**HE very opposite opinions which the Modern Dutch School has called forth are some proof of its power. Even its detractors admit that it contains men who are real masters, and who possess original genius; but they insist that the rest are but clever imitators, and that the whole school is wanting in imagination, and confines itself to a most limited horizon. Josef Israels may be a master of his craft, but both he and all the other Dutch figure-painters, so they complain, simply give variations of one and the same set of subjects.

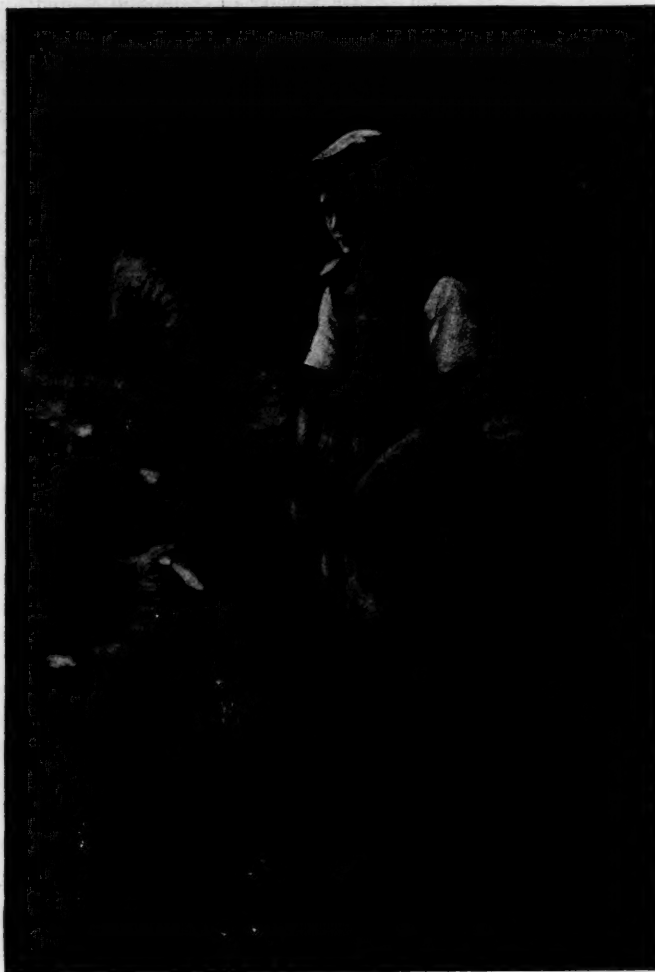
On the other hand there are those who declare that these so-called defects are really virtues, and

that in limiting itself to what is simple, healthy, and natural, the Modern Dutch School shows that it is superior to the common practice of attracting notice by the choice of striking subjects, preferring to rely entirely on the artistic merits of its work. And the result, they say, is that wherever Dutch paintings are exhibited they are hailed as a relief after the crowd of repulsive and horrifying subjects with which sensational art deluges the Salon and other Continental galleries.

Such are the opposing views held abroad. Amongst ourselves the sympathetic view seems in the ascendant, and the assertion has even been ventured that posterity, in estimating the art of our time, will give the foremost place to the Modern Dutch School.

However, sympathetic or not, all agree that the horizon of Dutch painting is singularly limited. To find out how this is would be a most interesting inquiry, for certain it is that the Dutch painters waste no time in courting the world for subjects, but are content to get at the secrets of their art by the faithful study of the scenes within a few miles of their studios. Adequately to explain the cause of this would lead us into the history of the formation of the Dutch national character, a subject beyond the scope and limitations of this article. We can only, therefore, state the fact and its more obvious causes and results.

Having made a country out of the refuse of the Rhine, the Hollander is now showing the world how much beauty can be extracted from arid dunes, a formless coast, and from the simple lives of fisher-folk and labourers who have been formed in such unpromising surroundings. And, one might almost add, without the aid of what in London and Paris seems to be considered needful to the successful practice of art. The studio of the leading master at the Hague is well-nigh bare of furniture; just sufficient apparatus for work—that is all. And not very different is the little room where the first among Dutch



THE PET LAMB.

(From the Painting by Adolphe Artz, in the Possession of the Queen of Holland.)



landscapists completes the subjects he has taken direct from nature.

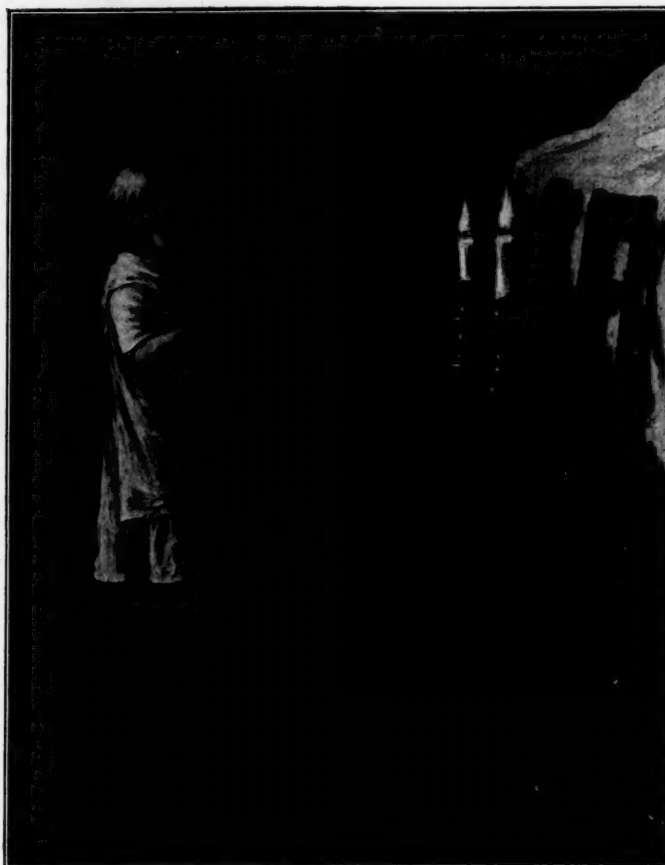
But in a school distinguished for this same devotion to nature each painter will be found in surroundings more or less in accord with his peculiar temperament; and thus we explain the fact that in this particular the painter to whom this article is devoted did not follow the austerity of his lifelong friend and early master.

The studio in which Adolphe Artz painted—lofty, well-lighted, shut out from every distraction, the former hall of the Art Club of the Hague, and still earlier of the governors of the Hofje van Nieuwkoop\*—was for size quite a magnificent chamber; and, adorned with old paintings and tapestries, bronzes, and Delft and Japanese ware, appeared as stately and serious-looking an *atelier* as any painter could desire. Here Artz worked in full enjoyment of his agreeable surroundings, a buoyant, jovial, broad-shouldered man, whose hearty laugh and amiable manner were infectious. His "home" was equally pleasant, with its choice pictures and studies, the works of Maris, of Israels, of Mauve, and of many others of his comrades in art.

Few persons in the Hague were more popular than this indefatigable painter. Spectacles on nose, cap on head, palette and mahl-stick in hand, he was always ready with his joke or humorous story—a man who could not deny himself the pleasure of pleasing others. Need it be said that his brother artists thought much of him, so that in 1881 they elected him President of the "Pulchri Studio," the Hague Art Club already mentioned. In the same year he became a governor of the Hague Academy of Arts, and in 1889 he represented Dutch art as President of the Netherlands section of the Universal Exhibition at Paris, and out of sixty members of the Jury des Récompenses, composed of all nationalities, he was chosen vice-president, Meissonier being president.

This slight suggestion of his personality, and the agreeable impression it made, will render it more clear that his painting was truly original, the spontaneous expression of the way he saw nature, and of the image its faithful study made on his own mind. This, of course, is true of all really good work, but in Holland we are able to see it just now

\* An ancient hospital for the aged and infirm.



PAST AND FUTURE.

in rather a striking manner; for its painters, in narrowing their horizon to that of their own little country, have, so to speak, absorbed into their souls the peculiar nature of its land, water, and atmosphere, with that of the people in closest contact with that nature, and almost forming part of it. And so it comes to pass that, although these painters have a family likeness, each one of them has a very marked and distinct individuality.

Thus Artz, though a devoted disciple of Israels, retaining something of the touch of his early teacher to the last, developed a style entirely his own. Not that he had been exclusively a pupil of Israels, for he had passed several years at the Academy at Amsterdam. But he seems to have had an ardent admiration for this distinguished leader in Dutch art, from which his sympathetic nature would have found it difficult to free itself had he not withdrawn from its influence and plunged for a time into the great art centre in Paris. When he left Holland, Israels gave him a letter to Courbet, and the latter evidently discerning what was best to be done, refused to receive him into his own *atelier*, and still more, advised him not to go into any other, but to take



one himself and to work out his own education alone. It was exactly in the spirit of Rembrandt's method, who compelled his pupils to work each in a compartment by himself and to find out for himself whatever he wanted to know as his powers developed. Artz acted on Courbet's advice, but not to such an extent as to neglect to profit from the instruction of the masters in French art.

At last, after eight years in Paris, he turned again to his native land, threw himself into its art, specially devoting himself to the subject art. But after eight years in Paris, in which he more or less followed the fashions in art, painting various kinds of pictures, he seems to have found about 1874 light, peace, and satisfaction in returning to his first love, and in henceforth consecrating his powers to the work in which some of his compatriots were already engaged, that of evolving a real local art worthy of comparison with former efforts of the national

genius. A recent Dutch writer, speaking of this change in the direction of the artistic life of Adolphe Artz, calls it "his way to Damascus"—a pregnant phrase which seems to suggest the secret of the power of the Modern Dutch School to produce painters. The land which formerly found in Individualism the road to power in art is now one of the first to show that there is something more than the individual in Man, that communities of men have in connection with the land they inhabit a common life which it is the work of the artist to interpret.

And thus, when Artz returned to Holland it was to interest himself in the life of its people as seen at Scheveningen and Katwyk, and in the neighbourhood of the Hague. Every year he spent the

summer at Katwyk, where he had a cottage picturesquely situated on the dunes, and looking out over sea and shore. Living, so to speak, with the fisher-folk who all knew and loved him, he studied in conversation with them his types, and in the touching incidents of their life gathered materials for pictures.

"Un Loup de Mer Debout dans Son Bateau," as

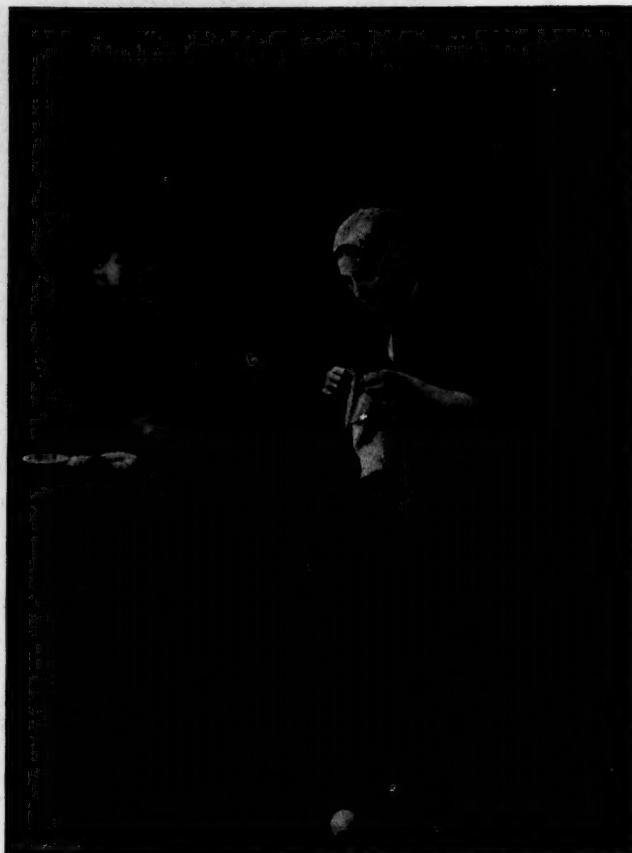
a small picture to have been seen at the sale of his works at the Hague in January, 1891, was described, is an example of the successful way in which Artz portrayed his types. It is the simple figure of a fisherman at sea standing erect against the mast of his little vessel, watching with fixed gaze the sky, where unerring signs foretell a squall. The uplifted eye, the compressed mouth, indicative of the intense seriousness of the Dutch fisherman's character, are all expressed in a few masterly strokes.

In his type-mother Artz has given the fitting partner of this strong-souled man.

A short thick nose, full cheeks, a loving, meditative eye—there is something bovine in the face. Ever in the reflective mood, whether as girl or mother, she seems to be always pondering the mysteries of life.

None can be surprised if even the most joyous of painters adopts the Lydian mode when treating the lives of fisher-folk, for he cannot forget how frequently and how suddenly they are brought face to face with the greatest catastrophes. Few of them but have seen the dripping corpse carried up the beach and laid on the best bed. "Past and Future," by the ominous sheet and the lighted candles at the side of the bed, with the little orphan, her doll in her arms, looking ruefully on, suggests such a calamity.

These touching pictures lead naturally to the



THE PROPOSAL.



WOMEN IN A POTATO-FIELD.

"Orphanage at Katwyk," the most famous of the all Artz's strong points—his gift of colour, his feeling works of Artz, a gem of perfect painting in which for light and air, the directness of his touch—are



THE POOR-HOUSE AT KATWYK.

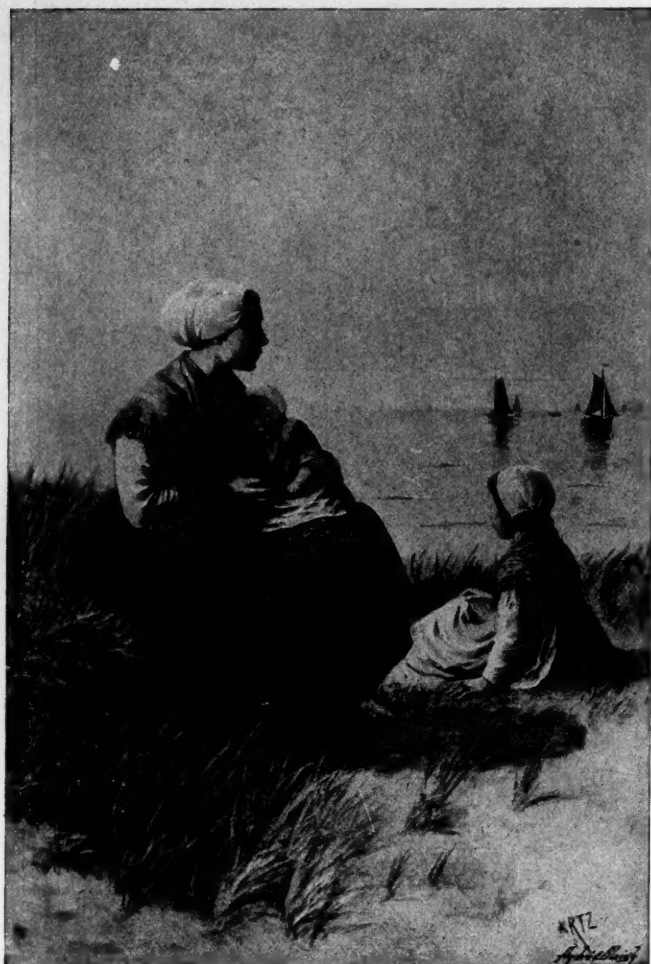
seen at their best. This picture by its very finish marks the artist, true in judgment and sincerely responsive to nature. What restraint in colour!—no bright bit of red save the little needle-case on the

the best of its little drop of comfort, is depicted by one who looks at the scene as a faithful limner. Millet or De Groux would have brought out more powerfully its tragic melancholy; but they could hardly have been more faithful to their impressions than was Artz; and these necessarily were the brightest and most cheerful the subject could afford.

Artz was best and strongest when he kept strictly to nature. His more romantic pictures—"A Shepherd Boy Playing on a Pipe: Effect of Sunset through the Woods;" "A Shepherd Girl Sleeping among her Sheep in the Woods;" "The Pet Lamb," belonging to the Queen of Holland; and, most imaginative of all, "Return of the Flock: A Shepherdess Leading her Sheep Home by Moonlight"—are not, however, really so interesting, and are certainly much less characteristic than his more commonplace works.

Nevertheless they indicate that Artz was a man of culture and taste. He was well read in the English, French, and German classics, took a lively interest in the drama, and, though no musician himself, by dint of constantly going to the best concerts both in Paris and at the Hague, he became quite a connoisseur.

Nor did he limit himself to one form of painting, but gained quite a reputation in water-colour drawings, which he often executed on a large scale. Shortly before his death he exhibited at the Dutch Water-Colour Society in the Hague the head of a Scheveningen woman, life-size, drawn with such power and yet with such a tender play of light over the brows



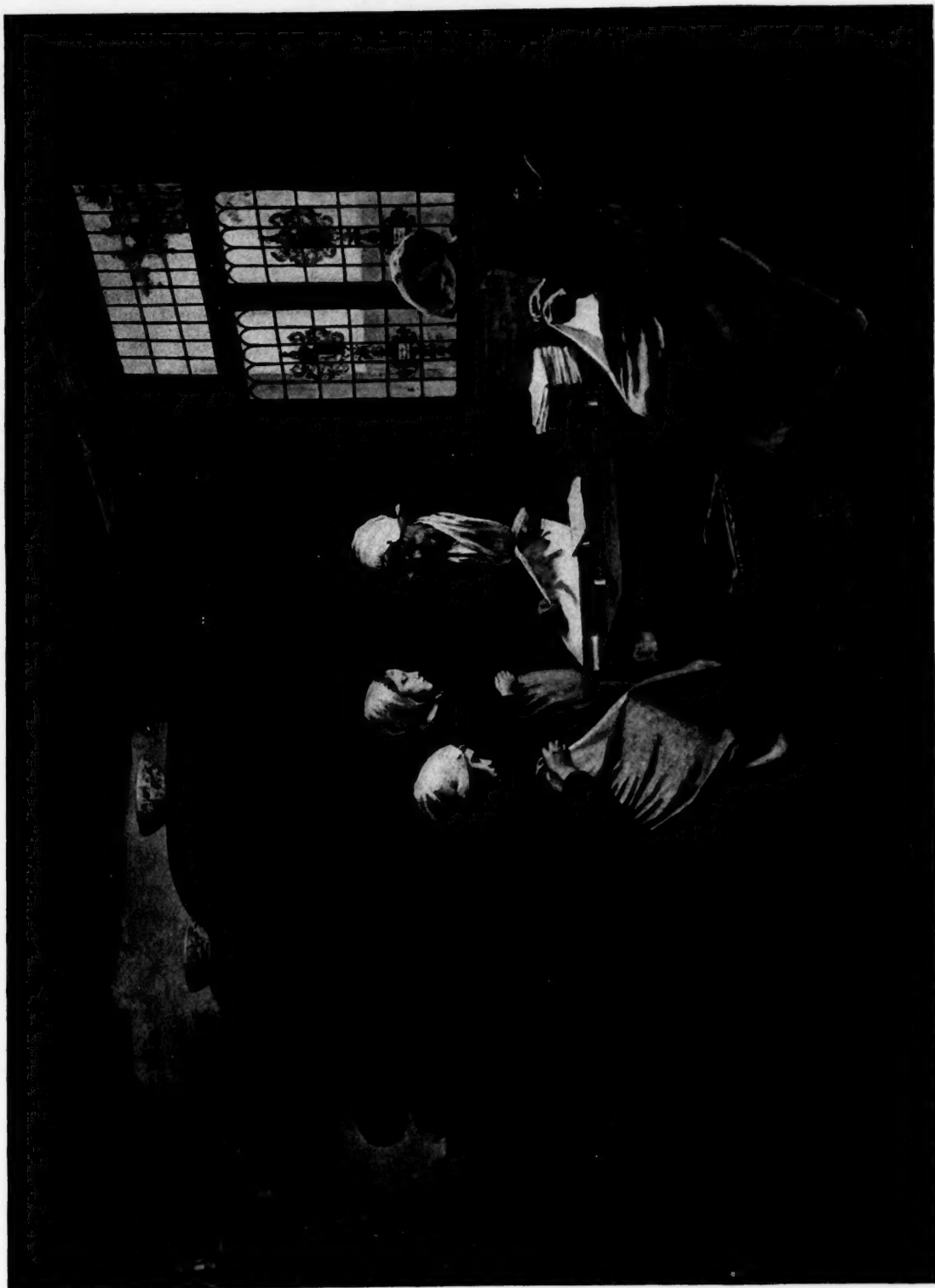
ON THE DUNES.

table and in the armorial bearings in the window. In accordance with the genius of his surroundings Artz was moderate in sentiment, and his own temperament led him to treat subjects from the sunny side, and leave the shadows dreamily in the distance. His "Women in a Potato-field" is a sunlit scene, of which both forms and composition are excellent; but it does not appear that Artz ever sympathised with the human element in such a picture as Millet or Jules Breton would have done.

How little these Hollanders give way to the temptation of sensationalism may be seen in Artz's picture of "The Poor-house at Katwyk." Poverty here appears neither charming nor disgusting, but its varied character, resigned or moody, or making

that it attracted universal admiration.

Born at the Hague December 18th, 1837, David Adolphe Constant Artz died there November 5th, 1890. The esteem in which he was held by his countrymen was indicated by the numbers who, from all circles in the Hague, and from the various art centres of Holland, followed his remains to the grave. He was a real loss to Dutch art, for he was one of those painters who are not content with getting a name and then resting on their laurels, but who are ever striving after something better and higher. Up to the last his art was growing in feeling and refinement, and in the Dutch art world there were few even among the coming men about whose future there was so much hope.



THE ORPHANAGE AT KATWYK.





## THE RENAISSANCE OF MINIATURE PAINTING.

BY ALFRED PRAGA, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY OF MINIATURISTS.

WHEN Hamlet, incensed at the sycophancy of his uncle's courtiers, exclaims that "those that would make mouths at him while my father lived, now give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats apiece for his picture in little," he is referring, without doubt, to a miniature portrait of the usurper of Denmark's throne. What the miniature portrait was at the time Shakespeare wrote, with

in a very able and comprehensive preface to the catalogue of the Exhibition of Portrait Miniatures, held by the Burlington Fine Arts Club in 1889,\* tells us that "the word miniature, as applied to small portraits, is of comparatively recent introduction. Derived from the Latin word *minium*, signifying red-lead, in which material all the headings, capital letters, etc., of the most ancient MSS. were drawn,

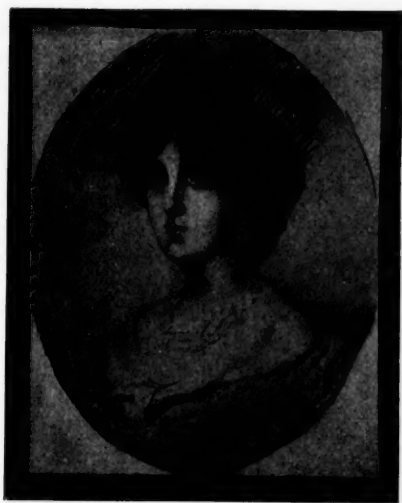


FIG. 1.



FIG. 2.

little essential difference, so it is, or so it should be, at the present day. It is the *multum in parvo* of portrait painting—an abridgment of the beautiful: in its relation to greater work, what the sonnet is to the epic. In short, it should be, as Hamlet designates it, "a picture in little."

But this beautiful art has fallen into sad straits, like a timid nymph chased and affrighted by the demon Daguerre and his descendants. Our quarrel, however, is neither with photography nor its exponents; it is rather with those who, professing to be painters in miniature, have unintelligently misused the great and useful science that has done, and may still do, great service to art.

This brief paper is, of course, not in any sense intended as a guide to miniature painting, but at the present juncture, when this neglected art is at length receiving a justly-merited meed of attention, it may not be out of place to give some details concerning its practice.

Dr. Lumsden Propert, an esteemed and learned authority on miniatures and all appertaining to them,

the term came gradually to mean the 'miniatura,' or picture painted by the great artists—part of the illuminated book." And again:—

"Few if any miniature portraits are known to us prior to the time of Holbein. The death of Cosway in 1821 marks the end of the line of the great artists who, for nearly three centuries, had contributed to this charming branch of pictorial art, and though a few men continued to gain an existence by its practice, the cheap mechanical process of photography completely took its place."

The same author also tells us that "miniature portraits, when painted in water-colour, were done on card or vellum, those in oil on panel, silver, copper, and slate; but that about the end of the seventeenth century, ivory was first used as a basis for the painting. When once ivory became the generally accepted basis for water-colour miniature, transparent colours were more freely used than when card or vellum was in fashion." Up to a comparatively

\* See also Dr. Propert's series of articles on "The English School of Miniature Art," in *THE MAGAZINE OF ART*, 1891.

recent date the miniature painter had perforce to exercise greater care in his selection of ivory for his work, and instead of obtaining it in sheets, as at the present day with a surface ready prepared, he had to go through the tedious process of bleaching it to a proper whiteness, scraping to remove all scratches, and rubbing with pumice powder and sandpaper until it assumed a satisfactory and equal surface for receiving the colour.

It is a little odd that some of the so-called guides to miniature painting sold by artists'-colourmen at the present day, commence by giving directions such as I have mentioned for the preparation of the ivory. This alone is somewhat significant of the neglect into which the art has fallen.

The first thing to be considered in the painting of a miniature is the selection of the ivory slip. The striations present in all ivory have to be taken into account, and those only should be used where these natural markings are so disposed as not to appear through the head or other principal part of the picture where extra delicacy or transparency of colour might allow them to be visible.

Amongst the majority of miniature painters it has become almost a convention to work up the picture to so great a degree of finish, that any trace of the means employed or the manipulation is impossible of detection. This in a measure, perhaps, should be so, although there are many choice and valued examples in which this mechanical and often spiritless ultra-finish, that seems to leave a something wanting, is exchanged for a freer and more personal, and to many minds a more artistic, technique.

But this must not be construed into any advocacy of slovenliness on my part. The thing most to be avoided in miniature work is an appearance of want of care. Here there is little or no scope for accidental effects, no tricks of technique, no slap-dash of style, nor the vagaries of pseudo-impressionism. Yet withal, between the poles, so to speak, of the slavish, machine-like method, admitting of no individuality in treatment, and the predetermined

loose style that may often be successfully affected in other branches of painting, there is a *juste milieu*, the attaining of which is the aim of the most enlightened exponents of the art of miniature painting.

The accompanying illustrations represent the principal stages through which a miniature passes from commencement to finish. In all, I had six sittings of about two hours each, but the three illustrations will be sufficient for the present purpose. They are reproductions of the appearance of the

ivory after the first, third, and sixth sittings respectively. The intermediate stages of the work would not show any conspicuous difference in reproduction.

It must not be assumed that six sittings, averaging in all about twelve hours, is a sufficient amount of time in which to complete a miniature portrait. In most cases, the greater number of sittings that can be had, the better. In addition to the sittings there is a great amount of labour necessary to bring the whole picture into harmony by hatching or stippling; and the minute particles of grit that, in spite of the greatest care, will present themselves on the surface, have to be removed from time to time with a needle-point or scraper. This is generally done between the

various sittings, but should be restricted only to the background or accessories, as it is hardly ever safe to touch the head when the sitter is not present.

Fig. 1 represents the first sitting of about two hours, and is sketched in almost entirely with a neutral tint composed of cobalt and light red. This is an excellent combination, as it admits of almost every variety of warm or cold grey, according to the preponderance of one or other of the colours. Many of the older miniaturists substituted for them Indian ink with lake or Indian red. The first sitting is taken up with blocking out the general forms, attending chiefly to the dark masses, and keeping the whole rather faint and of one tone. This is generally carried into the second sitting, only here more attention must be paid to getting a likeness of the sitter.

In Fig. 2 the third stage has been reached, and

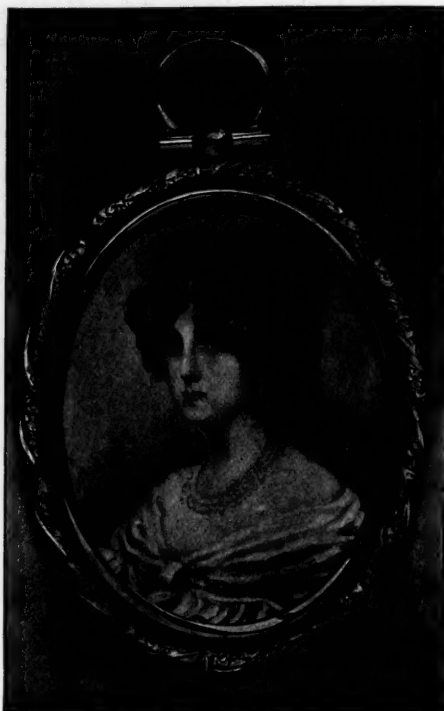


FIG. 2.

the tender shadows and tints of the flesh have been worked into the preceding tones, care having been taken to preserve and strengthen the forms, few and simple as possible, as these, to a great degree, constitute the likeness. Now the delicate tints of the flesh, which have all a precise form, and which are indistinguishable to the common eye, have to be searched and drawn with as much decision and squareness as possible.

The likeness should now come on rapidly, and the background having received some amount of attention, there should be apparent in the picture a balance and unity, and the whole should have assumed a tolerably even state.

Up to now no gum has been used with the water, indeed, I find that the best results are obtained by the non-use of gum. At all times it should be used sparingly, and then only in finishing, where sharp, dark, and decisive touches are required.

In the succeeding stages of the work, the mode of procedure would be similar were a dozen or more sittings requisitioned. This consists of finish—a word that to the painter in miniature means the closest application and the truthful imitation of the subtlest gradations of tone and colour, adding a richness here, and rendering more delicate there, but always aiming at largeness and breadth of effect, despite the limits under which he is bound to work.

Fig. 3 shows the completed miniature. The ivory has now been cut to the oval which was

drawn around the portrait at the first sitting. This cutting of the ivory is a matter requiring the extreme care. Unless it is properly done, it is easy to split up the whole work. A pair of curved scissors should be used, and the cutting must be commenced from the centre of the side of the oval, working around to the top. This should be done separately on either side. Passing the scissors completely around the ivory should not be attempted. It has now to be mounted on white paper, and attached to the glass around the edges, with gold-beater's skin, which will effectually keep out the dust of ages, and, finally, to be fixed into the frame or locket.

In the course of his preface Dr. Probert expressed an opinion that has peculiar interest just now. He wrote—

"Miniature painting is still in abeyance, the tide still ebbing; but can it be always thus? With the increased art-culture and appreciation of the beautiful and true, which is happily permeating the intelligent classes of the present day, it is impossible to believe that the faulty results of a mechanical process can continue to satisfy the art aspirations of the future. The sons and daughters of men are as noble and fair now as when Cooper painted the strong men of the seventeenth or Cosway the beautiful women of the eighteenth centuries. With materials so worthy of the limner's skill it can but be a question of time when the fascinating art of miniature shall again flourish, awaking from its slumber, refreshed and relieved, striving always onward to greater and greater perfection."

This was written as recently as 1889. Was it prophetic of what has come to pass within seven years from then? I think it was.

## NOTE ON THE WORK AND LIFE OF WILLIAM MORRIS.

By WALTER CRANE.

WE have lost not only a great artist and craftsman, poet and social reconstructor, but also a great personality by the death of William Morris. Indeed, his influence in the arts of design might almost be said to have been stronger through the weight and vigour of his personal character than it was, and is, by reason of his actual autograph work in that branch.

The success or far-reaching influence of his work in so many fields of design was perhaps as much due to his power of initiation and permeation as to original creative invention. The thoroughly practical workmanlike spirit in which he took up the forms of handicraft, upon which he has left his mark, mastering the methods, details, and conditions of each in turn first himself, enabled him to impress his feeling upon and to guide his helpers and assistants with the authority which only comes of practical knowledge, distinct artistic aim, and definite principles.

The personal force with which he was wont to maintain his views of art had all the emphasis and effect of passionate personal conviction, and when he upheld his opinion against that of others it was rather in the spirit of one inspired by a vivid and profound faith which could not brook any laxity, vacillation, or vagueness, and which was too ardent to be tolerant, at least in the heat of discussion.

At such moments his friends had glimpses of the fiery energy which lay behind the extraordinary creative power of his nature—the force which fed that perennial stream of poetic and artistic invention; albeit flowing smoothly through the woods and flowery meads of romance, and giving life continually to forms of wonderful richness and beauty.

That stream flowed serenely enough (like his beloved Thames) through the dream-world which the poet wove around his life, like to his own arras-tapestry, with its wealth of fruitful trees and flower-enwrought ground, peopled with the figures of legend



and romance. With his lifelong friend and fellow-artist, Edward Burne-Jones, he dwelt in that pleasant land, ever discovering new treasure in it, ever building new houses for delight, with fair gardens of flowers, or gathering new wonder and romance from the deep umbrage of its mysterious woods.

How eagerly has a world-worn and jaded generation sought the key to that earthly paradise. How far removed it seems from the commercial and industrial bustle and battle of the nineteenth century, the sordid life of modern cities, the seething stress and stir, the cry of poverty, the glitter of wealth, the ebb and flow of human life:

"Forget six centuries o'erhung with smoke,  
Forget the snorting steam and piston stroke,  
Forget the spreading of the hideous town;  
Think rather of the packhorse on the Down,  
And dream of London, small and white and clean,  
The clear Thames bordered by its gardens green."

That was Morris's world. These were the things in which his heart delighted; and one can constantly trace the craftsman's pleasure throughout his poetry, dwelling lovingly upon the beauty of the ministrants and accessories of his stories; the colour and surface of marble, the carved work, the painted storied chamber, or the hangings of arras, the gleam of gold and silver vessels, and the fine cloth and embroidery.

Thus the craftsman and the artist were always one with the poet, and *vice versa*. While with his pen he created this fair dream-world, or painted vivid pictures of the primitive, ancient, or mediæval world, he strove to re-create, or to recall, something of lost beauty and romance in the accessories of everyday life, to give character and meaning again to table and chair, to hanging and cupboard, to settle and fireplace, to lamp and pitcher.

The means by which he sought to bring this about were a return to simpler and sounder methods of construction in furniture; to let the constructive principle be obvious, as in trestle table and rush-bottomed chair; and, if richness and variety be sought, not to let it take the form of tortured ingenuity in the turning and curling of legs meant for support, but rather in enriching those parts not already burdened with organic purpose, as, for instance, the panels of a sideboard, a cabinet, or settle with figure-painting or pattern-work.

Where cushions were needed, as for a couch or chair, to let them be loose and apart from the structure, and not (as in the course of a long evolution of upholstery and doubtful comfort) inseparable from the plethoric constitution of the whilom bourgeois arm-chair, protuberant with fallacious springs and padding.

By a return to sincerity, too, as to materials in all the belongings of a home, and truth to method of work, he lifted decoration and furniture on to another plane, so that nothing should pretend to be

what it was not; plain painting, for instance, should be plain painting, and not try to look like marble or precious woods of curious grain: wall-paper should be wall-paper, and not imitation textiles; while the virtue of wool or silk should appear in the fabric and pattern most characteristic of, because best adapted to the conditions of each in the loom.

Now this movement of sincerity was really the extension of the principle which animated that remarkable group of painters, known as the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, to the larger domain of constructive-design and decoration generally. As a matter of fact, certain leading members were originally the colleagues of William Morris in his work, when the committee or firm of artists and craftsmen was first formed, who carried on the famous workshops of Queen Square—notably D. G. Rossetti, Ford Madox Brown, and Edward Burne-Jones. Mr. Arthur Hughes was also a member at the first. We thus see the direct influence of the Pre-Raphaelite painters, especially perhaps of the first-named, who, influenced by, and in turn influencing, perhaps, both his masters Madox Brown and Mr. Holman Hunt, gave, in conjunction with William Morris, a marked bias to the work of the firm.

The fact that Morris had a certain architectural training in the office of Mr. G. Street must have been of enormous advantage to him as a designer in decoration, and it probably had its effect, in addition to other advantages, in enabling him to finally take the leadership as a designer in the decorative arts. His knowledge and grasp of Gothic architecture was very extensive, and he was able to bring it to bear very forcibly in another important work of his life, too little recognised—I mean his work on the committee of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, where, with his friend and colleague Mr. Philip Webb, the distinguished architect and designer, he has carried on quietly a most useful and much needed work. When the historic documents of our country, in the shape of ancient buildings, are in constant danger, either from neglect and ignorance or from commercial enterprise or the zeal of the modern restorer, this society raises its emphatic and informed protest. These protests were frequently voiced or penned by William Morris himself, who probably possessed as extensive knowledge of the mediæval buildings of England as any man.

While in the region of poetic art William Morris's ideal seems to have been, as he himself wrote in the introduction to "The Earthly Paradise,"

to— "— strive to build a shadowy isle of bliss  
Midmost the beating of the steely sea,"

he was fully prepared to take his share in the movements of his time, and it was only part of the sincerity of his nature to do so. His practical

endeavours to add to the beauty of life brought him close to the economic question, which he approached both from the point of view of employer and worker. He always described himself as an artist working with assistants, but no doubt in the course of his multifarious kinds of work, having dealings with manufacturers and workmen in many different industries, the trend of the general conditions of our times, the evolution of the industrial system, the effect of the machine and the fierce commercial competition prevailing must have quite naturally led his thoughts to those great questions which touch the very foundations of the modern system of production.

His mood changed from "The Earthly Paradise," though even there, in the opening verses, the very fact that he seemed conscious of the turmoil and trouble of the world outside would indicate what afterwards happened—that he would finally be compelled to listen to it, to form an opinion, and take his part in the great industrial battle. That he did not hesitate on which side, or with whom, to cast his lot, is not to be wondered at when one considers the thoroughness of his nature.

No doubt, too, among the influences at work a very potent one must not be forgotten in John Ruskin, whose views upon modern methods and their results in art, architecture, and social life he thoroughly endorsed. I have heard Morris speak with the highest regard of Ruskin and his work. Ruskin, though bitter against the modern system, took no part or lot with revolutionists. While theoretically and in his writings in revolt against the tendencies of his age, he remained practically a conservative. With Morris, on the other hand, protest became active and constant as soon as he became convinced that the economic basis was wrong; and when he discovered the new socialist party—men for the most part of very different natures, and who had reached the same standpoint by very different roads—he joined, and worked heartily for the cause, in the light of the new hope. It is a great mistake to suppose that William Morris's socialist views were an accident, or merely the result of sentiment. He started with a definite ideal in art, and he practically realised it as far as his own work was concerned, but when he desired to go further and realise it in life, it was a very different thing, but he faced the facts. He went down to the ground in the matter with characteristic thoroughness, and worked at economics, and debated the question until he was master of it, and threw himself into the movement which he was convinced was really the hope of the world, morally and socially, and which involved of necessity the prospects of art and labour with it.

Corresponding with his change, or rather development, of his view of life, he turned his attention to

and developed a new art, or perhaps revived an old one—the art of printing. While his verse powerfully voiced the claims of labour and humanity, he finally put into the form of a romance his vision of the future constitution of society in "News from Nowhere," which is remarkable—while containing passages of romantic beauty and vivid description as fine as anything he wrote—for its modern touches, and the powerful contrast drawn between the vision and the actualities of present-day London life. A beautiful edition, with a frontispiece by Mr. C. M. Gore, a drawing of Morris's favourite retreat, Kelmscott Manor, has been printed at the Kelmscott Press.

In the works which William Morris has issued from his press we see much the same qualities as a designer as are shown in his work in other provinces of design, allowing for the differences of method and material. The ornamental feeling is rich, full, and efflorescent. The well-filled borders of arabesque upon black grounds occasionally recall in motive some of his well-known printed textile designs. The form of the type, whether Roman or Gothic, is tasteful, and always in accord with the ornament of the page, and, with the rich initial letters, forms agreeable quantities in pattern upon the carefully proportioned recto and verso pages. Perhaps the most remarkable designs are the title pages, which show much resource in the values and quantities in the combination of black and white, and the use of lettering as parts of the decoration.

The monumental work of the Kelmscott Press is the Chaucer, with its noble borders and figure designs after Sir Edward Burne-Jones. In some instances the wealth and richness of the borders seem to rather overpower the figure subjects, which are drawn with considerable reserve and even restraint; but it is rarely that two designers so much in sympathy collaborate upon a work.

But the pitcher is broken at the fountain; the press is stopped; the loom is silent; we are left gazing at the rich record of the strenuous artistic life that has gone from us—a record wonderfully complete and full, and of extraordinary width of range. We feel the spirit of the craftsman in the poet, and the spirit of the poet in the works of the craftsman, playing through the mazes of the floral arabesque upon our walls, mingling with the rich dyes and patterns of the hangings and carpets, fused in the glowing glass, or making beautiful rhyme and romance upon the printer-poet's own page. Finally we see him as a man, pleading the cause of the labourer, as John Ball and Sir Thomas More had done before him. Surely the record of such a life forms a golden-lettered chapter in the history of the art and life of England in this last half of the industrial commercial nineteenth century!



HAWKING.

## THE ART MOVEMENT.

### NOVELTY IN DECORATION AT THE TROCADERO,

BY MR. G. E. MOIRA AND MR. F. LYNN JENKINS.

**T**HERE was a time when the celebrated epicurean who reversed the common order, and "lived to eat," used to swear that, if he wanted to dine well, he was obliged to cross the Channel to Paris, where, at the most intimate of all French cafés and the costliest restaurant, one might breakfast out-of-doors. But this was very greatly altered for a brief spell by the founding of a club of exceedingly heavy subscription and entrance fees—the Amphitryon, in Albemarle Street. Here the gluttonous refinement of Rome in its decadence was repeated; but the smash, when it came, was heavy enough punishment. The Trocadero, after passing through many vicissitudes, has become a palatial restaurant.

Tapestries, friezes, electric light, brocades, velvets of many hues are combined in an effective *ensemble*. The most lovely chamber by far is the entrance-hall, with its golden balustrade, its pillars of exquisitely-veined Devonshire marbles from the quarries of Oddicombe. It is most brilliant and unprecedented, the unique and extremely charming feature being

the frieze by two young artists who have passed through the Royal Academy Schools, already successful in the paths of sculpture and painting. Here the two arts are joined together, the pictures being modelled in low relief and enriched with metals and every shade of colour, the buffs being in by far the greatest diversity; lemon, pale blue, scarlet, grey, green, black and white, amber and brown, all come together in perfect harmony. These two young men have made a new departure in the art of decoration, and evolved a splendid success, which will no doubt be universally copied for internal mural decoration. From the original small coloured sketches Mr. Moira made full-size cartoons on brown paper—drawn with exceeding boldness and *verve*, in charcoal and white chalk. Mr. F. Lynn Jenkins from these cartoons modelled the panels in low relief, the greatest relief being one inch. They were then cast in fibrous plaster, and coated with a special medium which renders the material non-absorbative and at the same time attained a very enduring and hardened surface.





THE COMING OF GUINEVERE TO CAMELOT.



THE ROUND TABLE.

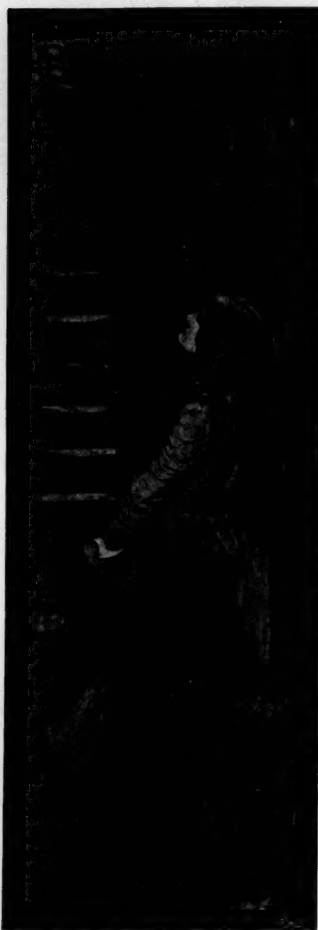


Metals—gold, silver, and platinum—in the leaf were then applied to the parts required, and the whole decoratively enriched with colour by Mr. Moira. Owing to the peculiar strength of fibrous plaster the panels were cast exceedingly thin and are very light in weight.

These pictures, which run round the entire entrance-hall, and measure over ninety feet long with a depth of nearly six feet, are from the "Legende d'Arthur," as narrated in Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," and are too various to describe in detail. Two of the largest, which face each other, give "The Round Table" and "The Coming of Guinevere to Camelot." In the former, which



ENID CROSSING THE DRAWBRIDGE.



ENID BRINGING UP WINE.

glows with rich colour—but the mass of white drapery and vestments lowers the colour scheme somewhat, and sobers it—King Arthur, Merlin, the seer and philosopher, a grave, Gothic figure of sacerdotal aspect, with a black cap on his head, surrounded by the drinking knights, Percival, Geraint, Gareth of the kitchen, and the rest. Some are seated, some stand; all the attitudes are graceful and manly; by the side are banners, which flourish wide in multitudinous and intricate folds; to the left is a banner of crowns and swans. "The Coming of Guinevere to Camelot" contains the greater

number of figures, both mounted and unmounted; the horses are armoured with gold and silver; blue and scarlet make their trappings; the knights all wear helms, and carry their shields bright with bearings. Launcelot, tall and commanding, dominates the picture, and the queen, with her imperially-moulded figure, shares in its governance. A page kneels before her, offering wine on a golden salver. Serving-men in gorgeous costumes, their jerkins decorated with the three crowns imperial, their legs encased with cloth swathings, bear aloft the luscious fruits of the earth; while behind them come others with drinking-horns, and feminine figures are in the back-



THE QUEEN OF THE TOURNNEY.



HUNTING THE WILD BOAR.

ground. The story of Guinevere's coming is told by Tennyson thus:—

"Then Arthur charged his warrior  
whom he loved  
And honoured most, Sir Lancelot,  
to ride forth  
And bring the Queen;—and  
watch'd him from the gates:  
And Lancelot passed away among  
the flowers  
(For then was latter April) and  
return'd  
Among the flowers, in May, with  
Guinevere."  
(*The Coming of Arthur.*)

There are two sporting incidents—"A Hawking Party:" Guinevere, robed in white, flies the bird from her hand with graceful gesture; a highly-conventionalised tree; the stern, perpendicular walls of Camelot; the hawker, with his frame of birds, kneels to give one of his captives flight. The quarry is a heron going at great speed, all legs and wings; an argent stream in the left corner passes swiftly. "Hunting the Wild Boar," from its position, enjoys a great advantage of light; it is undoubtedly the finest of the set. Though low in tones, it is manly, strenuous, brawny, and noble. The great massive horses seem to thunder along in their speed and heavy stride. Their riders, with

bent spears, have their boar immediately in front of them, the horrent beast galloping as fast as his

short legs will let him. The background, which is a landscape, the scurrying clouds, and the masses of distant heavy foliage, all have their powerful expression. The little bough of chestnut in the corner is Japanese in feeling. Amongst the panels to which we would draw attention is "The Queen of the Tourney"—a very queen, seated on a dais; at her feet is a wreath held high on a lance, illustrating the lines:—

"There all day long Sir Pelleas  
kept the field  
With honor; so by that strong  
hand of his  
The sword and circlet were  
achieved.  
Then rang the shout his lady  
loved; the heat  
Of pride and glory fired her face,  
her eye  
Sparkled; she caught the circlet  
from his lance  
And there before the people  
crowned herself."  
(*Pelleas and Elaine.*)

In this figure, more than any other, we find the strong Moira feeling, the sentiment of ancient chivalry being excellently expressed. Equally beautiful, but of a different complexion, is "Enid Bringing



ELAINE.

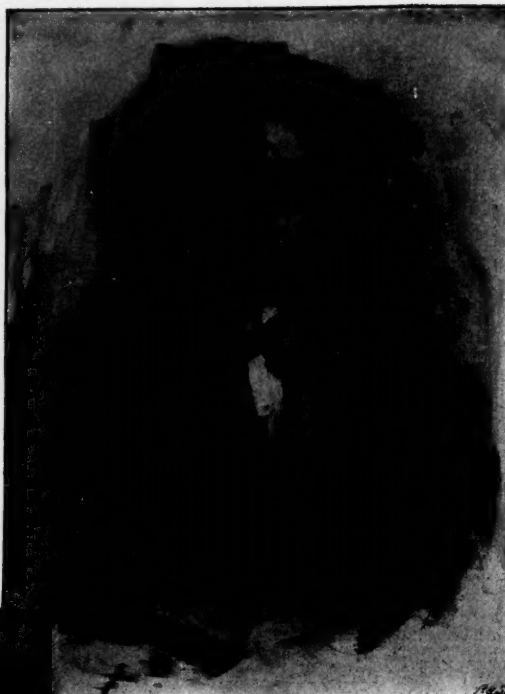
up Wine;" her figure, as she toils up the stairs, is sweetly pathetic. Again, "Enid Crossing the Drawbridge;" she descends, holding a basket on her arm, her gown of faint pink, with a dark border of fur, her neat little head outlined against the masonry of the building, while beyond, the water cascades in a silver sheet. The incidents are taken from "The Marriage of Geraint":—

"So Enid took his charger to the stall;  
And after went her way across the bridge,  
And reached the town, and while the Prince and Earl  
Yet spoke together, came again with one,  
A youth, that following with a costrel, bore  
The means of goodly welcome, flesh and wine,  
And Enid brought sweet cakes to make them cheer,  
And in her veil unfolded manchet bread."

The panel illustrated on this page represents the stern seneschal of King Arthur's Court, who takes so prominent a part in the poem "Gareth and Lynnette." Standing in his own particular domain—the kitchen—Sir Kay here looks the em-



SIR KAY THE SENESCHAL.



GERALD E. MOIRA.

(Painted by Laurence Koe.)

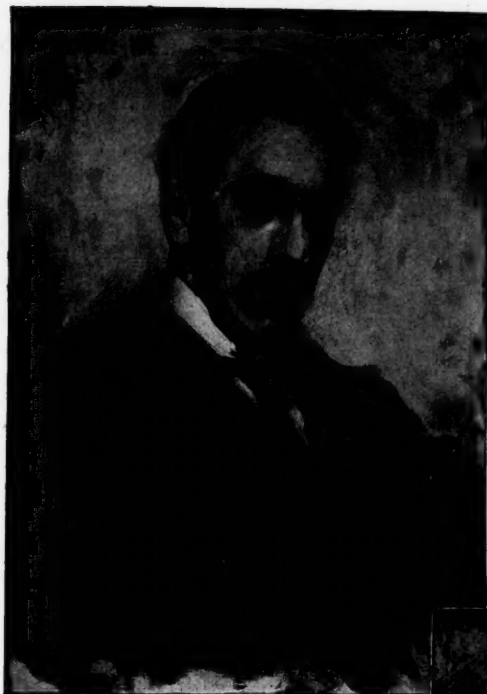
bodiment of the tyrant who "hustled and harried" the kitchen knight, Gareth. The figure of the little maid, crouching in lowly attitude at his feet, turning the wheel of the spit, serves to emphasise the haughtiness of the seneschal. Sir Kay might be saying—

"Bound upon a quest  
With horse and arms—the King hath past  
his time.

My scullion knave! Thralls to your work again,  
For an your fire be low ye kindle mine!  
Will there be dawn in West and eve in East?  
Begone! My knave! . . .

Well—I will after my loud knave, and learn  
Whether he know me for his master yet.  
Out of the smoke he came, and so my lance  
Hold, by God's grace, he shall into the mire—  
Thence, if the King awoken from his craze,  
Into the smoke again."

Messrs. Moira and Jenkins occupy two spacious studios in the neighbourhood of Campden Hill, one above another. There is no knick-knackery, nor wild beasts' skins; they are workshops, and nothing else. Mr. Jenkins commenced to study under Mr. Sparkes, that splendid teacher and author of so many men's successes, where he won nearly all the sketching club prizes of that school, and also a medal from the Academy



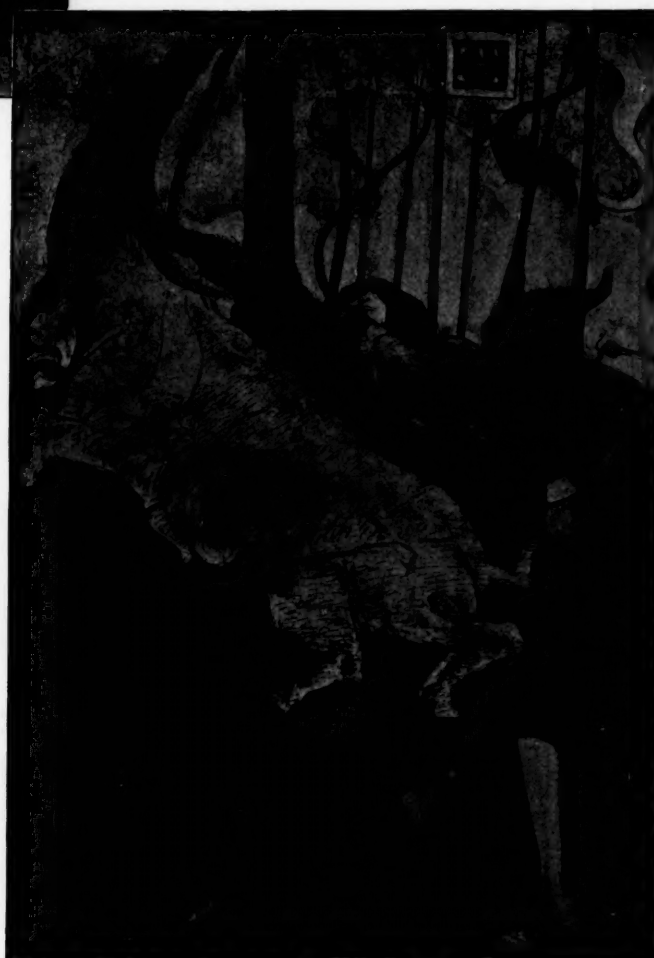
F. LYNN JENKINS.  
(Painted by Laurence Koe.)

and the City of London Guilds medal. Entering the Academy Schools in 1893, the following year he was successful in winning the British Institution Scholarship of £100, open to competitors from all over the United Kingdom. This young man, who is only twenty-six, is a native of Torquay; the profession followed by his father gave him an early insight into the use of the chisel. He is of opinion that plain sculpture reliefs are apt, from inadequate lighting, to be cold; but this combination of metals, rich colouring, and sculpture opens up a scheme of decoration which will prove of benefit both to the artist and the public.

Mr. Gerald E. Moira is better known, being for the last few years a frequent exhibitor at the Royal Academy. His pictures are always interesting, very individual, but sometimes his ambitions o'erleap his power. In 1894, a Rossettian theme; 1895, a portrait of Mrs. Cyril Plummer and Mrs. Nares; this year "The King's Daughter," and "Brenda, Daughter of Carl Svedburg, Esq." Mr. Moira brings the hereditary

influence to his art: his father was the celebrated Portuguese miniature painter, who lived, worked, and flourished in the latter decades of the present century. After studying in the British Museum, Mr. Gerald Moira entered the Academy Schools, where, after winning several medals and prizes, he only missed the gold medal by half a length, Mr. Ralph Peacock being the lucky winner. As a portraitist, Mr. Moira has shown himself a deft and clever worker, a collection of heads forming a small one-man show at the Fine Art Society. We have treated the work of these two young men at some length, but they have launched out in so novel and individual a manner that—for the moment, at any rate—they are of paramount interest to the younger school of painters.

The accompanying sketch portraits are from the brush of Mr. Laurence Koe, who has achieved considerable reputation as a portrait painter, and who, with Mr. F. Haviland, shares the studios at Bedford Gardens.



HOISTING KING ARTHUR'S STANDARD



## PEWTER WORK.

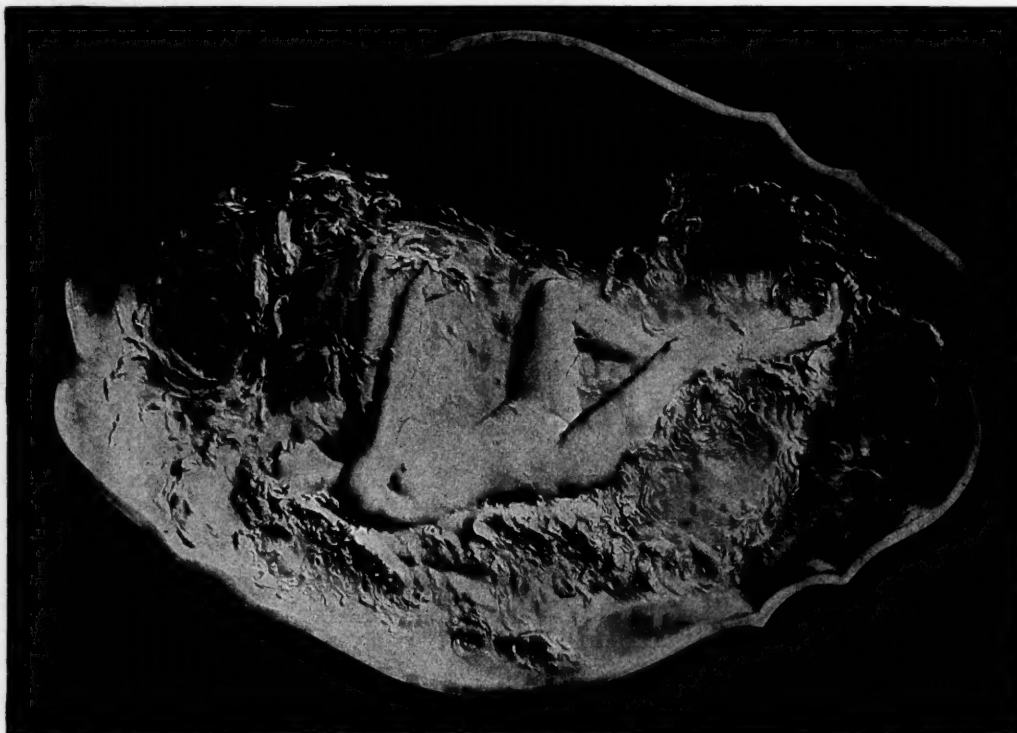
PEWTER is one of the most valuable mixed metals used in the decorative arts. Its extreme malleability and its purity of colour have allowed of its being wrought with the happiest and most interesting results. M. Bapst, in his interesting work called "L'Étain," has given a complete history of this branch of art, showing its development among the Greeks and Romans, then in the hands of the Germanic races, and finally in those of the Mediaeval monks. We know how fine are the shapes of the Louis XV. jugs and pots, and who knows whether the famous *æs Corinthium*, spoken of with admiration by Greek and Latin authors, was not simply our most ordinary pewter?

Be this as it may, after being neglected at the beginning of this century, the use of this material has lately been revived, and a long list might be made of artists who employ it with success. But foremost of all M. Jules Brateau deserves the first credit for having restored pewter to a place of honour, and as

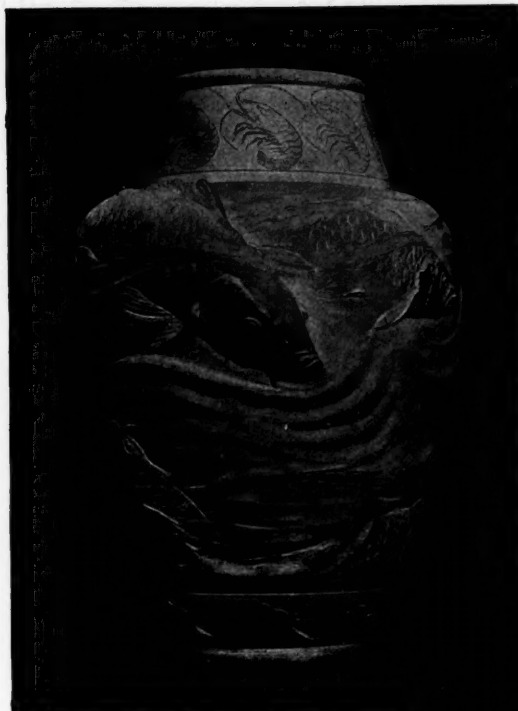
PEWTER BOWL.  
(By Carrière.)



the leader of a movement which is now in full career. Of all our modern workers in pewter, he is, in fact, the only artist who is above all else a



THE WAVE.  
(Pewter Dish by M. Ledru.)



PEWTER VASE.  
(By Carrière.)

pewter-potter; a chaser who has mastered the material on the old lines, and who handles it in the old style.

Pewter has been adopted for the most various ornamental purposes. M. Gustave Charpentier's candelabra show a choice adaptation of form; MM. Baffier and Desbois, and the sculptor Ernest Carrière, have made themselves really famous by this class of work; and not less M. Maurice Maignan, whose jardinière, representing "The Day After a Victory at the Alhambra," will not be forgotten.

But I wish here to dwell more particularly on the artistic work of M. Ledru, a pupil of M. Dumont, who won a medal at the Salon of 1894, and who this year again has earned the same distinction. M. Ledru, in his vases and dishes, never loses sight of the two sides of his art, the decorative treatment and the sculptural fitness; as a sculptor he often lets us see his admirable talent, but without any injury to the

purpose of his work. Thus, in a vase he calls "The Prey," here represented by permission of Messieurs Susse Brothers, he shows us a woman lying prone whom a monstrous cuttle-fish is about to seize; but M. Ledru very rightly feels that this is but an episode, which ought not to divert attention from the vase, itself of an elegant classical form, or attract the eye too assertively, as is the case in some work by other artists. The same remark applies to a dish, "The Wave," modelled with wonderful delicacy. The art is admirable with which M. Ledru has, as it were, draped his Naiad in light caressing waves, and added such dainty details as the two fish swimming above her.

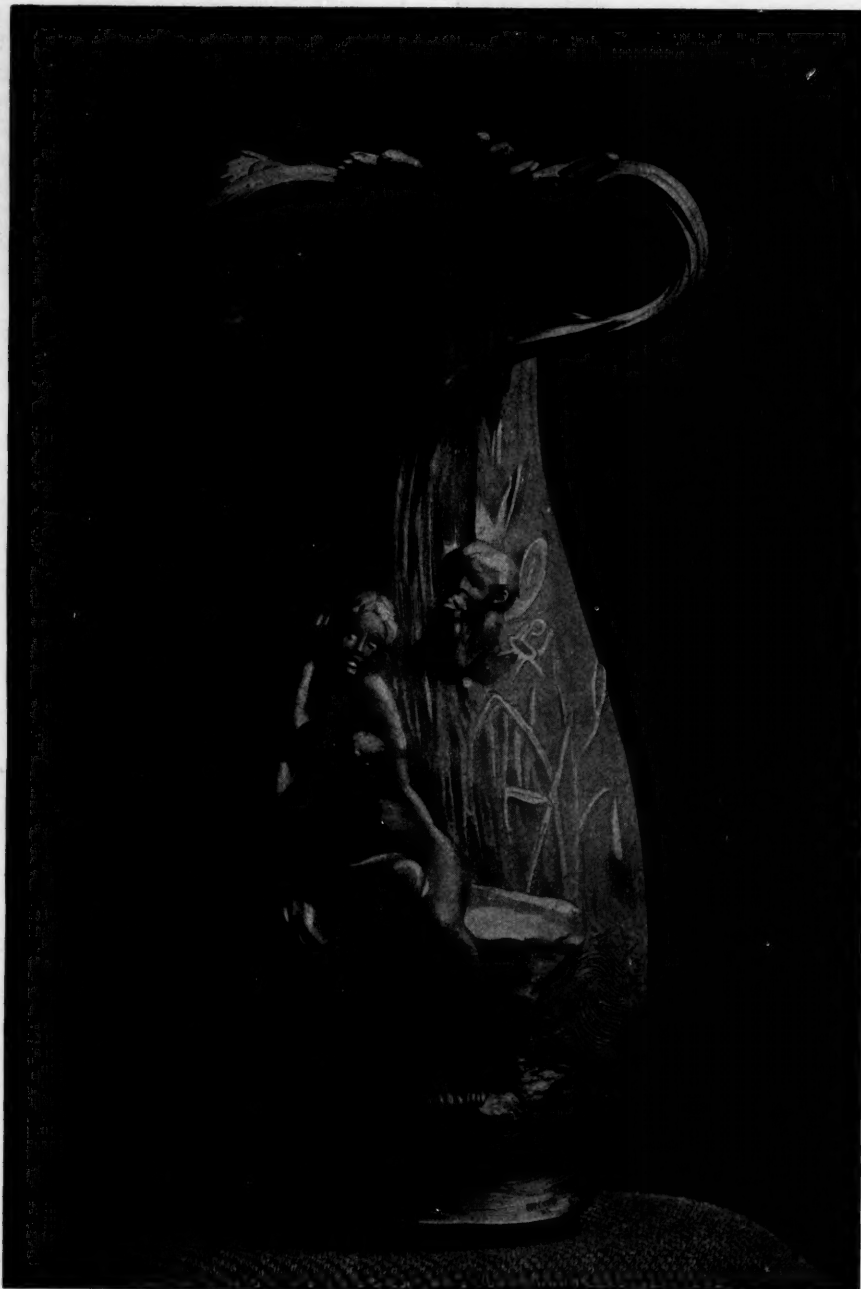
M. P. H. R. Roussel (Grand Prix de Rome, 1895) is not as yet so skilful as M. Ledru, but his vase, "The Sedge Nymph," with its double curve of exquisite elegance and charm, gives promise of an artist of the first rank with a great future before him.



THE PREY.

(Pewter Vase by M. Ledru. By Permission of Messrs. Susse Brothers.)

Still, the criticism we must address to all these artists, however great their merit, is that they treat remaining faithful to the true tradition, which nevertheless does not destroy the charm of the works



THE SEDGE NYMPH.

(Pewter Vase by M. P. H. R. Roussel.)

the material as sculptors, as they would any other plastic material, not in the manner of the old workers in pewter. Only M. Jules Brateau has succeeded in

we have described. We must be satisfied to regard these artists as independent of the time-honoured tradition of the pewterer's art. HENRI FRANTZ

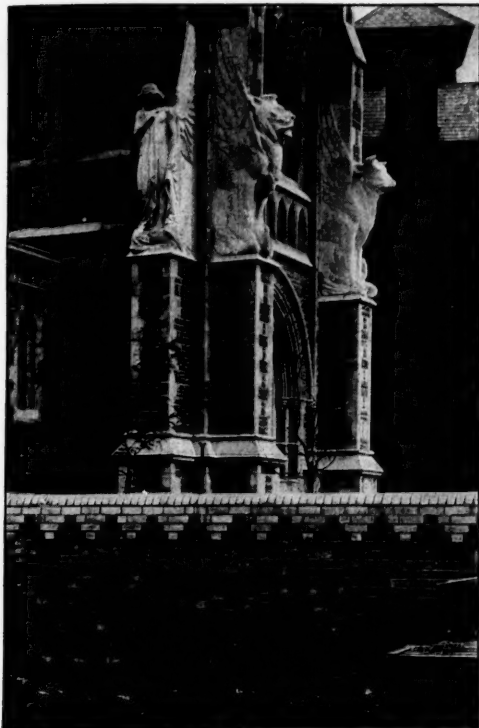
## NEW SCULPTURE.

SOME symbolical sculpture of a rather unusual type has just been completed by Mr. A. G. Walker, of the Cedar studios, Chelsea, for the church which is now being built at Stamford Hill by the Society of the Agapemone. Four bronze figures, each of which is about seven feet high, are used as finials to the tower, and these figures represent the evangelistic symbols—the angel in human form, the lion, the ox, and the eagle. Each symbol personifies a certain virtue: the angel intelligence, the lion strength, the ox patience, and the eagle far-sight; and they are used because they are held to be the four attributes of

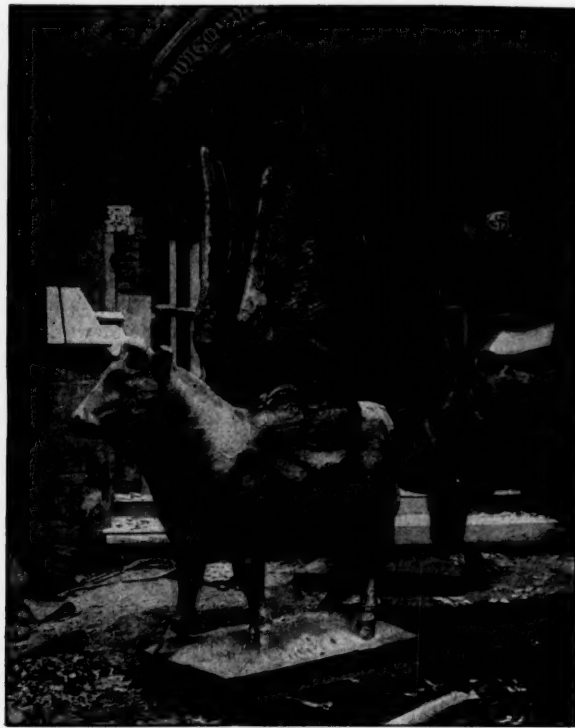


EAGLE AND ANGEL FOR TOWER FINIALS OF THE CHURCH OF THE AGAPEMONE.

the Divinity. The same motives appear in the four buttress groups which decorate the west front of the church; but here the symbols are actively triumphing over their opposites. Intelligence overcomes Sorrow, Strength and Patience respectively conquer Death and Pain, and Far-sight defeats Mental Blindness. Mr. Walker's manner of handling his subjects is marked by a judicious mixture of realism and decorative convention; he has secured reality enough to make the meaning of the symbols apparent, and at the same time he has gone sufficiently far towards pure decoration to prevent any lack of style in his designs or any want



BUTTRESSES OF THE CHURCH OF THE SOCIETY OF THE AGAPEMONE.



BULL AND LION FOR TOWER FINIALS.

(By A. G. Walker.)



of meaning in his manner of treatment. In the buttress groups, especially, there is shown a fine sense of line arrangement, and excellent judgment in massing and composition. As examples of what is after all the best way to employ sculpture—in conjunction with architecture—these productions of Mr. Walker's deserve very considerable praise.



ALMS DISH.  
(By A. G. Walker.)

The other example of his work which we illustrate—a silver alms dish for a church at Liverpool—claims attention, as it shows his capacity to deal with a different branch of sculpture. The work in this case is done partly by casting and partly by chasing, and is in its result eminently effective because it combines in a manner which is unusually well-considered richness of design with a lowness of relief that suits well the purpose to which the dish is to be devoted. As a whole, this piece of metal work is acceptable as a sign that our younger sculptors are learning how to adapt their art to practical exigencies. There is certainly no need to disregard utility in the pursuit of aesthetics; and it can hardly

be denied that one of the highest merits in the application of design is the preservation of an exact balance between the decoration and the fitness for its ultimate use in the object decorated.

Another important group of sculpture intended as a prominent feature in an architectural design is that which Mr. J. Wenlock Rollins, of Glebe Place, Chelsea, has executed for the new General Hospital, Birmingham. Two colossal figures, symbolising Pharmacy and Surgery, uphold a lamp, typifying Life; their arms are supported by Philanthropy, who tramples upon Disease in the form of a snake. The total height of the group is nearly ten feet, and the figures sur-



GROUP FOR NEW GENERAL HOSPITAL,  
BIRMINGHAM.

(By J. Wenlock Rollins.)

round the central pier of a triangular porch, which is a striking part of the design for the hospital building. The dignity of the composition and the severity of the lines of the drapery (save for the tortuous edges) give to the whole work a significance which is entirely appropriate to the purposes of the institution itself. For the same building Mr. Rollins is also busy with three other colossal statues representing "Light," "Air," and "Purity."

## ILLUSTRATED VOLUMES.

EVERY new volume put forth by Mr. Phil May not only confirms his position and establishes his genius—it enhances his reputation while his gallery of characters is steadily added to, and his range is widened. The admirable series of half a hundred drawings included in the volume entitled "Phil May's Gutter-Snipes," which has been put

forth by the Leadenhall Press, shows us the stream of his humour as fresh as ever, observation as keen, truth as inexorable; while the freedom of touch and handling show unmistakable development. In looking over these pages the Londoner is startled with the verisimilitude of the scenes he has so often witnessed, but so rarely seen adequately portrayed.

From the first pages that present us with the game of cricket as played in the Seven Dials, and a lifelike portrait of Mr. Andrew Tuer, to the last admirable study of gutter gymnasts—a sketch which Leech would have liked to sign—we are presented with

sketch them down, and forget them again as rapidly—but they are permanent, abiding ideas. Not the sports of Nature, but her necessary eternal classes. We feel that we cannot part with any of them, lest a link should be broken." As is the case with the



### WATER-WORKS

(Reduced from "Phil May's Gutter-Snipes.")

every variety of life that form the lights and shadows of general existence. We do not pretend that "Water-works," here reproduced, is quite the best of the series; yet the inimitable figure of the self-possessed young humorist offers worthy testimony to Mr. Phil May's comic sense (if such were needed) and to his consummate power of placing it on paper. There is hardly a drawing in which are not presented several types of character searchingly true, and, withal, a sense of style which proclaims the artist not only a master of his craft, but a very master among artists. Of these studies we may say what Charles Lamb said of Hogarth's: they "have not a mere momentary interest, as in caricatures, or those grotesque physiognomies which we sometimes catch a glance of in the street, and, struck with their whimsicalities, wish for a pencil and the power to

true humorist, the tender side of Mr. May's nature is very obvious. He revels in practical jokes, in low humour, and knockabout farce. He plays the poor Gutter-Snipes' games upon paper and shares in their squalid happiness. Not less does he sympathise in their wretchedness and misery, in their illness, poverty, and utter wretchedness. So profound is the humanity of his drawings that we are almost tempted to overlook the fine composition of his pictures, which is inevitably right, and the instinctive balance of his light and shade. Not less remarkable is the truth with which he presents the spirit of the townscape which may happen to form the background of his pictures. We doubt if Charles Keene ever surpassed with so little effort the successful rendering of such a street-wilderness as we see in the "Pegtop" scene. In short, Mr. May is seen here

at his best, for, sketchy as is his work, no artistic quality is on that account lost. The book is one to get and to treasure, for it takes its place by right among the best productions of the country's humour.

**T**O Mr. Laurence Housman we are indebted for his admirable essay on the work of "Arthur Boyd Houghton" (Kegan Paul and Co.), a book which should be in the hands of every lover of intellectual and technical art, as well as every lover of black-and-white illustration and of the art of the wood-cutter. The volume includes a number of facsimile reproductions of the drawings for the wood, as well

as manly and convincing as Millais'; and his methods as original as anybody's. His characterisation is not less happy, as may be seen in the drawing, "The Indian prostrates himself before the King of Persia," wherein every face, black or brown, is well accustomed to the blinding sun, and every inch of the surface is eloquent of the Orient. In one point only do we disagree with the writer. He says that Houghton's work is curiously bound down to monochrome and rarely suggests colour—only tone. We consider, on the contrary, that his suggestive colour-sense was hardly less than Keene's. It is delightful in passing in review



"TOM, TOM, THE PIPER'S SON."

(Drawn by A. R. Houghton.)

as a great number of impressions from the wood-blocks themselves, executed for the Dalziel's "Arabian Nights," "Don Quixote," and other works. It is a pity that the drawings executed for Messrs. Cassell and Co. were not also included, but the collection as it stands is sufficient to show the greatness of the artist. There has been a "boom" in Houghton latterly, but it is a boom fraught with good, for no attention which might be given to his work would be mis-spent by the student nor unremunerative to the beholder. Mr. Housman does well in placing Houghton at the head of the Pre-Raphaelite Revivalists, so to say, for Houghton had much of the passion, the vigour, and the humanity of all the great illustrators included in the "P.-R. B.," and had, moreover, as much humour as all them put together. His black-and-white is often as fine as Charles Keene's; his devotion as deep as Holman Hunt's; his vigorous realisation

these interesting illustrations, to observe with how much intelligence Houghton—the one-eyed artist, whose health was shattered, it was said, by over-indulgence—knew how to profit with unerring instinct by the great improvement which Millais and his associates had forced upon the engravers on wood. It is not less delightful to see how completely, how instinctively, he understood light and shade. The perfection of many of his illustrations lies in the truly luminous character of his illustrations of his author's *meaning*, and not merely a reproduction by the pencil of the author's *words*. Houghton, in truth, was a great imaginative artist, and we rejoice that so interesting a reprint has been placed in hands so capable as those of Mr. Housman for introduction to the public. The unknown drawing which Mr. Housman refers to as "Jew and Gentile" is, we believe, a fanciful illustration to the *Merchant of Venice*.



## NOTES AND QUERIES.

[For "Regulations," see THE MAGAZINE OF ART for November.

[8] **LORD LEIGHTON'S FIRST FRESCO.**—The history of fresco painting in England is fairly well known, as well as Lord Leighton's share in its attempted revival. Can you inform me whether his work at Bowood is, as has been suggested, his first work in that method?—G. A. B.

\*. The Bowood fresco was in no sense an experimental one. Long before Lord Leighton returned to England, even while still at Frankfurt as a pupil of Steinle, he executed his first fresco painting. This was in the courtyard of the castle of Anerbach, in the Bergstrasse—where it may still be seen. It is a fresco painted by Leighton and his fellow-student, Gamba, in celebration of an artist's festivity, representing in a humorous spirit "Spring receiving the Arts." In this work—which is still described as "Leighton's First Fresco"—the portrait of both of its painters are introduced.

[9] **THE ROYAL WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY'S OFFICIAL DRAWING PAPER.**—The question as to the quality of the paper, its properties of resistance to damp and to the disintegration caused by hot climates, is of the greatest importance to us artists, for the permanence not only of our drawings, but of our reputation itself, depends on the material supplied to us. For that reason I, amongst others, welcomed with pleasure the issue by the Royal Water-Colour Society itself of a paper stamped with its own initials ("O.W.S.") as a guarantee of the excellence of the paper. I have since heard it stated that this paper, of which a vast amount, it is said, has been thrown upon the market, has been too hastily fathered by the Society, and that it is even less to be trusted than old and reliable marks, such as Whatman. But there is difficulty in ascertaining facts. Can you obtain for us any trustworthy information on this subject, as the matter is of vital importance, and cannot wait?—R. W. S. (St. John's Wood).

\*. The matter is, we believe, a somewhat delicate one at the present time. We ourselves have heard grave criticism passed on the paper in question, for which charges of weakness, irresponsibility, and misguidance were for a time levelled against the Society; while it was alleged that the paper in question was of a quality greatly inferior to other standard papers, and that it was adopted by the Society without proper examination or analysis. We understand, however, that since that time an independent analyst has

examined the paper and has reported upon it in highly favourable terms. At the same time, we are bound to explain that, solicitous for the well-being of artists and their works, we took steps some years ago to have the matter of drawing-paper thoroughly dealt with by the highest authorities, and continued our efforts up to recently, when the article on "Mildew in Drawing Paper," by Dr. Russell, was the outcome. To those remarks we would refer the reader (Jan., 1896). It would, perhaps, be well if this important matter were publicly ventilated.

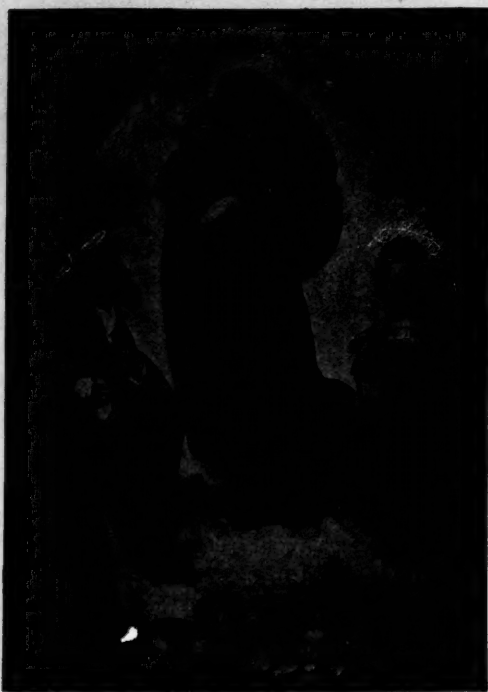
[10] **IS THE DRESDEN "SISTINE MADONNA" GENUINE?**—On my return from Dresden, where I have been studying Raphael's masterpiece, I am confronted with the statement, in *Truth* and elsewhere, that the "Sistine Madonna" of the Dresden Gallery is but a copy of the genuine picture, which is said to be in the possession of a hotel-keeper at St. Moritz. I do not suggest that too much credit should be accorded to such a claim; but in view of the wealth of evidence adduced in favour of the contention, the elaborate pedigree, and the evident sincerity of the claimant, it would, I think, be well that the contention should be inquired into, to be established, so far as it may be, or else swept away. There seems to be more foundation than is usually the case in claims such as this, so that a service would be done to the art world at large were any reader of THE MAGAZINE OF ART to bring the light of knowledge to it and settle it one way or the other.—S. (National Liberal Club).

\*. As it happens, we can give a very definite reply upon this subject. We may say at once that in the summer of last year the Editor of this Magazine was courteously presented by Mr. Caspar Badrutt, the proprietor of the Engadiner-Kulm and owner of the picture in question, with a copy of the beautifully-produced volume that sets forth his claim, and illustrates it with excellent photographs, etc. A moment's examination was enough to convince him of the groundlessness of Mr. Badrutt's belief, in spite of any evidence that might be adduced. With the owner's consent, the Editor submitted the matter to the judgment of the late Lord Leighton and to the Director of the National Gallery. The gist of the President's reply lay in his words, "Surely you do not seriously wish me to express my opinion on such a point?" and the Director's reply was not less uncompromising



though it was more explicit. Other judges were as emphatic and unanimous in their opinion. One of the points on which Mr. Badrutt relies is the fact that the "Sistine Madonna" being offered, and accordingly presented, to Pope Paul III., by his host, the Duke Hercole II., was not really

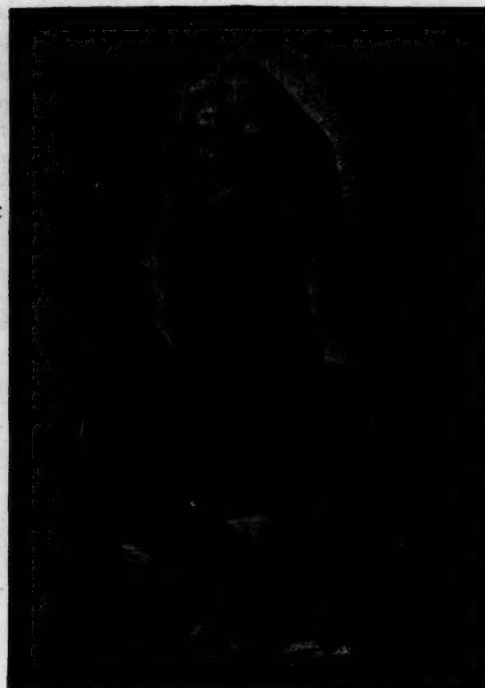
handling. Of the St. Moritz picture, the contrary must in every case be said. But even were it the original—which on the evidence of the paint alone we cannot admit for a single minute—the value of it would be gone. It has been considerably *added to* at the top, bottom, and



THE "SISTINE MADONNA" AT DRESDEN. (By Raphael.)

presented at all; but that a duplicate by Gerolamo da Carpi—that in the Dresden Gallery—was executed and palmed off on the connoisseur Pope (but inexplicably left at Piacenza), while the original found its way by easy stages, and at last in a shocking condition, to the Engadiner-Kulm. The Dresden picture, says Mr. Badrutt, is painted on coarse canvas with two transverse seams; while Raphael always painted on a smooth damask linen, such as that on which the St. Moritz picture is executed. But where, if he holds to his argument, is the force of the reasoning? For surely, if the Duke wished to deceive so appreciative and perspicuous a connoisseur as the Pope, he would not have stultified himself by allowing "a coarse canvas with two cross seams" to be used in place of Raphael's well-known damask linen? The whole of this argument is self-contradictory.

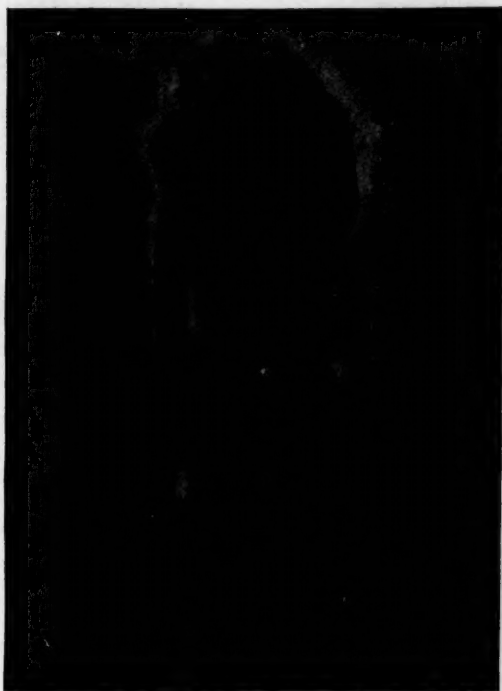
But, in point of fact, the picture is its own argument. The Dresden picture is sublime in expression, grand in its draperies, broad in its



THE ST. MORITZ "ASSUMPTIONE."

sides; considerable spaces, formerly perished, have been painted in; and the whole appears so "tight," so poor relatively, so uninspired, that we cannot understand anyone seriously supporting the theory of its genuineness as against the accepted work. The refusal of the Director of the Dresden Gallery to allow Mr. Badrutt's picture to be placed in juxtaposition with the great work in the Gallery for more than one hour is apparently felt by the owner to be due to either fear or jealousy. Our own belief is that the concession is an unusually complaisant one. If it were generally granted a dangerous sort of patronage of inferior copies, replicas, and forgeries would be the result, and no gallery would be free from the incursion of debased canvases striving for recognition. We have every respect for Mr. Badrutt's honesty of purpose, and sympathy with what we regard as a pathetic struggle against unrecognised fact; but concerning his picture we can profess neither the one nor the other.

[11] **THE MARQUIS OF HERTFORD AND THE "MARQUIS OF STEYNE."**—Was it the 3rd or 4th Lord Hertford who was supposed to be the prototype of "Lord Steyne" in *Vanity Fair*, and what portraits (prints or paintings) of the Lord Hertford so made famous exist, and where can they be seen?—PENDENNIS.



THE ST. MORITZ "ASSOMPTIONE" BEFORE RESTORATION.

#### NOTES.

**STAGE ART IN SHAKESPEARE'S TIME.**—I should like to make a rejoinder to a paragraph which appeared in the number of *THE MAGAZINE OF ART* for September dealing with the above subject.

Mr. Archer says—"There is not the remotest reason for supposing that if scene-painting had been practised in his day, Shakespeare would not have availed himself of its aid." But the fact remains, as his paragraph admits, that scene-painting was not practised in his day. It was not consciously rejected, but simply was not invented; so that, although he might "have been able, under the conditions it (scene-painting) imposes, to express his genius to the utmost perfection," it is quite clear he did not actually do so. On the other hand, he has most perfectly expressed his genius under the conditions imposed by the advanced platform of his day.

The change from an advanced platform to an arched-in stage means a change in the dramatist's art; and there older and later forms of art differ in much the same way as the arts of the sculptor and of

the painter differ from one another. The intermediate examples of development, showing a painted scene on a back wall, and a stage running far forward through the proscenium arch, seem to me highly unsatisfactory as compared either with the old platform or the modern tableau. But even so, a play written for these intermediate arrangements would not, without trimming, adapt itself either to the earlier or later stage. For instance, *The School for Scandal* would play best on just that shape of stage, and with just that kind of scenery which Sheridan had to reckon with when the play was originally rehearsed. There are gains and losses with each build of stage, and a dramatist's business is to make the most of his opportunities. A playwright who understands the technique of his craft, adapts his work to current stage conditions, or, rather, uses the opportunities given by those conditions to develop his design. Give him new opportunities after his death, and he cannot avail himself of them; give him fewer opportunities, and some part of his design has to be sacrificed. The same plot may be used for the older or more modern form of stage. In one case the scheme of scenes and elaboration of dialogue will be quite different from the other. To suit the requirements of the old method any number of scenes may be used, and a full and literary book of words is demanded. Full "books" can be delivered without weariness to actor or audience from the platform. In the other case, the playwright will seek to compass his story in a few long scenes, and will know that full literary development of dialogue will certainly drag, as it is most difficult to get its true effect through the proscenium arch and across the footlights. Therefore, although a play can be transferred from one form of playing to the other, yet the transference involves such recasting of scenes and dialogue as can only be justified in the case of a great master, if done by the master himself.

Mr. Archer's paragraph closes, to quote again—"The upshot, then, is that the whole configuration of Shakespeare's stage rendered scenery impracticable." From this it follows, naturally, that Shakespeare, who could not possibly allow for the possibilities of future inventions, wrote his plays in such a way as to be, *as they stand*, impracticable for scenery, and they can only be made practicable by placing his supreme masterpieces at the mercy of such "ingenuity, taste, and discretion" as we—not Shakespeare—can command. It is this necessary alteration of the plays in fitting them to modern mounting, and no love of antiquarianism for its own sake, which makes so many of us desire to see his works played upon such a stage as that for which they were designed.—ARTHUR DILLON, Hon. Sec., The Elizabethan Stage Society.

## THE CHRONICLE OF ART.—DECEMBER.

**The Royal Academy.** WE refer fully to the election of Mr. E. J. POYNTER to the Presidential chair in our special article on p. 111. We record with pleasure the elevation of Mr. T. G. JACKSON to full membership; and with great regret the resignation of Mr. G. F. WATTS from active membership. He was elected Associate in 1867, and full Member a few months later.

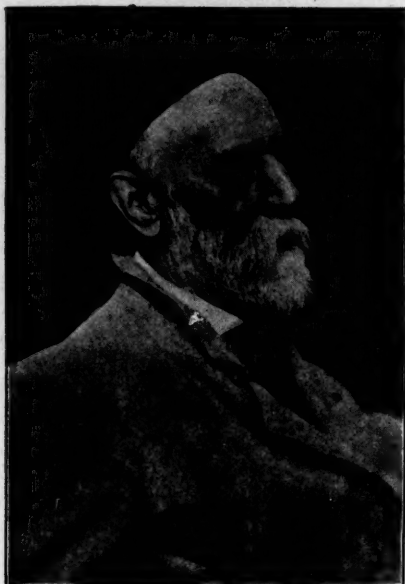
**Exhibitions.** THE fourteenth exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Oil-Colours is chiefly notable from the fact that the Council has at last exercised the long-needed restraint in the number of pictures hung. By allowing a little space between the frames, and by hanging but two rows of works in the central gallery, the

tion to the exhibition; but Mr. CHEVALLIER TAYLER'S "Enoch Arden" is far from being successful. Mr. ARTHUR HACKER'S "My Mother" is the most striking among the portraits.

At the Royal Society of British Artists Mr. F. CAYLEY ROBINSON is once again the most interesting contributor. "The Foundling"

is a skilfully composed and exquisitely wrought piece of work, pleasant in line and colour. Mr. R. C. W. BUNNY'S "Ancilla Domini" is too involved in sentiment to be easily understood, and his two other contributions, ambitious as is their scheme and elevated their poetry, are not quite up to his usual standard. Mr. GEMMELL HUTCHISON'S "Friend in Need," Mr. W. T. WARRENER'S

"Torn Dress," Mr. TOM ROBERTSON'S "Orchardneuk on the Tay," Mr. AENESBY BROWN'S "Fenland," and Mr. TATTON WINTER'S "Chelsea," are among the most noteworthy works, in addition, of course, to Mr. SIME'S flat portrait of a gentleman, and Mr. J. W. T. MANUEL'S little jokes.



G. F. WATTS, R.A., HONORARY RETIRED ACADEMICIAN.  
(From a Photograph by Hollger.)

numbers in the catalogue have been reduced to the extent of nearly two hundred. The landscape painters are the best represented. Mr. T. HOPE McLACHLAN'S "By Starlight," Mr. F. G. COTMAN'S "Richmond, Yorks.," Mr. ALFRED EAST'S "An Autumn Study," Mr. R. W. ALLAN'S "Cromarty Frith," Mr. J. AUMONIER'S "Sunlight on the Downs," and Mr. ARTHUR SEVERN'S "After Sunset—West Coast of Scotland," are admirable and welcome amongst much that is commonplace. Messrs. AUSTEN BROWN, GEORGE WETHERBEE, LESLIE THOMSON, F. WALTON, and JULIUS OLSSON also contribute works of interest. Pictures of humorous and domestic genre are numerous, Messrs. EDGAR BUNDY, J. C. DOLLMAN, G. SHERIDAN KNOWLES, G. G. KILBURNE, and JOSEPH CLARK contributing subjects in their own special manner. Mr. G. PERCIVAL GASKELL'S "Die Katzenzauberin" is interesting; and Mr. W. A. BREAKSPEARE'S "Chez Romney," Mr. MATTHEW HALE'S "Once upon a Time," Mr. T. B. KENNINGTON'S charmingly conceived "Memories," and Mr. A. J. MAVROGORDATO'S "Cadennabia" help to add dis-



T. G. JACKSON, R.A.  
(From a Photograph by Elliott and Fry.)



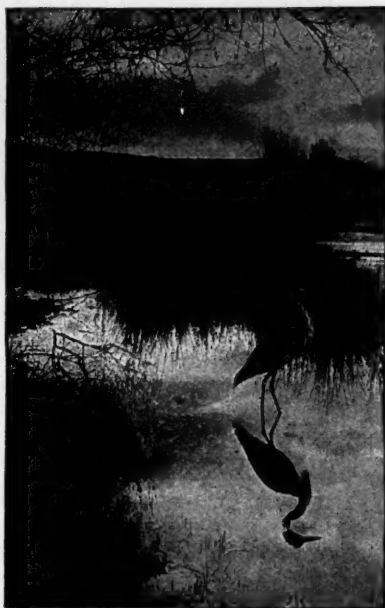
BECKENHAM CHURCH.  
(By David Cox. Recently acquired by the National Gallery. Hung in the West Octagon Room.)

For charm of personality and dexterity of handling, Mr. J. McLURE HAMILTON'S portraits of Mr. Gladstone, Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., and Mr. Onslow Ford, R.A., would be difficult to equal. These, together with about forty other



of his works, are on view at the Goupil Gallery, and form a charming little exhibition.

The two representative photographic exhibitions at the Royal Water-Colour Society's rooms and the Dudley Gallery



"LO, THERE THE HERMIT OF THE WATER,  
THE GHOST OF AGES DIM,  
THE FISHER OF THE SOLITUDES  
STANDS BY THE RIVER'S BRIM."

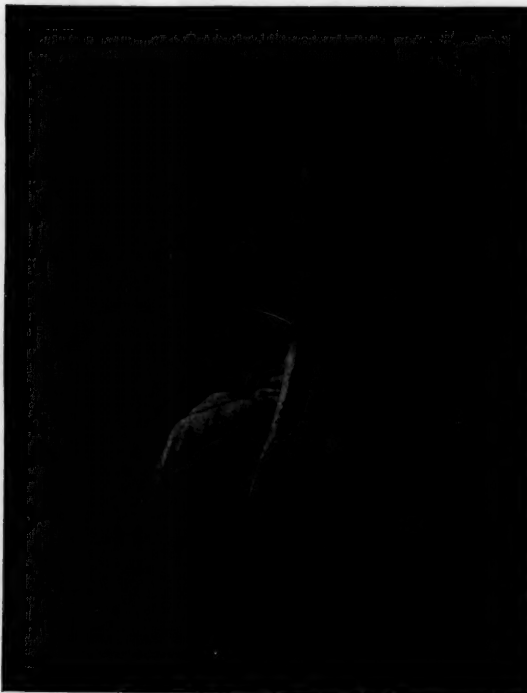
(From the Photograph by John Bushby, in the Exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society.)

were of great interest this year. At the former gallery the Royal Photographic Society had a collection of over three hundred prints most commendably hung, each picture being well within the line of sight, and allowed plenty of room for display. The level of excellence attained by the Society was well maintained, and in all branches of photography the results shown were for the most part all that could be desired. Mr. RODERICK J. FRY's "East Anglian Landscape" was a beautiful transcript from nature, and Mr. JOHN BUSHBY's picture of a silent backwater, in which a heron is standing, was a charming little plate. Dr. MACDONALD's flower-piece, "Wild Flowers," was, to our mind, much preferable to Mrs. CADBY's spray of sorrel here, or to her "Design for a Frieze" at the Salon. It seems rather an affectation to designate half a dozen stems of daffodils arranged symmetrically in a row "a design." In portraiture the Glasgow photographers are evidently influenced by the artists of their city. At Pall Mall Mr. WARNEUKE had a half-length portrait of a veiled lady which was very effective, while at the Dudley Gallery Mr. J. CRAIG ANNAN showed some portrait pictures which were delightful. We reproduce the best—"A Lady in White." Mr. RALPH W. ROBINSON easily took the palm for landscape photography at the Salon with his "Landscape near the Coast," which was one of the finest bits of camera work we have seen. Mr. HOLLYER's, Mr. MASKELL's, and Mr. H. H. CAMERON's portraits, it is hardly necessary to say, were excellent; and Mr. DAVIDSON's landscapes were of fine quality, though the title given to a view of Charing Cross Bridge, "Rain, Steam, and Iron," suggested a comparison

which was fatal to the photograph as "a work of art." In conclusion, we might ask, does the fact of making a photographic print resemble as near as possible a chalk or pencil drawing help to raise photography to the dignity it claims among the Fine Arts? In spite of the "Fore-words" of the Salon catalogue, we cannot admit it. We much prefer the honesty of the photographic print, which is avowedly submitted as a photograph, and is only to be judged as such.

The exhibition of prize-work of the Royal Female School of Art supplied striking evidence that the efficiency of the school is well maintained. Flower-painting is the strongest point of the students, for a National Queen's Prize is gained by Miss EMILY G. COURT, a Queen's Gold Medal by Miss LILIAN REYNOLDS, and an Honourable Mention by Miss HANNAH HOYLAND for this section of work. Miss MARY F. BELL (Queen's Scholar) gains a scholarship of £60, and her studies deserve special mention. As they proceed strictly upon South Kensington methods, originality of design is conspicuously absent from the students' work, but we reproduce a design for a damask tablecloth by Miss KATHARINE SMITH, which is among the best. Miss H. N. SPANTON's and Miss MULLIN's designs for tiles were distinctly the best.

**Reviews.** IN "*Shakespeare's Town and Times*," by Mr. SNOWDEN WARD and Mrs. CATHERINE WARD (Dawbarn and Ward), we have photography put to a noble use. The story of Shakespeare's life, simply and unaffectedly told, has been made the vehicle of a great number of views and illus-



A LADY IN WHITE.

(From the Photograph by J. Craig Annan in the Photographic Salon)

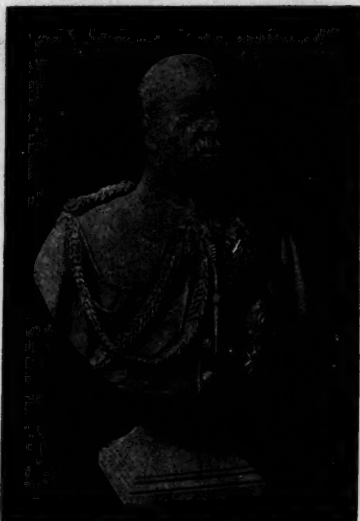
trations, appropriate and in their way exhaustive—that is to say, as desirably exhaustive and complete as the actuality of photography could permit. These photographs—or, as



the authors would have us say, "photograms"—are for the most part excellent, and invariably well printed, and the text is not less carefully compiled or less successfully presented. The interest is at once pictorial, antiquarian, and historical.

We have received from Messrs. REEVES & SON their new catalogue and price list of artists' materials. It is a very fine catalogue, and no doubt Messrs. Reeves are able to supply artists with anything they may require of impeccable quality; but the feature in the catalogue which attracts our attention is the information given to artists as to the nature of the pigments made by the firm. A table of some pages gives information as to the nature, manufacture, and permanency of every pigment made, information which every painter should have at his fingers' ends.

A happy idea has occurred to Messrs. G. ROWNEY & Co.



THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

(By F. J. Williamson. Recently placed in the Guildhall.)

Variety, ingenuity, and taste are the distinguishing merits in Messrs. MARCUS WARD's Christmas cards this year, the whole being remarkable for excellence of execution. The humour is somewhat happier than usual; the imitations of Mr. Aubrey Beardsley are especially clever, and not ill-natured. Most of the processes of reproduction have been successfully employed. We have also received from the same firm a copy of a photogravure entitled "The Spinning Wheel," from the picture by Mr. FRANK BRINDLEY. It should prove a popular publication.

The platinotype and photogravure prints of pictures by well-known artists, issued by Messrs. C. W. FAULKNER & Co., are tasteful enough, and in miniature size, with appropriate lettering, are a decided advance upon the old-fashioned form of Christmas card.

**Miscellaneous.** VISCOUNT KNUTSFORD, G.C.M.G., has been appointed Trustee of the National Portrait Gallery in succession to the late Sir J. E. MILLAIS, Bart., P.R.A.

We regret that by an oversight Mr. H. W. WILSON's name was not connected with the Baptistery Gates at Welbeck, illustrated in our first article on the Arts and Crafts Exhibition. As a matter of fact the gates were modelled from a cartoon supplied by Mr. Wilson.

in the way of sketch-books. These are what their publishers call ring-bound—that is, the sheets of Whatman paper of which the sketch-books are composed, are bound together by rings, so that the artist has the advantage of turning the rest of the sheets back upon themselves and practically working upon a block. We can strongly recommend the innovation, which sketchers will be sure to appreciate.

Mr. H. E. CROCKETT, whose panels for mural decoration were referred to in the article, "What South Kensington is Doing," in our October issue, is a student of the Camden School of Art, not of the Hammersmith School.

Owing to the confusion that might arise upon the



JUPITER AND SEMELE.

(By Andrea Schiavoni. Recently acquired by the National Gallery, No. 1,476, Room VII.)

almost simultaneous formation of two Societies of Miniature Painters, that of which Lord RONALD GOWER is the President has adopted the title of "The Society of Miniaturists." Its first exhibition—an admirable one—is now being held in the Grafton Gallery.

The Second International Art Exhibition at Venice is announced for next year, from April 22nd to October 31st. Notification of intending contributions must be made by January 1st to Professor A. FRADELETTO, the Secretary, at Venice.

The establishment of a Central School of Arts and Crafts, under the directorship of Mr. G. FRAMPTON, A.R.A., and Mr. W. R. LETHABY, by the Technical Education Board of the London County Council, marks an important stage in the advancement of art education in the Metropolis. It is the first attempt at a municipal art school in London, and of its success there is not much doubt. Centrally situated in Regent Street, with a low scale of fees, an efficient staff of teachers and lecturers, well-equipped studios, and a good nucleus of an art museum for the use of students, there is everything to attract the craftsman anxious to become an efficient art-worker. The teachers include Mr. HALSEY RICARDO (architecture), Mr. E. ROSCOE MULLINS (sculpture and ornament as applied to architecture), Mr.



DESIGN FOR A TABLE-CLOTH.

(By Katharine Smith. See p. 109.)

W. MARGETSON (design, colour, and decoration), Mr. ALEX. FISHER (enamelling), Mr. CHRISTOPHER WHALL (stained glass), and Mr. W. AUGUSTUS STEWARD (silversmith's work).

**Obituary.** THE well-known water-colour painter, Mr. GEORGE A. FRIPP, has died at the advanced age of eighty-four. He had been a member of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours for more than fifty years.



ISRAEL IN EGYPT. (ROYAL ACADEMY, 1867.)  
(From the Painting by E. J. Poynter, P.R.A.)

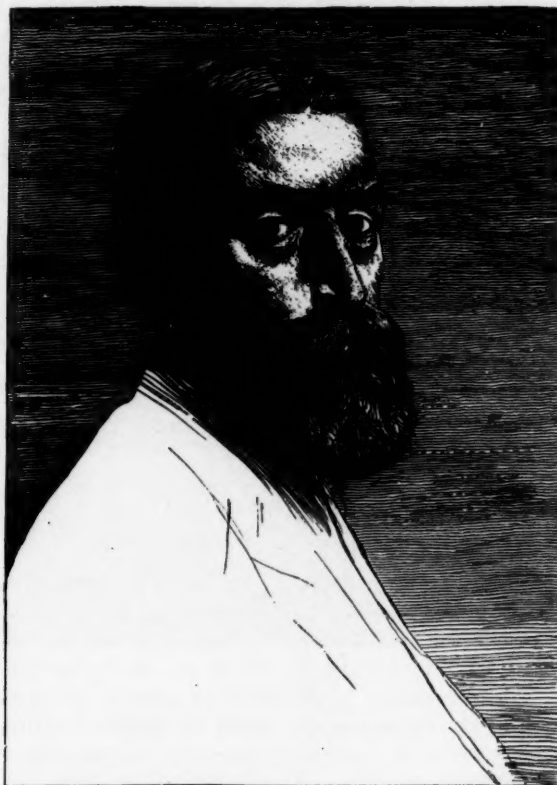
## EDWARD J. POYNTER, P.R.A.

BY THE EDITOR.

BY the narrowness of the majority by which Mr. Poynter has been elected to the Presidency of the Academy must not be assumed a doubtful fitness for the post. The circumstance was rather a testimony to talent for leadership imputed to Mr. Briton Riviere, than a reflection on his own eminent qualifications. Mr. Poynter's long official experience, his well-proved capacity for administration, his striking ability in design, his profound scholarship as a painter, and his notable achievements as lecturer and teacher, comprised a claim that could not but outclass his friendly rival Mr. Riviere. Sound common-sense and business capability distinguish both; but when the sums of achievements of the two men come to be weighed against each other, we cannot but endorse the selection of the

Academicians — a selection which vindicates the character of the institution for excellent good judgment when its vital interests are at stake.

No fewer than thirty-six members took part in the election — Associates not being admitted to the privilege of choosing their President, although they have the right to elect Academicians. Mr. Watts for reasons of age, Mr. Orchardson through the little love he bears to business routine and partly through motives of health, narrowed down the issue by practically withdrawing from the contest. The details of the election itself are neither uninteresting nor uninteresting. At the first "scratching" all the Academicians except Mr. Horsley received some measure of support, however slight. Mr. Riviere obtained sixteen scratches, Mr. Poynter



E. J. POYNTER, P.R.A.

(From the Etching by Alphonse Legros. By Permission of Messrs. Seeley & Co., Limited.)

fifteen, and Mr. Frank Dicksee five in the second voting; and in the final ballot, Mr. Poynter received the suffrages of nineteen of his colleagues and Mr. Riviere seventeen. So little bitterness of feeling animated the voters that the result was cheerfully accepted by all the members without exception, and Mr. Poynter enters upon his office supported by the

of his sympathies, and his versatility in the practice of his art. As an administrator he has proved his capacity at the National Gallery; as a teacher, by his experience as Principal of the National Training School at South Kensington; as a connoisseur, by his work as Director for Art at South Kensington and at Trafalgar Square; as painter, by his numerous



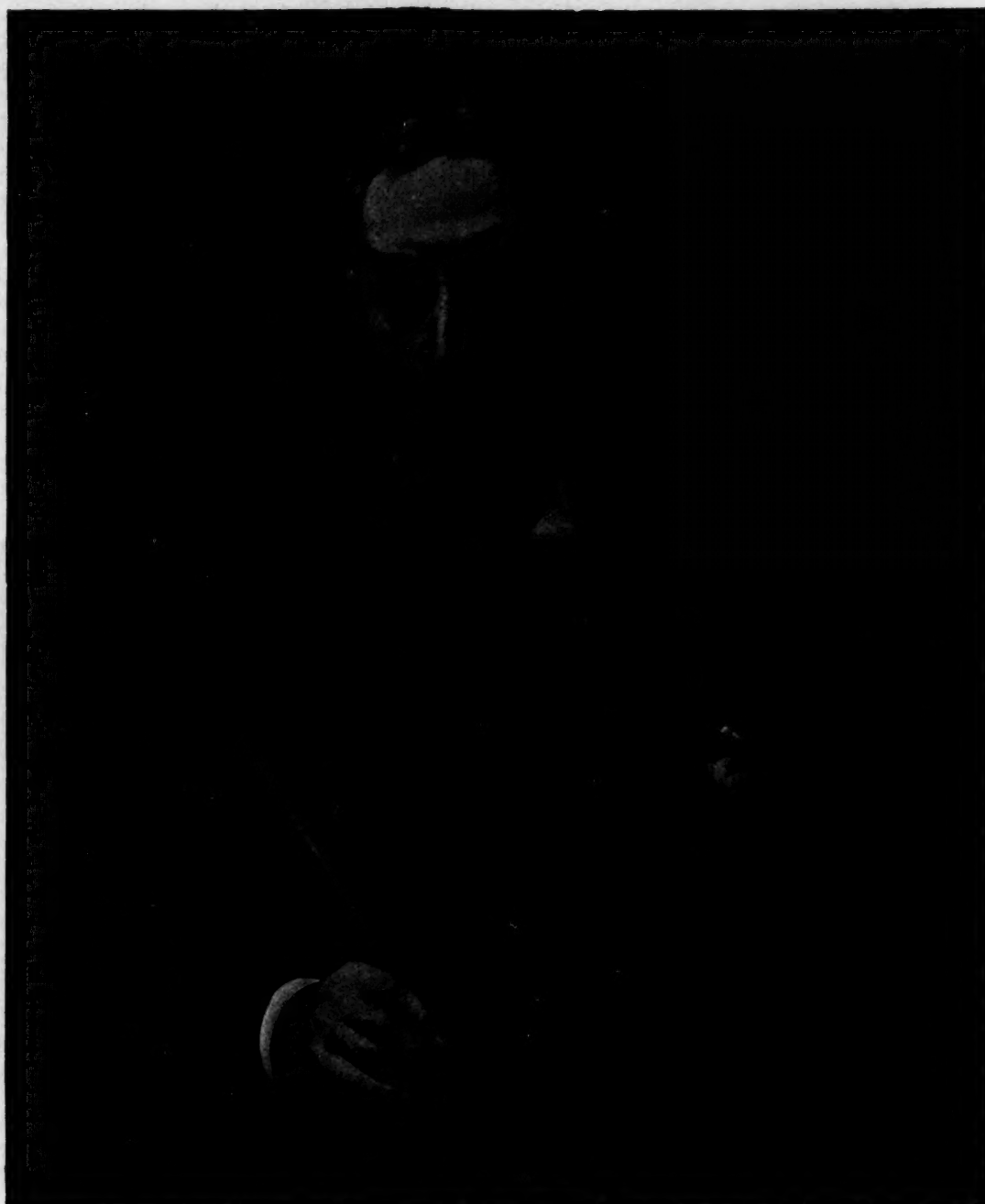
THE CATAPULT. (ROYAL ACADEMY, 1868.)

(From the Painting by E. J. Poynter, P.R.A.)

goodwill of the undivided Academy, pledged to assist him in his arduous task. He is a man without an enemy, who has long since possessed himself of the friendship of his colleagues, and has been fortunate in adding to that friendship a sense of confidence based upon the solid merit of his past career.

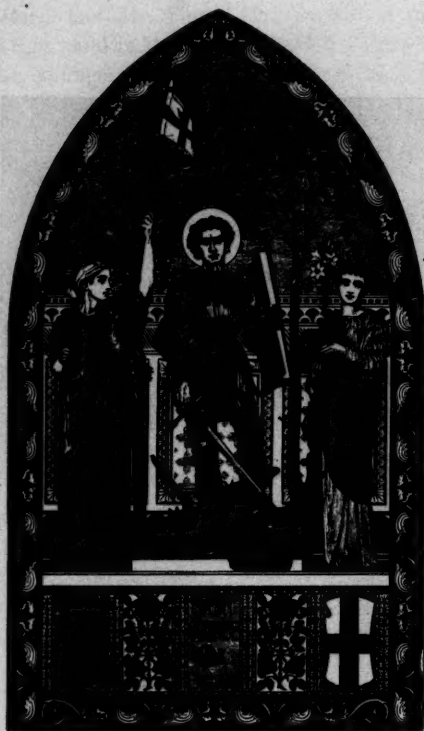
It is not only the position of Mr. Poynter as an exhibitor in the Royal Academy which has marked the artist out as the successor of Lord Leighton and Sir John Millais. It is rather the width of his range, the depth of his scholarship, the comprehensiveness

exhibits in Burlington House; as designer, whether in fresco, mosaic, glass, pottery, and tile-work, by his labours in St. Stephen's, Dulwich, in the Palace of Westminster, and South Kensington Museum, and elsewhere, and in his noble design for the decoration of St. Paul's; as a lecturer, by his most admirable series of addresses delivered during his tenure of the Slade Professorship at the University College, London; as a medallist, by the designs for our current coinage, of which the reverses show his accepted designs. Such are the more obvious claims of the



E. J. POYNTER, P.R.A. (ROYAL ACADEMY, 1888)  
(From the Portrait by Himself, in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence.)





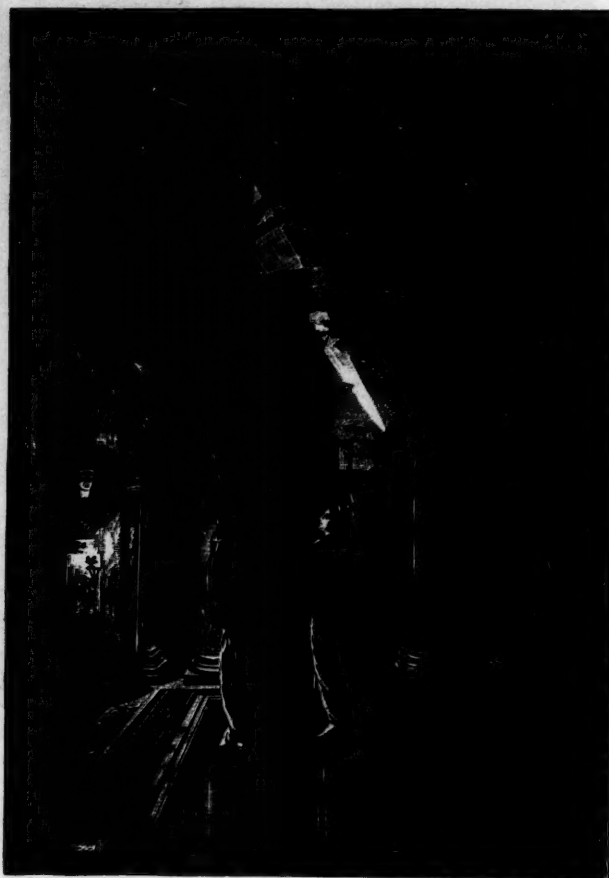
ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON (1870).

(Mosaic in the House of Lords, by E. J. Poynter, P.R.A.)

New President to the honour that has been conferred upon him. But his merit lies deeper in the wide scholarship which has rewarded his intense industry and perseverance, and which, wedded to his latent ability and to his keen sense of appreciation, has produced in him an artistic catholicity not less generous for being strictly disciplined, not less refined for being based upon a classic model. It need but be added that he is a fit representative of the Royal Academy in public and in Society, that he is sympathetic and kindly as he is earnest and energetic, and the propriety of the election will not be held in doubt.

When, in 1854, at Rome young Frederick Leighton urged Poynter, younger still, to study the figure rather than devote himself wholly to landscape, and set draperies for his friend to study, he little imagined that their two selves would in due time be called to the headship of English art. Yet it is clear enough that both men took the straight path that leads, opportunity permitting, to the Presidential chair. Both, whether they knew

it or not, were intensely academic in their aims—academic in the right and noble sense. Both sought out an ideal beauty, each in his own way. Both aimed at the perfection of Greek art; the art of both was decorative rather than realistic; both were—and ever remained—intensely conscientious, industrious, and sincere, turned aside by no obstacles in their striving after mastery of technique, shirking no difficulty, no complexity of drawing, as so many moderns do, but meeting them honestly and surmounting them if they could. To both perfection of drawing was a goal-in-chief; and although Leighton most worshipped Raphael of all the masters of the Renaissance, and Mr. Poynter bent the knee to Michelangelo, both painters were heart and soul for classic beauty, and built up their art on a profound study of the history of their subject, and used their knowledge as stepping-stones for all the work of their hands. I do not think I overstate the obligation of Mr. Poynter to Leighton's early influence. It is true that the younger man might, by sheer force of character and direct intention, have found out by his own unaided instinct the road he was to travel. But although he had decided three years before to relinquish his father's



THE IDES OF MARCH. (ROYAL ACADEMY, 1883).

(From the Painting by E. J. Poynter, P.R.A. Engraved by H. S. Percy.)

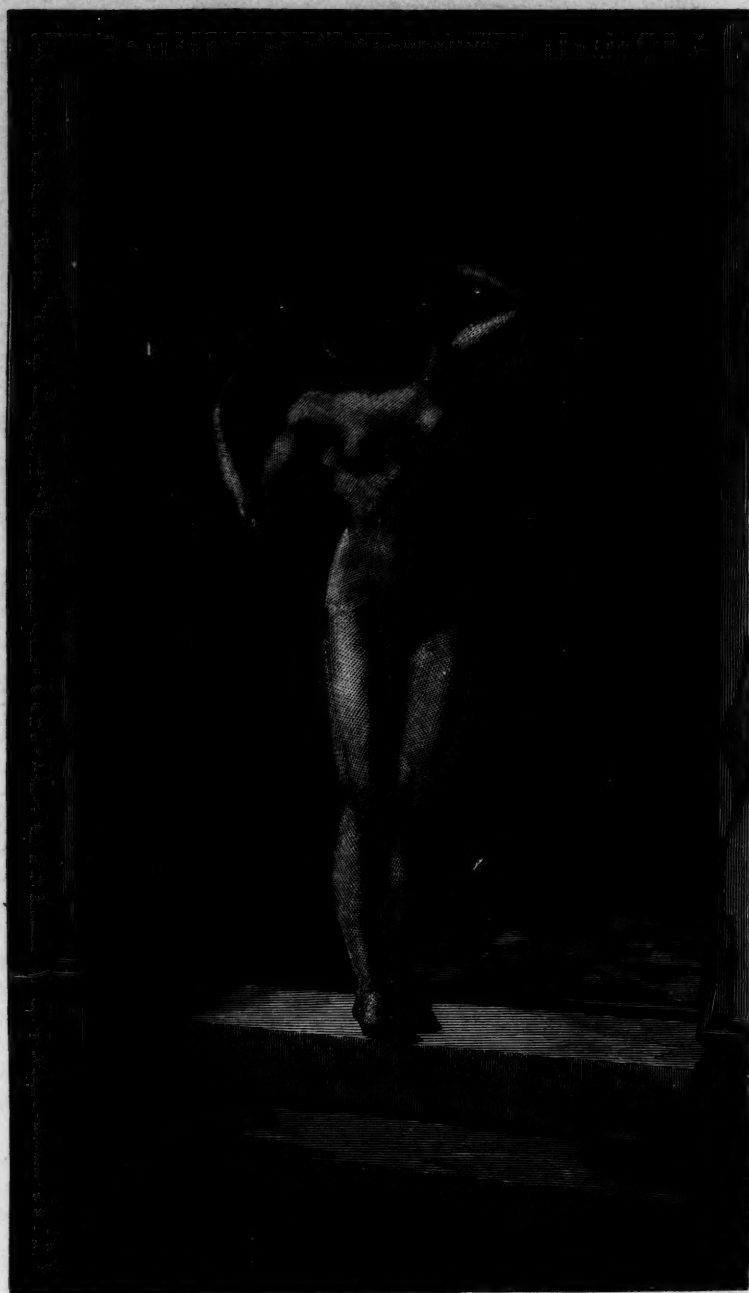
profession of architecture in favour of painting, he had in France and Madeira confined his study to landscape. He became the pupil of Mr. W. C. T. Dobson; then entered the schools of the Royal Academy; and, at last, fired by French art and French teaching, placed himself under Gleyre and joined the *École des Beaux-Arts*.

Already at this time Mr. Poynter's talent for design, as apart from ordinary picture-painting, had developed along with his capacity, not less remarkable, for figure-drawing. Burges encouraged him by commissions to decorate the panels of his quaintly Gothic cabinets; Messrs. Powell obtained from him cartoons of designs for stained glass; for the decoration of Waltham Abbey Church he was employed on a series of thirty important designs on canvas to be affixed to the roof; and Dalziel Brothers, attracted by these, commissioned a number of full-page drawings on the wood block to be engraved as illustrations to their celebrated Bible. It was not until 1861 that his first picture was exhibited on the walls of the Academy; and from that day to this not fewer than four score canvases have been seen there. Students of art could comprehend his ideal and applaud his courage in challenging the highest difficulties of composition for the pleasure, not unmixed with pain, of overcoming them. His pictures might be "literary" or they might not: think what the public might, the story or the anecdote was but a peg on which to hang problems that demanded unusual skill in their solution. And solution there always was in greater or lesser measure.

In design and decoration Mr. Poynter made his mark at a time when his example was of the utmost value to the country. In 1870 he put forth the mosaic of "St. George," which decorates the panel over the Lords' Corridor leading from the Outer Lobby in the Palace of Westminster: an effective work which was the result of a visit to Italy undertaken with a view to mastering a form of decoration at that time neither well understood nor appreciated in England. These were followed by the "Apelles" and the "Phidias" in the same method



NAUSICAA AND HER MAIDENS PLAYING AT BALL. (ROYAL ACADEMY, 1879.)  
(From the Painting by E. J. Poynter, P.R.A.)



DIADUMENE. (ROYAL ACADEMY, 1884.)

(From the Painting by E. J. Poynter, P.R.A. Engraved by Klincksieck.)

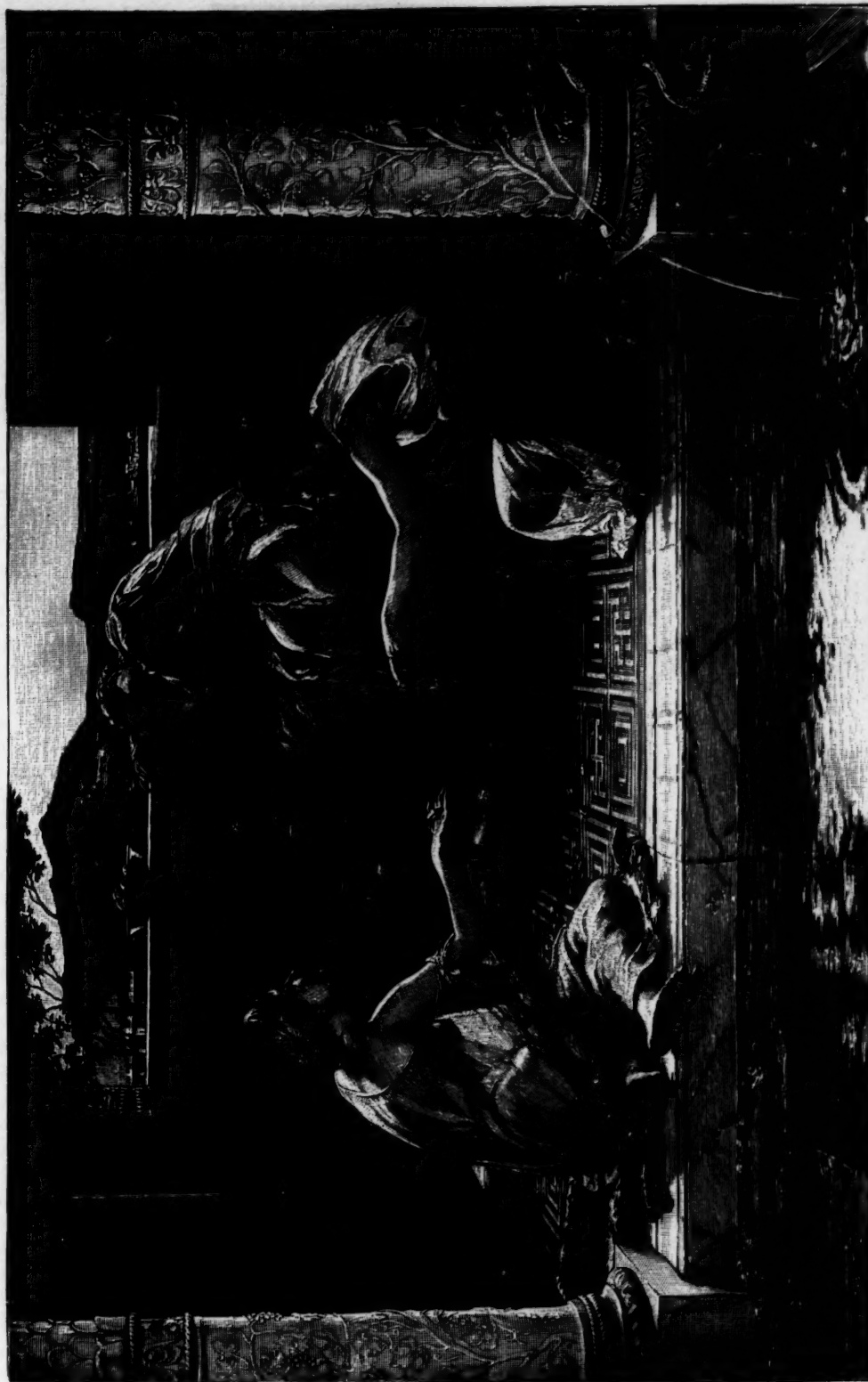
at South Kensington; by the frescoes in St. Stephen's, Dulwich; and again by the embellishment of the Grill Room at South Kensington Museum *en camarieu*—the ensemble successful to a striking degree, and pregnant with results by the favour with which it was received. Lastly there is need to mention the scheme for St. Paul's Cathedral dome—a plan noble in itself, and probably uni-

surpassable at the time by any English artist save Alfred Stevens, but not adopted partly on account of the relatively small scale of the decoration.

But no decorator, however able and however distinguished, can hope for recognition in this country through his decorations alone. Painting's the thing; and by painting may Mr. Poynter be judged. It must be admitted at once that his neo-classicism raised a barrier between himself and a considerable proportion of the great public, and his refusal to treat the domestic—even the classic domestic, as Mr. Alma-Tadema has so admirably done—was mistaken for a lack of human sympathy. Certainly he would make no concessions to mere popularity, and kept himself sternly to his own path, sacrificing none of his conceptions of what he considered his artistic duty and æsthetic destiny. In these latter days he has yielded somewhat of his old austerity, but at the same time he has had to concede not a little of the air of grandeur he would often infuse into his canvas—as in the "Andromeda," which in some respects touches the artist's high-water mark of achievement. In his earlier years Mr. Poynter showed far more force than grace—he was the professor rather than the entertainer. In his great pictures of "Israel in Egypt"

and "The Catapult"—for in their own way they are really great—he gave us more of the appearance than the spirit of the age; and though they lacked not refinement, nor certainly strength, they needed just that extra touch of life which is a condition of transforming high talent into unmistakable genius.

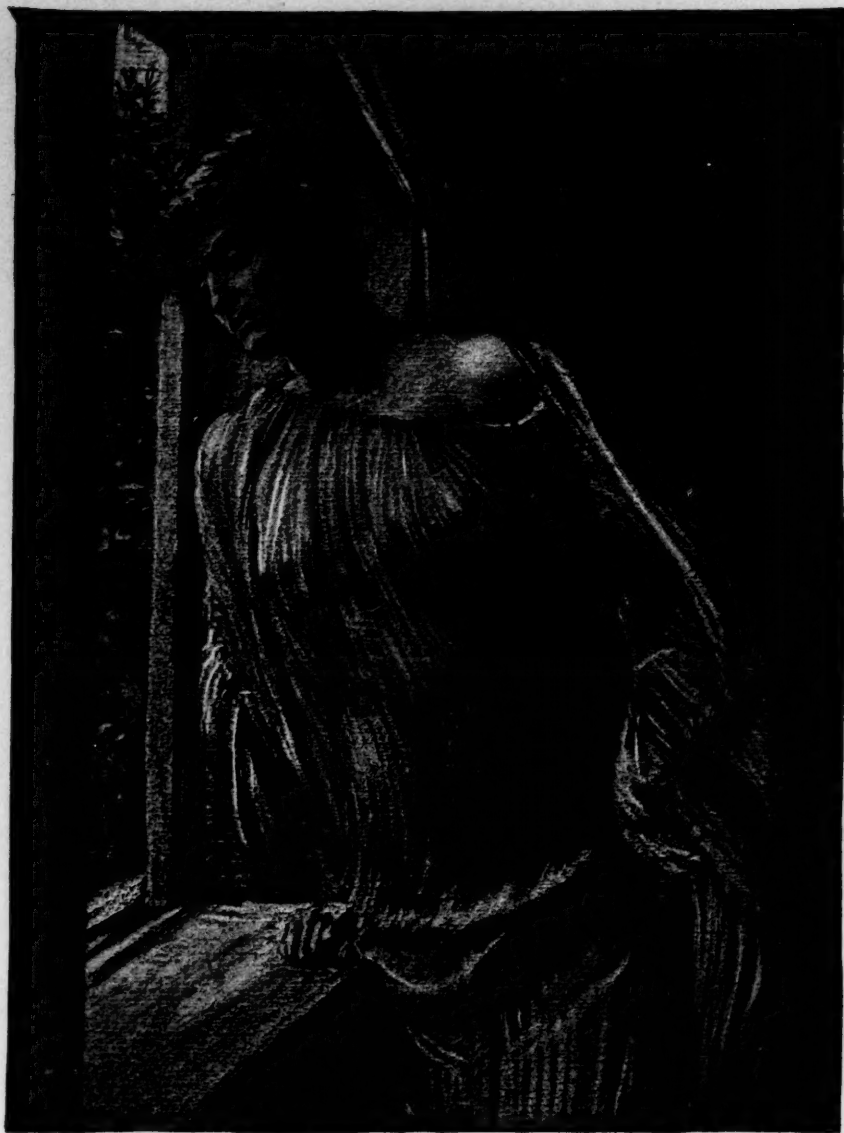
In these two last-named works we perceive the learned painter, tenacious of the principles that have



"WHEN THE WORLD WAS YOUNG" (ROYAL ACADEMY, 1892.)

(From the Painting by E. J. Poynter, P.R.A. By Permission of Major W. J. Jones, the Owner, and Messrs. T. McLean and Sons, by whom a Photogramme of the Picture is published. Engraved by A. Kneebly.)





A STUDY. (ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS, 1888-9.)

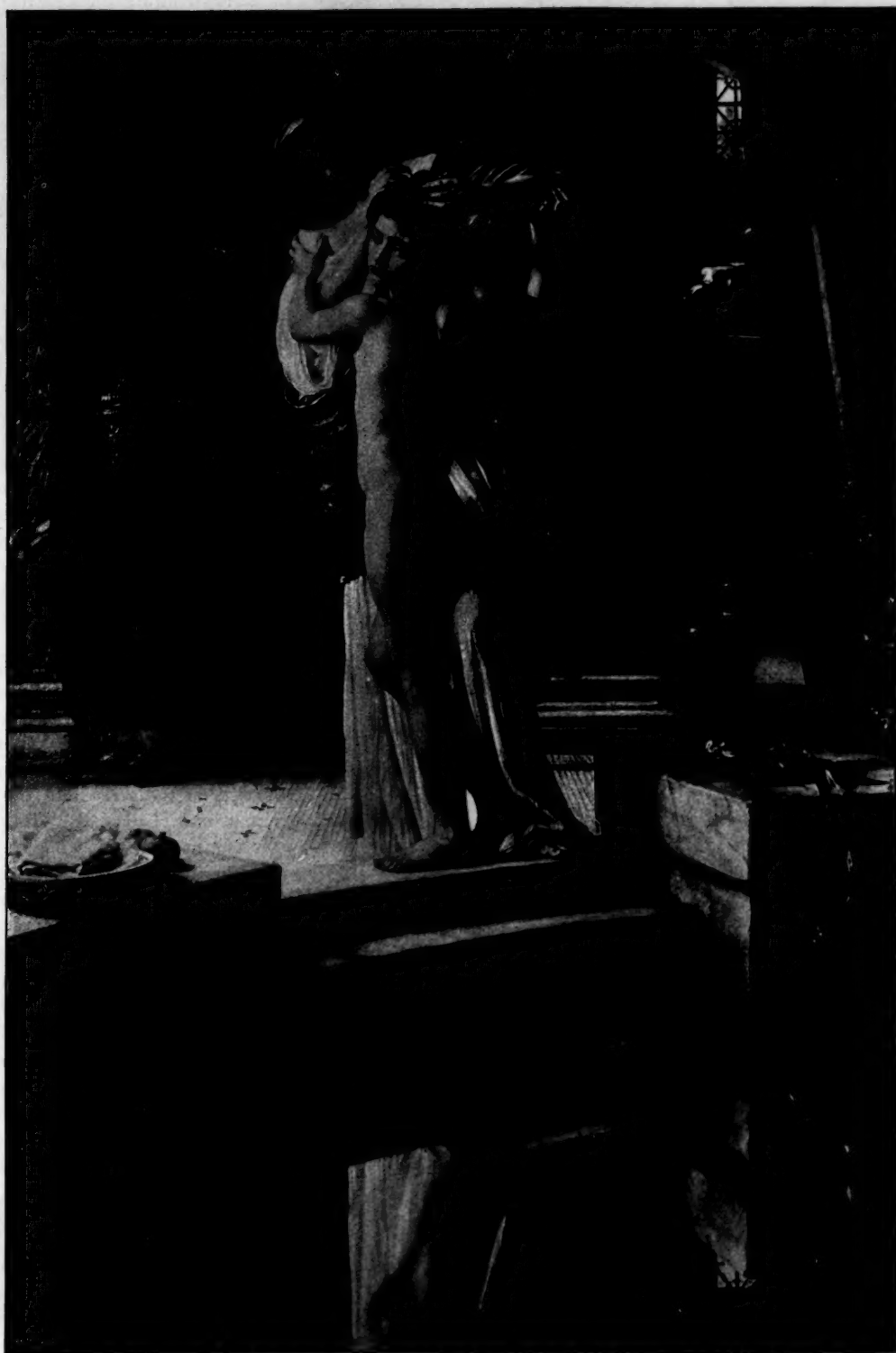
(By E. J. Poynter, P.R.A.)

been revealed to him, appealing to those who, above all, are art scholars rather than to those who seek the emotional in art. Chastened by the sternest self-discipline, he is seen to be seeking beauty according to his own academic ideal. Well convinced in his own mind of the end and aim as well as of the means of art, he permits himself no deviation from the rules laid down by his severe scholarship. If in the result he addresses himself rather to the reason than to the emotions, he reconciles us to what deficiency there may be by a sense of style—a quality for which we must be doubly grateful in days when theories of art in no way elevated above

true laws of decoration more than compensates for the sacrifice of realism and spontaneity. In other words, Mr. Poynter's work is to be best understood by those who understand it best. The artist works according to his own principles, and his natural reticence withholds him as much as the less restricted freedom of Benjamin Robert Haydon and Ford Madox Brown permitted the first often, and the second sometimes, to sink into exaggeration and even into caricature. Mr. Ruskin admitted as much when he criticised "The Festival" and "The Golden Age" (1875), though the point of his complaint was that for decoration the works were too highly

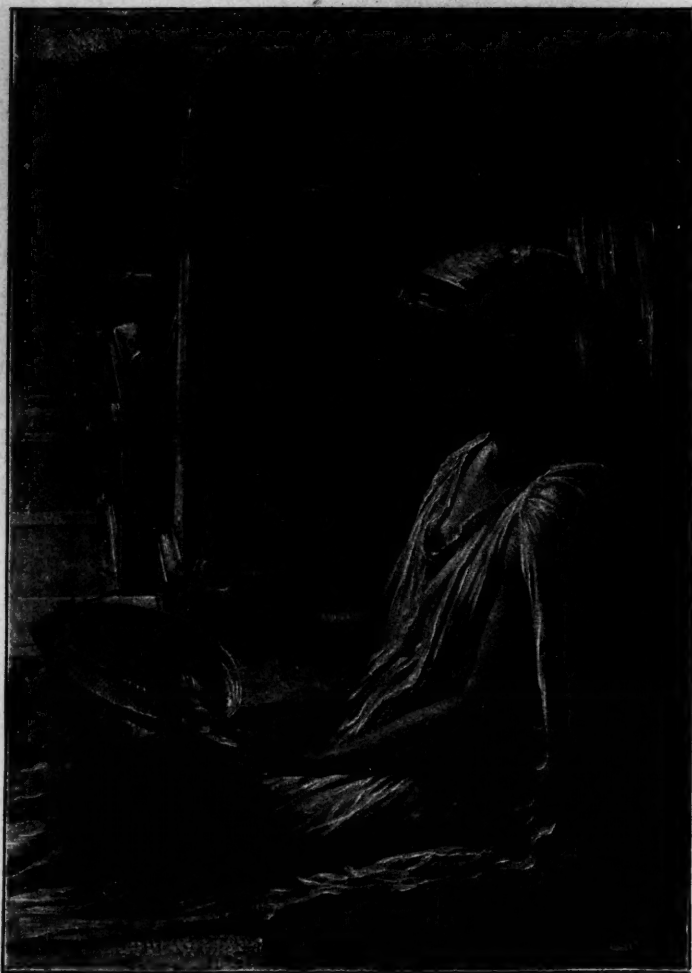
mere sensuousness are taking undue hold upon a large section of painters. It is right that the President of the Royal Academy should be Academic, and that Nature unselected should not lure him from the demands of Art.

It has been objected, with much truth, that in such pictures as "The Catapult" (1868), "Atalanta's Race" (1876), and "Nausicaa and her Maidens Playing at Ball" (1879; painted with others at Wortley Hall for Lord Wharncliffe), with all their learning, with all their epic force, the violent action is not so much real as arrested movement. The full answer is not, as some may hold, that this is the price paid for conscientious and deeply-studied drawing and for complex composition triumphantly overcome. It is that the artist's aim has been essentially decorative, and that this concession to the



IDLE FEARS. (ROYAL ACADEMY, 1894.)

(From the Painting by E. J. Poynter, P.R.A. By Permission of Lord Hillingdon.)



ON THE TERRACE. (ROYAL ACADEMY, 1889.)  
(From the Painting by E. J. Poynter, P.R.A.)

finished and carefully wrought—a relaxation of principle which he, above all others, should find it easy to condone.

"A Visit to Æsculapius" (1880), which the administrators of the Chantrey Fund wisely acquired, may be taken as the fullest expression of Mr. Poynter,

and the justification of his principles and methods. But other pictures have equally been painted by him with a purpose. The "Diadumenè" (1884)—obviously inspired by Polyclethus' statue of a youth binding his hair with a fillet—was a distinct and challenging attempt to proclaim in England the Greek aspect of the nude; but it succeeded chiefly in challenging Mr. Horsley's foolish protestations and rousing the hostility of a public of unseemly prudes. Frankly, the picture is not so successful in point of grace as others of Mr. Poynter's figures, and, indeed, it no longer exists in its earlier condition; but it is a statement of the painter's view of art—a championship of neo-classicism in its highest form. "The Meeting of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba" was a return to his earlier dramatic spirit, signifying no change in artistic principle.

It is hardly necessary to refer to Mr. Poynter's fine water-colour portraits and landscapes, or to his labours in other fields. They all bear witness to the downright honesty of the artist and the big-mindedness of the man. Mr. Poynter has not yet proclaimed, as far as we are aware, that generous catholicity towards all forms of modern thought that animated

Lord Leighton and Sir John Millais. It needs but this to bring around him not only the members of his own institution and the adherents of his artistic cause, but all the artists in the kingdom, who would see in him not only the nominal, but the actual head of British art.



MR. POYNTER'S DESIGNS FOR COINAGE



CYMON AND IPHIGENIA

(By Lord Leighton, P.R.A. By Permission of the Fine Art Society.)

## THE COLLECTION OF MR. W. CUTHBERT QUILTER, M.P.

### THE MODERN ENGLISH MASTERS.—I.

By F. G. STEPHENS.

IN his London and country houses this most catholic of amateurs possesses a number of modern masterpieces the merits of which form a whole inferior to none in England. In addition, he owns a smaller gathering of ancient works, all of excellent quality, some of them being as rare as they are fine. So rich are these galleries that, within the space at my disposal, it is hardly possible, even with the most brilliant and faithful illustrations, to do anything like justice to any but the best members of a category every element of which is of the choicest kind. Thus an embarrassment of artistic riches stringently compels the critic to restrain his hand.

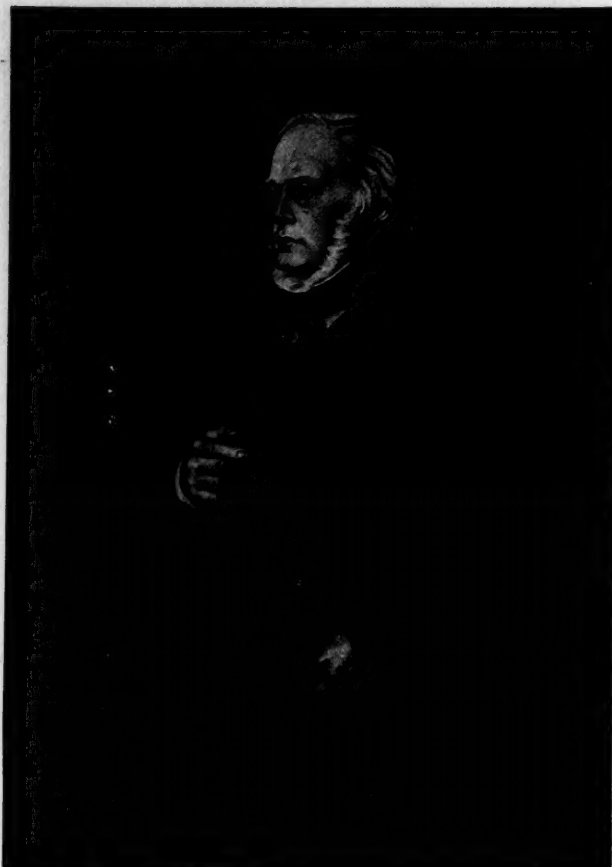
Truly it is an embarrassment, though not surplusage, of treasures which one has to deal with when there are in question Leighton's "Cymon and Iphigenia," Rossetti's "La Bella Mano," Mr. Herkomer's "Last Muster," Millais' "Murthly Moss," "Joan of Arc," and "John Bright," F. Walker's "Bathers," Mr. Briton Riviere's "Magician's Doorway," Landseer's "Titania and Bottom," F. Lewis's "Lilium Auratum," Mr. Holman Hunt's "Scapegoat," and Mr. Gow's "Requisitionists." These are the leading English examples now installed at South Audley Street, and with them are capital specimens of the powers of C. F. Daubigny, Corot, J. F. Millet, and Van Haanen, and several other Continental masters of the modern strain, besides a

thoroughly characteristic Frank Hals, a Velazquez, and various old pictures. With the first group, confining these notes to some of the greater men of my own time, this paper will deal.

The reader who is familiar with Academy exhibitions of the last generation will recognise in each of the pieces named above a powerful and representative specimen of its author. In short, it would be difficult to select a group more fit and exact in that respect than this one; while on "The Last Muster," "The Bathers," and "The Requisitionists," the reputations of their respective painters may be said to be worthily founded. As to the first of these, it is veritably Mr. Herkomer's *chef-d'œuvre*, a word which—although the terms are often used as if they were of equal value—does not by any means necessarily imply the same thing as a masterpiece of art at large. But "The Last Muster" is, indeed, such a masterpiece, and a great work of that grave and intensely pathetic sort in which poetic minds delight, and which (in England especially) carries all the world before it. Fred Walker's picture is, apart from its energetic and virile conception and excellent design, one of the best modern triumphs of that graceful sort of realism which aims to succeed in depicting human flesh, or, as skilled critics say, the carnations, from "the life," according to Nature, and in sunlight. In this respect no one has succeeded better than the youth (for such



was Walker when he painted "The Bathers") who, with exquisite skill and delicacy of perception, and with indomitable patience to boot, put his nude models in the open-air when the atmosphere was surcharged with light, and, without sacrificing an iota of Nature's



JOHN BRIGHT.

(By Sir J. E. Millais, P.R.A.)

harmony, painted what he saw. This was a task of such prodigious difficulty as few but technically trained observers can adequately appreciate. As a work of art *per se*, not any of the ablest veterans might be ashamed to own "The Bathers" as a triumph of its kind. As a piece of realism, it is of the very highest rank, so that, while nothing could be broader, more in keeping with itself and its subject, or purer, it is incomparably truer to Nature than the insolent vulgarities of certain French "Impressionists" of the modern school. That these worthies could not have seen such things as they were pleased to paint is manifest to all who know the most obvious laws of light and colour, and can appreciate the classic forms and natural grace of Walker's naked boys.

As to "The Requisitionists," the third of this triad of "foundation pictures," the reader will not fail to see in it one of the ablest and most successful outcomings of that brilliant school of which, in our country not less than in his own, Meissonier was the founder and greatest light. This work, of which a first-rate reproduction is before us, fairly established the reputation of the artist when (painted in the year before) it occupied a leading place in the gallery of the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, 1879. Mr. Gow, who began to exhibit in 1866, reached his present level with "A Requisition," as this relatively small example of his art was then called, which fully illustrates the best qualities of the school in question. This the reader will see for himself who tests the scrupulous care with which every detail in the work has been carried out, from the poising of the feathers in the soldiers' hats to the foreshortening of the boots of the old man in the foreground on our left, as well as the trappings of the horses throughout. The design is as clever as the execution is exact; nor is the former in the least degree deficient in spontaneity, although the most scrupulous thoughtfulness and a rarely sympathetic vein of invention pervade the scene. The helplessness of the miller could hardly be better rendered than in his entire lack of confidence in the value of the document presented to him in exchange for the flour—his customers' flour, by the way—to carry off which his visitors have considerably provided the waggon we see in the rear of the party. The French school, in which Mr. Gow was trained, is extremely prolific of work of this sort, but, except by means of its first-hands,

seldom justifies itself so well as in the present case. In England, and by English artists, military themes are mostly treated in a manner which affirms the astounding ineptitude and incapacity of the natives who attempt them; and, most of all, their insufficiency, when that sardonic humour in which "A Requisition" excels is desirable.

When we turn from Mr. Gow's capital piece to Rossetti's magnificent performance—the superbly painted and loftily inspired "La Bella Mano," of which a good engraving is before the reader—it is as if we passed into a new world of imagination, enjoyed a pure atmosphere of thought, reaped the fruits of centuries of culture, and, so to say, became members of a race which sets the highest value upon beauty of form, splendour of colour, and grace of movement,



LA BELLA MANO.

(By D. G. Rossetti. Engraved by J. M. Johnston.)

and rejoices in that spiritual ardour which knows no bonds of Heaven nor Earth, but, in its irresistible though indefinable charm, is—

"Like an Æolian harp that wakes  
No certain air, but overtakes  
Far thought with music that it makes."

Of course the title of this picture of the Lady with the Beautiful Hand is a mere nominal convenience, such as every work—however soaring its motives

"The Beloved," and its not distant competitor, the painted poem we all know as "Proserpina." The model employed in this instance was Miss Alexa Wilding, whose head and stately presence surpass in the nobility of their charm, as well as in the amplitude of their absolute and classic beauty, the best qualities of any of his numerous sitters, diversely lovely as most of them were. She had sat to many artists before Rossetti monopolised her sumptuous charms and statuesque dignity, but none among



THE CHALLENGE.

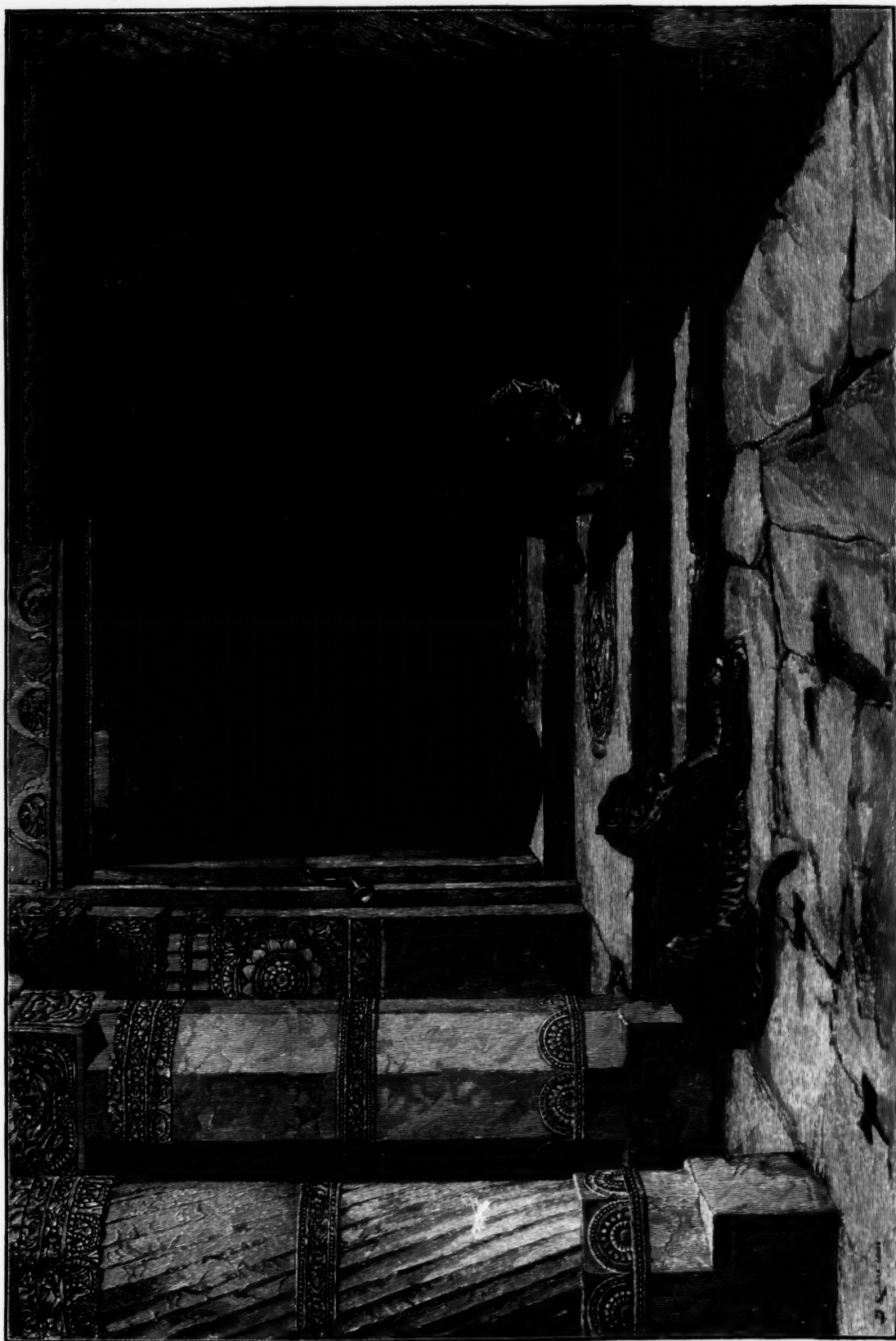
(By W. Q. Orchardson, R.A.)

are—must needs be accompanied by. All it signifies is, in fact, that the masterpiece is not an "illustration," or, if possessed of a meaning such as anecdotic art is wont to aim at, it is such as the "spiritual ardour" of the painter desired sympathies for, but no more cared to analyse or describe than he would attempt so to deal with the melody of the late Laureate's Æolian harp itself. Designed in 1875, and painted shortly after that date, "La Bella Mano" belongs to the finest epoch of Rossetti's mystical or imaginative mood. This is the period of the "Venus Astarte," "The Sea-Spell," "The Blessed Damsel," and the almost equally lovely "Veronica Veronese." All of these are, too, technically speaking, examples of the artist's most mature and finished methods, and affirm the perfection of his pictorial craftsmanship. Of "imagination all compact," the jewel now before us rivals in that respect Rossetti's greatest efforts, which are, I think, that veritable *chef-d'œuvre*

these students were so fortunate as my old friend proved himself to be when "Mona Vanna," "Veronica Veronese," "La Ghirlandata," "The Sea-Spell," and other fine pieces, came from his hands. She sat to him last as "The Roman Widow," an intensely sad and moving work, the *morne* pathos of which was deepened by the evident decline of the once magnificently beautiful model.

On the frame of the picture there is written a sonnet composed by the painter himself, which may be quoted here as a fit accompaniment to the engraving before us :—

"O lovely hand, that thy sweet self dost lave  
In that thy pure and proper element,  
Where erst the Lady of Love's high advent  
Was born, and endless fires sprang from the wave :—  
Even as her Loves to her their offerings gave,  
For thee the jewelled gifts they bear ; while each  
Looks to those lips, of music-measured speech  
The fount, and of more bliss than man may crave



THE MAGICIAN'S DOORWAY.  
(By Briton Riviere, R.A. Engraved by J. M. Johnston.)





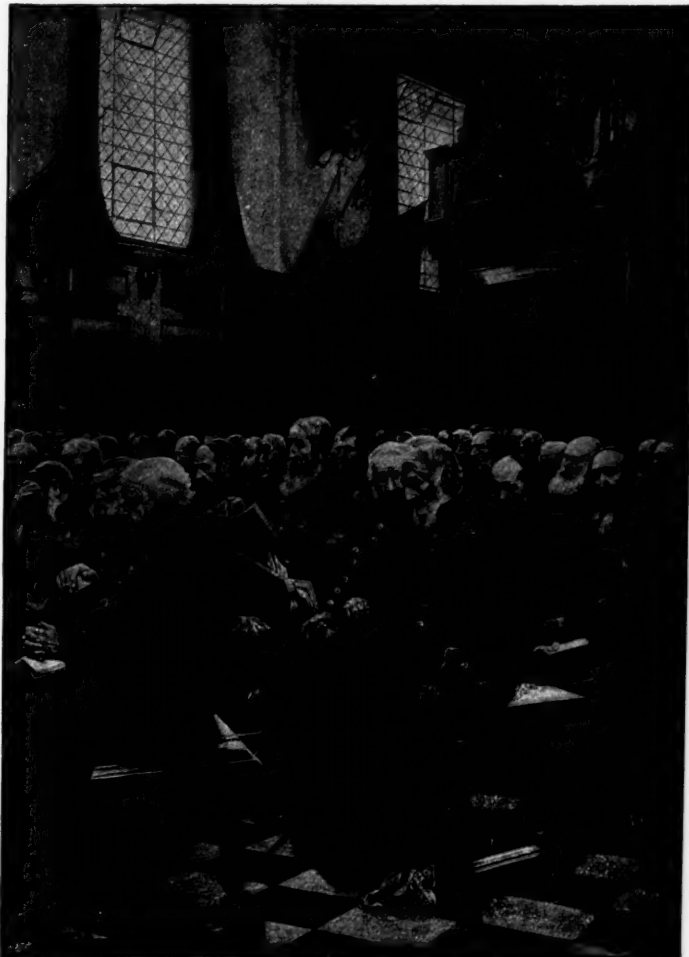
"In royal wise ring-girt and bracelet-spann'd,  
A flower of Venus' own virginity,  
Go shine among thy sisterly sweet band;  
In maiden-minded converse delicately  
Evermore white and soft; until thou be  
O hand! heart-handsel'd in a lover's hand

So far Rossetti's versed illustration of his picture. As, when, in 1875, I wrote for the *Athenæum* (No. 24,941) a long notice of this and other masterpieces of his, the historical portions of which were verified by himself, it will be desirable to add from that criticism the fact that "La Bella Mano" is simply a painter's fancy, and almost entirely dependent on pictorial qualities. The lady is washing her hands at a cistern and basin of brass, where two white-robed and red-winged Loves are in attendance, one holding the towel in readiness, the other having on a silver tray the adornments destined for her "bella mano." The sentiment of the design lies in her face, and is discoverable in the light of a woman's hope which fills the eyes, has given a warmer rose-tint to the full and slightly parted lips, that are red in their full vitality, and, as the abundant noble bosom is, voluptuous, not luscious. This picture was at the Academy in the winter of 1883, just after Rossetti's death.

If Professor Herkomer had painted nothing else than "The Last Muster" his immortality as a designer of fresh and profoundly pathetic subjects would be assured: such being the case, it is not to be wondered at that he has never conceived nor executed another picture which, in its inventive as well as its technical qualities, approaches that very noble example. The scene is the chapel of Chelsea Hospital during divine service, where the inmates have assembled, and, with admirably diversified and apt expressions and characteristic attitudes, listen to the chaplain's discourse. They are the survivors of many a hardly fought field, of many a year's faithful and valorous duty. One of them has answered the great roll-call of another Service, and the comrade on his right, observing the stillness of the frame from which the spirit had departed, anxiously touches the cold and helpless wrist at his side. This piece, the "first thought" of which

appeared in *The Graphic* newspaper, was at the Academy in 1875.

One of the late Lord Leighton's finest and most representative pictures is "Cymon and Iphigenia" (R.A. 1884), in which Leighton, with that noble sort of voluptuousness in which his essentially classic, highly cultured, and passionate art excelled, depicted the "noblest nymph of all Diana's train"



THE LAST MUSTER.

(By Hubert Herkomer, R.A.)

sleeping amid her companions under a huge oak—an outpost of the forest where they hunted from "twilight dawn to twilight eve." The latest glow of a summer's night flushes the loveliness of the damsel, reveals her statue-like form extended in amplest of marble-like draperies, and lingers on her stately shape and face; the golden mystery of the low large moon that is rising at full strikes along the champaign and, contending with the sun, will soon prevail. Cymon, the swain who till

this moment had contemned the power of Venus and avoided maids and nymphs alike, coming upon this bevy of fair huntresses, is, by Iphigenia's charms, compelled to resist no more. Here we have the *ne plus ultra* of Academicism, a crowning triumph of cultured art at its best, faultlessly and completely in harmony with itself—a really glorious piece, to refuse to admire which is to convict ourselves of ignorance and a barbarous sort of prejudice. In it everything that culture can do for painting Leighton bestowed—such is his prodigious achievement of 1884. Only two other pictures of the late President's can hope to rival "Cymon and Iphigenia."

In "The Magician's Doorway" we have Mr. Briton Riviere at his best. In this impressive Oriental romance—of which the architecture represents the Indian version of what, for want of a better name, we are wont to call Gothic art—there are all the awe-inspiring elements of Eastern necromancy; the palace-like and magnificent structure of white stone has a portal carved with emblems of half-forgotten meanings; the long vista between

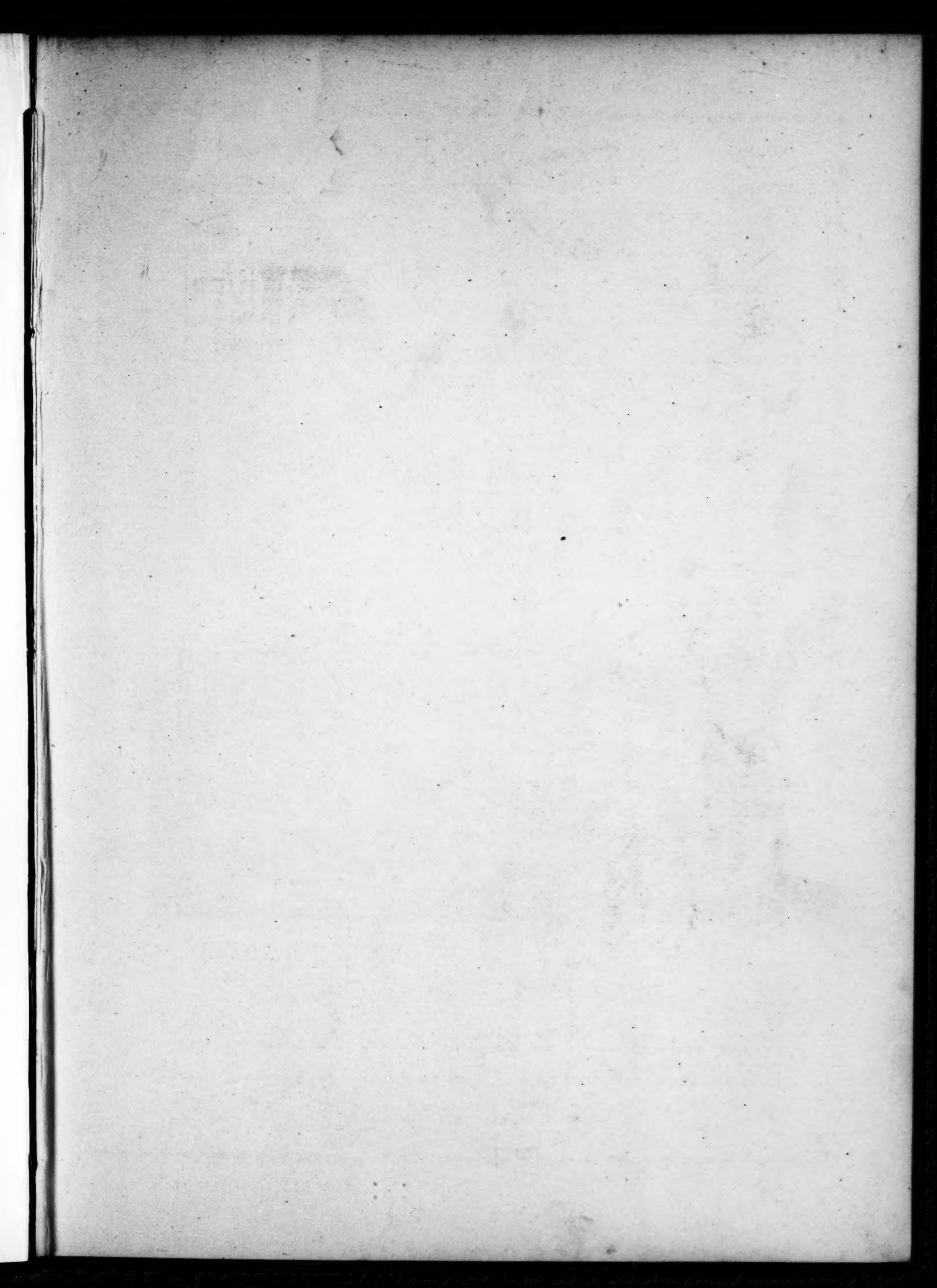
columns of serpentine and porphyry opens its gloomy depths, baffles our view, and hints at silent and mysterious chambers far apart where a wizard of unknown name and terrible power exercises his will, and, as he pleases, conceals or reveals the future—who can tell? The guardians of the doorway, which few approach, seem to be a pair of cheetahs, or Indian hunting leopards; but only the painter knows whether they are demons who, with soundless feet, pace the long dark corridor before us, or, sleepless, but motionless, crouch on the sunlit, immemorial marble of the gate.

Mr. Orchardson's capital picture called "The Challenge" tells its own tale with fortunate force and skill. Sir John Millais' "Portrait of Mr. John Bright" is one of the greatest pieces of portraiture of one of the greatest artists of the age in this country. Neither Vandyck nor Velazquez produced a truer, more powerful, or more masculine example of its kind than this, and, perhaps, that which is unsurpassed by any of the late President's portraits, the veritable *chef-d'œuvre* of his work, the surpassing "Mr. Hook, R.A."



THE BATHERS.

(By Fred Walker, A.R.A. By Permission of Messrs. T. Agnew and Sons.)





Magazine of Art.



A.C. 50w. R.A., Pina

A.C. 50w  
1874

In the Collection of W. Gilbert Giffen, Esq., M.A.

REQUISITIONISTS.







IRON BALUSTRADE AT THE CONSERVATIVE CLUB, GLASGOW. (R. W. Edis, Architect.)

## MR. STARKIE GARDNER AND HIS WORK.

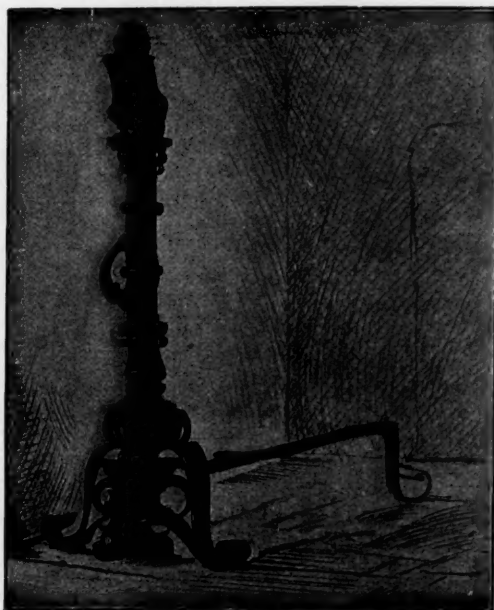
BY WALTER SHAW SPARROW. ILLUSTRATED BY MR. STARKIE GARDNER.

THERE is a very unusual diversity of interests in the daily life of Mr. J. Starkie Gardner. Here Commerce and Archæology are always the friendliest of near neighbours to each other; here Literature finds that practical affairs amuse her, and that she cannot be discordant with Mechanics; and here, too, in spite of the cold influences of a materialist generation, Art and Science go quite lovingly hand in hand. Were it not for this really touching friendship between Science and Art, one might think, without any great extravagance, that what is best in the South Kensington Museum had found its way, somehow, into the busy, versatile mind of Mr. Starkie Gardner.

These interests are all noteworthy, but there are three which attract us specially at the present moment: those, namely, which centre about the artist's doings in the triple capacity of art writer, employer of the best skilled craftsmen, and designer in iron, copper, tin, pewter, and brass. These industrial arts are often seen in company with those other aristocratic ones which we denominate "fine." It is then we perceive clearly that they are mere drudges, slaves of our utilitarian needs. This is why they are

usually marked by hard, unpliant mannerisms, formal-looking and mechanical. In no art is it easy to keep clear of mannered peculiarities of style, and certainly there are not many men who often succeed in expressing strength without strain, and delicacy without insipidness. But the real point is that the difficulty of acquiring such essential qualities increases in proportion as the artist's sphere of liberty diminishes; and, therefore, it is far easier to work well under the guidance of one's own will and criticisms, than to rival Mr. Gardner in the daily task of reconciling one's handiwork with a given style in

architecture and a given set of decorative requirements and restraints. This important truth may be expressed in another way. There is in all fine architecture a very wise and logical orchestration of many independent arts acting and re-acting on each other: hence Goethe likened such architecture to instrumented music in a frozen form. The architect figures here, on this reading, as a kind of bandmaster, whose office it is never to allow his useful minor instruments to become aggressive. It is not his business to remember that strong active talents seek



FIRE-DOG AT SHIPLAKE COURT. (Ernest George, Architect.)



liberty with as much naturalness as trees in a forest shoot up to meet the sunlight. He must be a disciplinarian; then all his instruments will answer

readily to his will. As a result of this exasperating training, the best talents, as a rule, become Protean; and as soon as they have found several outlets for their shaping energies they cease to vie with the violins in the architect's "frozen music."

The foregoing remarks are all emphatically true of Mr. Gardner, whose art in iron is usually characterised by a unity of effect and a vigour and variety of appeal which are never in the least flamboyant.

Also this

art carries within it a certain personal impress, a token of the artist's personality that is seldom met with in modern ironwork. It was Professor A. H. Church who first called attention to this quality. "It constitutes," said he, "the signature of the artist, not the trade-mark of the manufacturer; it is the *cachet* of the studio rather than the label of the factory." True: only one must add that it is the learned *cachet* of a studio in which the past greatness of the art of iron-smithery is reflected, is renewed, in a good many original designs. It is thus that Mr. Gardner touches us with a sense of other times and their artistic wealth; and in doing so, he should remind us, I think, of Lowell's definition of artistic originality. This kind of originality is neither cleverness run wild, nor freakishness; these are but its

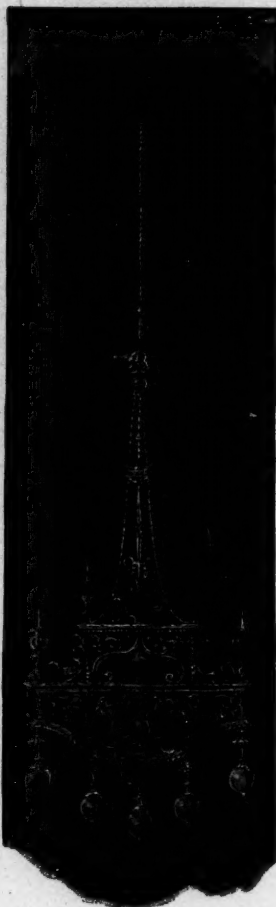
latter-day substitutes. It is a singular personal charm showing through and modifying the influence of culture, contemporary thought, and birthright traditions upon a poetic mind and a sensitive temperament. In our own day, this truth should never be forgotten, for the curse of England is that so many of her most gifted children work too much with their hands and too little with their heads. This is the case, above all, with the subaltern craftsmen; and for this reason, and no other, Mr. Gardner, like Mr. Walter Crane, longs to bring about a revival of the Art-and-Craft Guilds. He

sees plainly enough, of course, that such institutions have too many drawbacks to lead to one-half the advantages which their least thoughtful advocates foreshow. They might easily become centres of discord, trades-unions; and already the wages earned by some of our skilled workmen are so high, that it is cheaper to import marble mantelpieces from Belgium than to have them made

in this country. The shop-keeper in the English artistic temperament needs no encouragement of any kind; what he does need is training, culture, and honesty of purpose; and these things might be gained in such guilds as would welcome the art worker in all kinds, from the painter and the architect down to the least expert of Mr. Gardner's



DESIGN FOR ELECTRIC  
LIGHT FITTING.



DESIGN FOR ELECTRIC  
LIGHT FITTING.

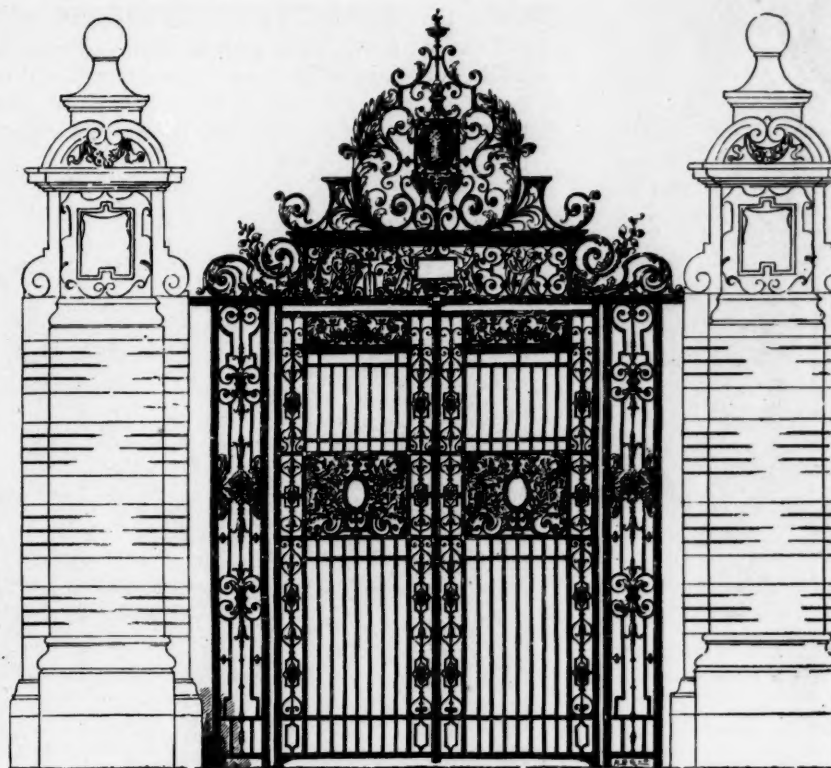


DESIGN FOR HANGING  
ELECTRIC LAMP.

many assistants. To bring masters and men more sympathetically in touch with one another would be the sovereign aim and use of these ideal associations; for nothing so much tends to ruin British industries, to turn the working masses into self-destroying striking classes, as the prevailing ignorance of economic principles which sets the craftsman at variance with his employer. The goose is killed by the act of forcing her to supply so many

not only of the best contemporary work, but also of fine old masterpieces.

Perhaps none of us will live to see this dream of guilds realised in any country. In the meantime, however, Mr. Gardner has set before himself the duty of bequeathing to his craft his present factory on the Albert Embankment, Lambeth, in order that it may serve in times to come as a central-registry office, where men will seek work,



GATES AT NORTH MYMMS, HERTS. (Ernest George, Architect.)

ignorant egoists with too many golden eggs every week. This commonplace cannot be impressed often enough upon the national mind; and Mr. Gardner believes that those ideal guilds, those truly democratic brotherhoods of art workers in all lines, would not fail to encourage such free discussions as would centre about the economic considerations by which the welfare of every industry is determined. Also their directors, for the purpose of stimulating interest in the various arts and crafts, might feel called upon to employ a certain number of travelling lecturers, selecting them by examination from among the members, and setting them to deal with each subject in its technical and utilitarian aspects, no less than from an historical point of view. Here we have in some sort a liberal education; for a large boxful of magic-lantern slides would be a portable exhibition,

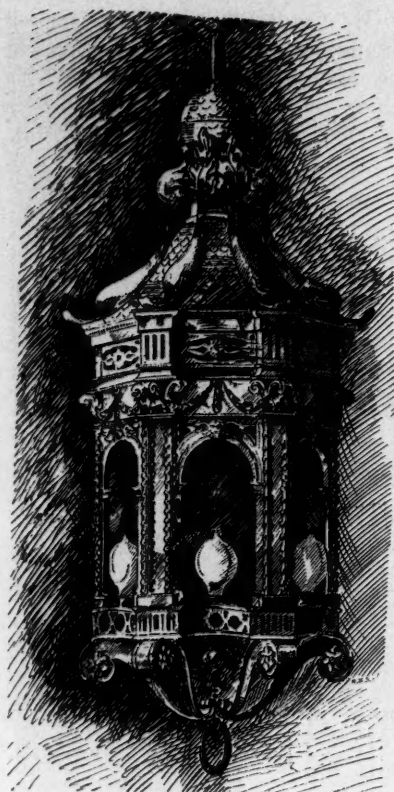
read the papers, and consult an invaluable library of books dealing with the metallurgical arts. The library is, truly, an inexhaustible treasury of design, and hence its value to the student is inestimable. I have glanced through some of its great bulky tomes, with their curt, suggestive notes, their original drawings, their recent photographs, and time-worn prints and engravings. Each volume deals with a particular period and style, and the whole collection strikes me as being the most interesting result of Mr. Gardner's unflagging industry and delight in research.

It is true to say, I think, that our artist's factory is a school. There, for instance, the apprentice and the smith never grow mechanical—partly because Mr. Gardner never repeats himself in his designs; partly because no machinery is used there. The

quality by which Mr. Gardner puts the greatest store is that continued novelty, that infinite variety of character, which nature has given to the leaves

of the same tree, and by which an artist-hand invariably enriches all its repetitions of the selfsame scroll, or

friend. Nevertheless his art is returning slowly into vogue, Mr. Gardner tells me. Professor Herkomer, in some big doors at Bushey, as well as in other ways, has made admirable use of pewter contrasted with brass; and another artist has modelled the alloy into exquisitely delicate finger-bowls, in imitation of scallop-shells. That pewter would be effective in a highly-wrought lamp, we may judge from Mr. Gardner's design (p. 134); and Mr. H. J. L. J. Massé, Secretary of the Art Workers' Guild, has made a fender overlaid with it. The effect is good, though perhaps the metal is too soft not to be injured by careless servants who will make the fire-irons ring. It is a plain fender made of four-inch square yellow pine, halved and



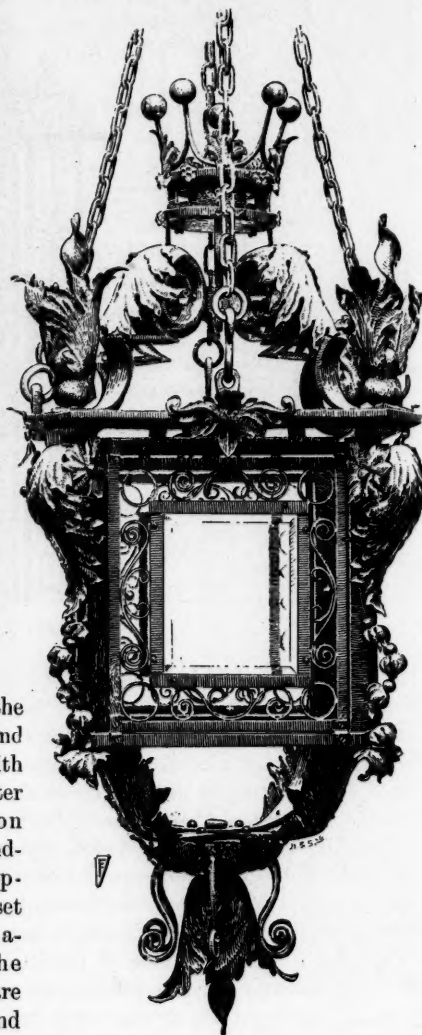
BLACK IRON AND IVORY LAMP.  
(For a House in Berkeley Square.)

leaf, or piece of diapered tracery in ironwork. Then, again, there is an education of the progressive kind in all such fanciful work, when not interrupted by long periods of forced idleness owing to bad trade; and it is Mr. Gardner's happy lot to be "in full swing" all the year round. His present works were started in the year 1882; in 1886 they came under his sole management and direction; and already many of his helpers have become his rivals, but without ceasing to be his friends.

I have already referred, in passing, to the interest taken by Mr. Gardner in the pewterer's craft. The pewterer was once a necessary servant of kings and popes, of princes and nobles; afterwards, as soon as more precious metals came into fashion, we behold him as "the potter of the community;" which lowly title he held with dignity till his clients began to forget that cheap crockery would be dearer in the long-run than his unbreakable, silvery wares. In our own times the publican is his only true



DESIGN FOR A SIDE-LIGHT.



LAMP AT THE LEATHER-SELLERS' HALL.

bolted at the corners, and covered with good pewter nailed on with round-headed copper nails set an inch apart. The corners are mitred and studded with a double row of nails. It were easy to allude to other experiments, but enough has been said to show that Mr.



Gardner's lecture on the history and the uses of pewter, delivered two years ago before the Society of Arts, set a good many people thinking and experimenting. Indeed, a handbook on the subject, commissioned shortly afterwards, will soon go to press.

Science is usually supposed to be an enemy to the artistic part of a man's nature, but Mr. Gardner believes that his early studies as a geologist, and especially as an enthusiastic collector of fossil plants

that he had always a kind of hereditary claim to rank as a collector of the first grade. His mother, for instance, devoted her life to the gathering together of humming-birds and butterflies, and of so many corals that they filled three bays at the Fisheries Exhibition; while his father spent every leisure hour in hunting after drawings and prints descriptive of Old London. Surely very few artists have been so fortunate in their early circumstances.



DESIGN FOR A BALUSTRADE.

and shells, taught him instantly to discern those innate characteristics by which very similar styles, like very similar shells, are set apart from one another. The shells, moreover, with their delicate curves, their fanning and their spirals, not only charmed him by their diverse beauty, but stored his mind with a valuable stock of natural forms, replete with decorative suggestiveness.

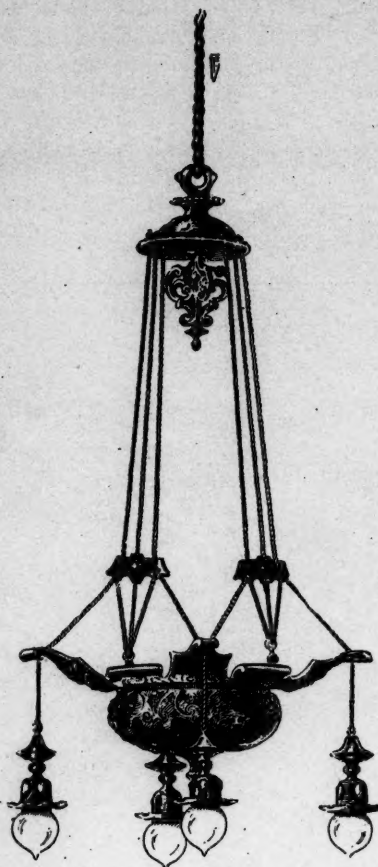
It is about fifteen years ago since Mr. Gardner drifted into his present career with its grave responsibilities, adding £1,600 to his capital by selling his fine collection of fossil plants and shells to the British Museum. But the old days of science, of rough wanderings in the bleak Isle of Mull, in the north of Ireland, and elsewhere, searching for specimens, are still the happiest days of his laborious and useful life. And one gathers from his conversation

Probably none of Mr. Gardner's many doings has made his name so familiar as his success in winning for good ironwork a place in the South Kensington Museum. The authorities, true to their own tastes and temperaments, had given the back to this old art, and I know not how many venerable church-doors in the country, richly covered with ornamental hinges, were allowed to be villainously repaired and ruined. Even a singularly beautiful screen at Chichester was pulled down and broken into fragments. One piece found its way to a neighbouring smithy, where Mr. Gardner sketched it; while drawings of other parts are now published in America. Seven or eight years ago, the South Kensington Museum possessed only two examples of ancient English ironwork, and these we owed in part to Mr. Gardner, who has since added repro-



ductions of several other antique specimens; also it was in his *atelier* that a duplicate of the famous Eleanor grille, in Westminster Abbey, was made for the Science and Art Department. The cost of the replica was of a piece with the original cost, regard being paid to the relative value of money. The grill was made by Thomas de Leightone, in 1294, "at a cost of £13, a sum equalling £180 of our money;" and thus it is clear that the wages commanded by skilled labour do not improve by leaps and bounds. One more fact. The present collection of ironwork at South Kensington was in great measure arranged under the superintendence of Mr. Starkie Gardner.

There is no room here for many remarks on the artist's writings. The handbook on "Ironwork," published for the Committee of Council for Education, treats of the subject from the earliest times down to the end of the Middle Ages. It is a most interesting and important work, written in a vigorous style, simple, easy, unpretentious, and swift. Mr. Gardner has contrived to convey a great deal of knowledge in little space, and we never feel that he is labouring and ill at ease. There is a second volume in the press, dealing mainly with the Renaissance abroad, and a third volume will introduce us to the various English schools of iron-smithery, both new and old.



DESIGN FOR A PEWTER ELECTRIC LAMP.

The distinguishing characteristics of Mr. Gardner's ironwork have already been pointed out; and I cannot think that any remarks of mine would either add to the beauty of the gates which are so well illustrated in these pages, or make that beauty clear to anyone who cannot perceive it for himself. It were a pleasant task, no doubt, to describe the various interesting processes by which great masses of rough iron were transformed into a finished work of art. But such matter would be out of place in a biographical study; and so it is in another paper that one must treat of the history of the making of an iron gate.

Some of the other illustrations will, it is to be hoped, serve the useful purpose of causing many to feel dissatisfied with their own ungainly lamps, lanterns, and coronæ for electric light. The lamps now in vogue in most homes in the country may well be hidden from view under shades so enormous that poor vagrant moths lose their way upon

them, grow scared, and quite forget that their real adventure was to burn themselves to death. It is a pity this unnatural forgetfulness should be encouraged. The lamp's the thing, not the shade, and we may be sure that a really beautiful lamp, which no one could screen from sight, would be as attractive to moths as to critics of art.

## "PERSIMMON."

DRAWN AND ENGRAVED BY W. N. P. NICHOLSON.

THERE are many, doubtless, who will regard this study by Mr. W. N. P. Nicholson as a joke. As a matter of fact, it is intended as nothing of the kind. Its archaic simplicity is genuine and sincere, and to artists there is that in it which, for all its primitiveness of wood-cutting, will appeal as a genuine expression. Mr. Nicholson—one of the so-called "Beggartaff Brothers," whose original and eccentric posters are so well known—one day determined to draw the Prince of Wales's celebrated horse and to engrave the wood-block with his own hand:

his first attempt. The elementary character of the engraving, therefore, may be assumption, but it is certainly not affectation. It is needless to call attention to the fine drawing of the horse, nor to the quaintness of the arrangement; nor even to apologise for the presentation of this impression to the readers of THE MAGAZINE OF ART. It is included as one form of modern Decadence, highly relished and applauded in some quarters, which, immature though it may be, is interesting for its cleverness in some measure, but most of all as a sign of the times.







Owner and Breeder: W. B. F. Whitcomb









THE AYR ABOVE MUIRKIRK.

## THE RIVER AYR.

By W. MATTHEWS GILBERT. ILLUSTRATED BY S. REID.

AYRSHIRE is a county of renown in Scottish story. Its seaboard, laved by the waters of the Firth of Clyde, was the scene of fierce conflict between the early marauding Danes and its Celtic inhabitants; it was associated with the War of Independence in the fourteenth century, and gave to Scotland its great liberator, Robert Bruce. Later, its mosses and moors were the arena of controversy and death between the Covenanters and the dragoons of Charles II., who sought to force Episcopacy upon a Presbyterian population at the sword's point; while to come down to our own time and to more prosaic affairs, it is the county whose farmers have brought dairy husbandry to its greatest perfection, and whose holms and straths pasture a breed of milch cows of world-wide fame.

But, transcendently, Ayrshire is renowned as the Land of Burns. It was there, in the "auld clay biggin," near Alloway Kirk, that the great Scottish poet first saw the light; his youth and early manhood were passed within its borders; it was at Moss-giel, near the winding Ayr, where the best of his poems and love-songs were written. A hundred years have passed since the death of the poet, and we have celebrated the centenary year of that tragic event. Despite many failings of the flesh due to an ill-balanced artistic temperament, Burns to-day is accorded by his countrymen a heart-whole love which no other Scotsman has ever received. His name is intertwined with the national life in a way

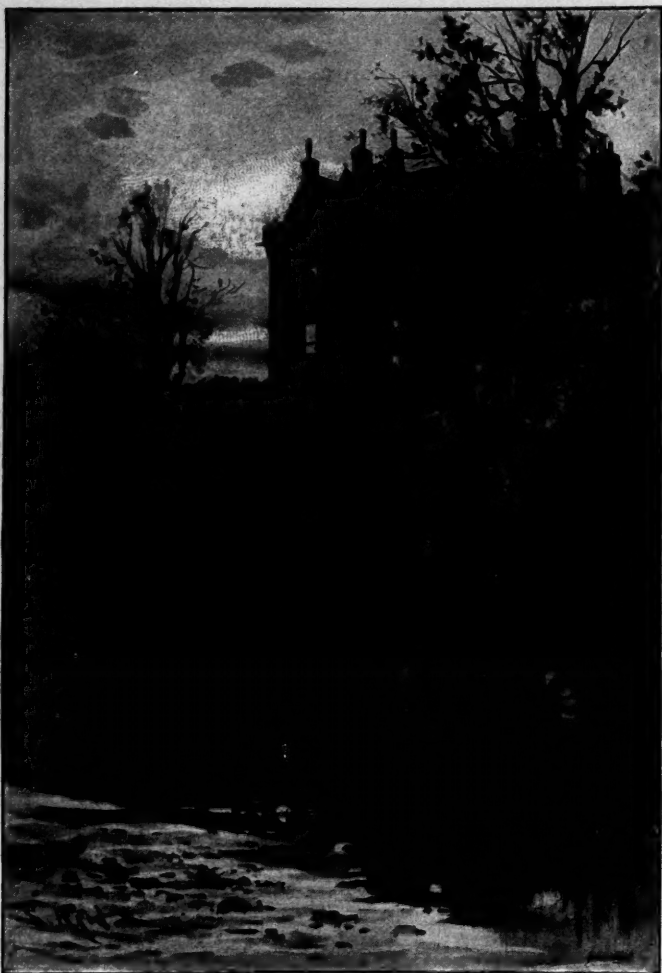
which few strangers can appreciate; and his early homes and haunts have become as sacred shrines.

The rivers Ayr and Doon, which flow through the county, are in themselves objects of much natural beauty. From the hills to the sea they wind through diversified and picturesque scenery. They come from upland moors and solitudes, disturbed only by sheep or grouse; they rush their foaming torrents through deeply-wooded ravines and between tree-clad rocky heights; they water fertile meadows where the milch kine feed, and flow gently to the sea, past smiling homesteads, and ancient castles, whose traditions are of fratricidal feuds between branches of the powerful family of Kennedy, once supreme in the shire. But Burns by the witchery of his art has cast over them a magic spell of a more enduring nature than those associated with the lore of the antiquary.

In an address to a brother rhymester, William Simpson, schoolmaster at Ochiltree, Burns laments that while the Forth and the Tay, the Yarrow and the Tweed, had been praised to many a tune, nobody had sung the rivers of Ayrshire, and he calls upon his poetic friend to help him to remedy this defect—

"Th' Illisus, Tiber, Thames an' Seine  
Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line  
But, Willie, set your fit to mine,  
An' cock your crest,  
We'll gar our streams and burnies shine  
Up wi' the best."

And nobly Burns fulfilled his promise. Who has



THE AYR, SORN.

not heard of the "Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon"? and while its neighbour, the crystal Ayr—which name, by the way, "Are" or "Ayr," is Celtic for "clear," as "Doon" or "Dhun" is "dark"—has not been celebrated in any such quotable line, the poet found among its sylvan shades inspiration for some of his most charming lyrics, and interlaced its name with many a moving song of love and beauty which poured forth from his impressionable heart.

The Ayr takes its rise in the uplands of Muirkirk which march with the hill country of Lanarkshire; it runs through the broadest part of the county, cutting it into two nearly equal halves, and after a westerly course of thirty-three miles it mingles its waters with those of the Firth of Clyde at the town of Ayr. The scenery of the open moorland district through which the infant stream flows is bare and uninteresting. Forests once flourished there, but they have long since disappeared, though vestiges of giant trees are yet found in the peat

mosses by the cottar when he digs his winter fuel. The whole district, however, abounds with legends of the Covenanting times, and by many Scottish Presbyterians these are still regarded as a precious heritage.

Just over the border-line is the battle-field of Drumclog, where Claverhouse and his dragoons were on a Sunday morning in June, 1679, defeated by that determined band of Covenanters, who, with Bible in the one hand and sword in the other, had met together to worship according to the traditions of their race. The encounter took place on the farm of Drumclog, through which a small stream of the same name flows to the stately Avon.

As it nears the village of Sorn the aspect of the Ayr entirely changes. The scenery becomes rich and varied in character. Now a considerable stream, the Ayr runs in sunshine and shade, in its limpid purity, past level holms or between steep and grandly wooded banks where the birds sing their chansonnettes and the Muses love to dwell. Sorn Castle rears its grey walls amid such romantic surroundings. Dating from the fifteenth century, the castle is supposed to have been built by Andrew Hamilton, third son of Sir David Hamilton, of Cadzow, the ancestor of the premier dukes of Scotland. It passed for a

century and a half into the hands of the Earls of Loudon, and after several changes has become the property of Mr. Somervell, of Sorn, who represented the Ayr Burghs in the Parliament of 1890-2.

Approaching Barskimming, the river enters classic ground. The lands and mansion house are romantically situated on the Ayr, between two villages well known to all readers of Burns—Mauchline and Tarbolton. The banks of the stream are here charmingly wooded, and near the mansion house the Ayr has cut its way through the red sandstone rock, and runs at the bottom of a deep ravine with bold and, in some places, almost perpendicular walls, overhung with verdure. This river gorge, spanned by a bridge, and crowned by the mansion house of Barskimming, recalls one of the classic visions of Poussin or Claude. At Barskimming the Ayr is joined by the Lurgar, one of its most important tributaries, upon which is set, also amid a wealth of natural beauty, the mansion house and castle of Auchinleck,

where James Boswell entertained Dr. Johnson on his return from the Western Islands in 1773.

But more interesting still are the Braes of Ballochmyle, on the north side of the Ayr. The scenery here has a perennial charm. The river rushes over a gravelly, boulder-strewn bed, between the bold cliffs and tree-shaded banks and braes which are the favourite resort of the pic-nickers of the town of Ayr. Burns has immortalised the place in his exquisite love lyric, "The Bonnie Lass of Ballochmyle." This young lady was Miss Wilhelmína Alexander, the sister of Mr. Claude Alexander, who had then recently come into the property. The poet, who was at that time farming at Mossiel, had wandered out to the braes, to view, as he says, "Nature in all the gaiety of the vernal year." While musing on the fair scene he suddenly saw passing before him the beautiful face and form of Miss Alexander. Her loveliness stirred his fancy, and during his homeward walk he composed the song in which, with poetic licence, he so happily extols her charms:—

"'Twas even—the dewy fields were  
green,  
On every blade the pearls hang  
The zephyrs wantoned round the  
bean,  
And bore its fragrant sweets  
alang;  
In every glen the mavis sang,  
All Nature listening seemed the  
while,  
Except where greenwood echoes  
rang  
Among the braes o' Ballochmyle.

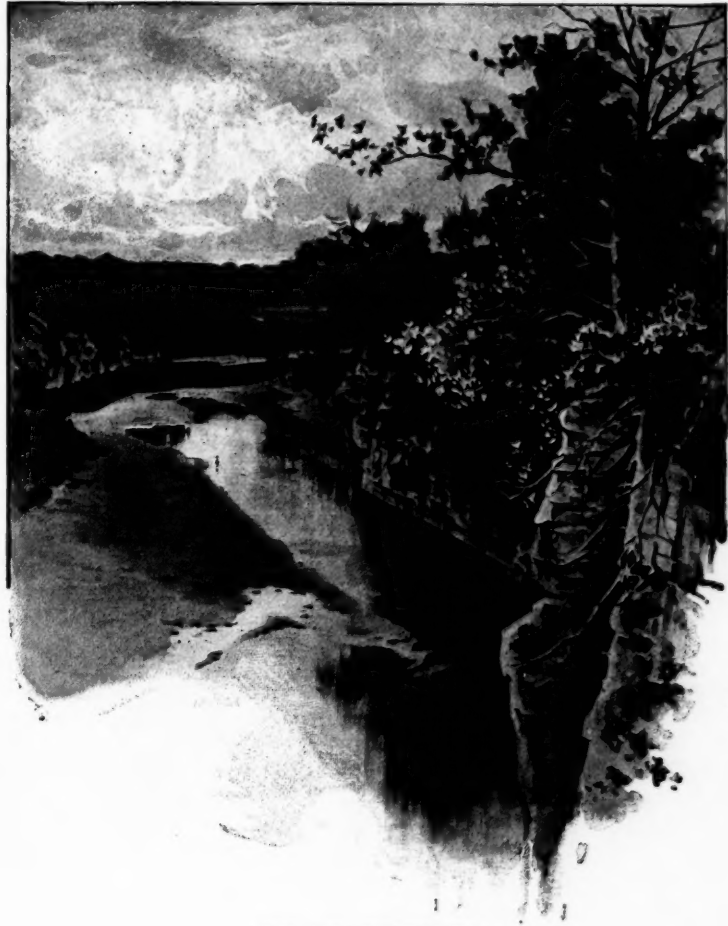
"With careless step I onward  
strayed,  
My heart rejoiced in Nature's  
joy,  
When musing in a lovely glade  
A maiden fair I chanced to  
spy:  
Her look was like the morning's  
eye  
Her air like Nature's vernal  
smile  
Perfection whispered, passing by,  
Behold the lass o' Balloch-  
myle!"

And there are other three verses equally delightful. But, alas! for the sensitive poet, the "Bonnie Lass," to whom he sent a copy of his verses, took no notice of him. Burns was only then a country swain; but reparation was done to the poet afterwards, and now a beautiful grotto marks the spot where this

inspiring vision of feminine loveliness met the view of the singer of this sweet song.

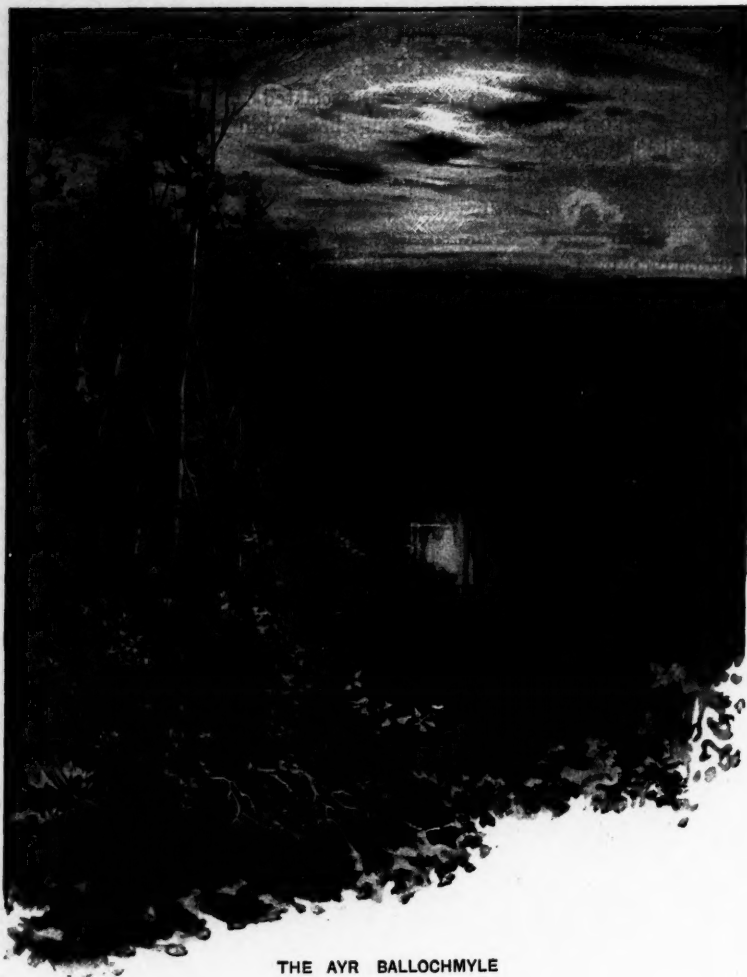
Still following the stream, we come to Coilfield, with which is associated Burns' "Highland Mary," there pursuing her humble calling as a dairy-maid. Mary Campbell inspired perhaps the purest passion that ever racked the breast of the poet. Amid classic or modern love lore, where will be found so touching a recital of the parting, which was to be for ever, of these two lovers, when, standing one on each side of a small limpid stream that flowed into the Ayr, they laved their hands in the water, and, holding a Bible between them, pronounced vows of eternal constancy? How exquisitely Burns relates the tender episode and describes the river scenery amid which it took place:—

"That sacred hour can I forget?  
Can I forget the hallowed grove  
Where by the winding Ayr we met  
To live one day of parting love?  
Eternity will not efface  
Those records dear of transports past.



THE AYR, BARSKIMMING.





THE AYR BALLOCHMYLE

Thy image at our last embrace—  
Ah, little thought we 'twas our last!

"Ayr, gurgling kissed his pebbled shore  
O'erhung with wild woods thickening green;  
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar  
Twined am'rous round the raptured scene;  
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,  
'The birds sang love on every spray;  
Till, too, too soon, the glowing west  
Proclaimed the speed of winged day."

As it flows on its way, the Ayr contributes to another scene of enchanting loveliness as it approaches Auchincruive, the seat of Mr. R. A. Oswald. This spot, too, has been rendered interesting by the pen of Burns. Mr. Richard Alexander Oswald was the laird of Auchincruive in the end of the last century. He was married to Miss Lucy Johnstone, a noted beauty of her day, whose charms also set the heart of Burns in a poetic flame. A portrait by Raeburn shows that this lady was gifted with much grace and beauty, and in her praise the poet laid at her feet

a charming poem "As the honest incense of genuine respect."

As it nears the town of Ayr, through which it flows, the river is for a time retarded by a mill weir, and, assuming a peaceful lake-like aspect, it composes itself to rest awhile before it loses itself in the sea. This tree-fringed expanse of tranquil water is known as the "Dam," which in winter, when frozen over, is a favourite resort of skaters and curlers.

Ayr itself has long been a royal burgh. Its charter dates from William the Lion, and, as to its people, have we not the word of Burns that it surpasses all other towns

"For honest men and bonnie  
lasses"?

The river is here spanned by two bridges, within a hundred yards or so of each other, one of ancient date and the other a product of the end of the last century. They are the "Twa Brigs" of Burns' famous poem, which humorously discourse with one another on the things that they have seen in their time. The "Auld Brig" especially congratulates itself that it has stood for so long the violent winter floods to which the river is subjected, when—

"From Glenbuck down to the Ratton Key  
Auld Ayr is just one lengthened, tumbling sea."

And to such spates the stream is still subject.

The estuary of the Ayr forms the harbour at which a considerable traffic is maintained by passenger and other steamers and sailing vessels. The breakwater is a delightful summer promenade, and the views seaward from it are of a charming description. The coast-line is a crescent, with Ayr in the middle, and bold headlands with ancient castles perched upon them on each side. Westward, over the waters, is the Isle of Arran with its imposing mountain peaks, and beyond the foot of the island is seen the outline of the Mull of Kintyre. The eye,



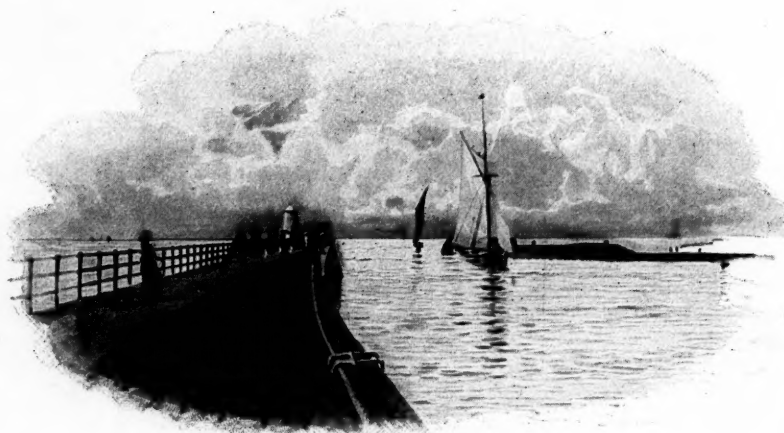
THE AVR, AUCHINCRAIVE.



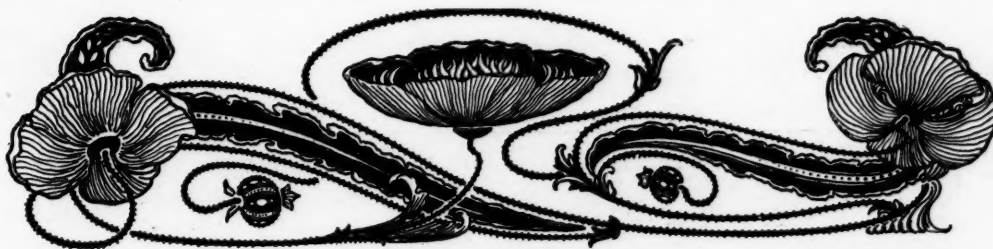
THE AYR: THE DAM.

in sunshine or in storm, can never tire looking upon a scene so picturesque and so strangely enchanting to the beholder—

“When still and dim  
The beauty-breathing hues of eve expand;  
When day's last roses fade on Ocean's brim,  
And Nature veils her brow, and chants her vesper hymn.”



AYR MOUTH.



(Drawn by Bartram Hiles.)

## DRAWN WITH THE MOUTH.

MR. BARTRAM HILES.

WE would not feel justified in placing before our readers the accompanying designs for frieze, hammered metal, wall-paper, and head- and tail-pieces, as mere curiosities and nothing more—not



BARTRAM HILES.

(Drawn by Himself.)

even as examples of what may be done in art by pluck and perseverance, but there is in the majority of them an excellent sense of design, of balance, and composition, as well as firmness of drawing and precision of touch, which warrant their inclusion in these pages on their own merits as examples of book-embellishment and other of the decorative arts, quite apart from personal considerations.

The artist, Mr. Bartram Hiles, was born in Bristol. When he was eight years old he was deprived of both his arms through a tramcar accident. Before this terrible event—a catastrophe

which would have overwhelmed most other persons—he had developed a strong passion for drawing: so strong, that the loss of arms in no way diminished his ambition to become an artist. At first the check to the gratification of his boyish tastes was to the child a cruel blow; but the idea soon occurred to him that the main difficulty would be overcome if he could educate his mouth as a holder for his pencil—for brushes were not yet hoped for. He accordingly set to work with courage and enthusiasm, and in a short time, by dint of persistent practice and perseverance, he found that he could write legibly and draw with firmness of line. Not more than two years after his accident, Mr. Hiles obtained a “first-class excellent” in the second grade for freehand (!) drawing at the school he was attending at Bristol. In due time he was sent to attend the art class, then recently formed, at the Merchant Venturers’ Technical College, Bristol. While there, he made rapid progress, successfully passing numerous



DOOR PLATE.

(Designed by Bartram Hiles.)



art examinations, the subjects *including modelling*. and the young artist's career was fairly begun. His next object was to study applied design with But it took him practically from five to six years



DESIGN FOR FRIEZE. (By Bartram Hiles.)

a view to competing for a scholarship later on, and concurrently he practised painting at the studio of to obtain complete mastery over his mouth and the muscles of the neck; yet time and practice



DESIGN FOR WALL PAPER. (By Bartram Hiles.)

a lady artist of local repute. At the age of sixteen Mr. Hiles exhibited a study in water-colours at the Bristol Fine Art Academy; it found a purchaser, made him ever more expert in freedom and touch. Eventually he succeeded in winning a National Art Scholarship at the National Art Training



HEADPIECE. (Drawn by Bartram Hiles.)

School, tenable for two years and valued at a hundred guineas. While attending these classes he was awarded in the National Competition one silver and two bronze medals, and a book prize for design as applied to the decorative industries, receiving also excellent reports from the examiners. At the expiration of the scholarship, Mr. Hiles found great benefit from a visit to Paris where he attended the museums and studios, and he then returned to London, on the receipt of a commission to paint pictures for an exhibition in Bristol. Settling down to work for his livelihood, he combined decorative art with pictorial, and worked the two side by side. The struggle was a hard one, and we are not sure that it is yet less arduous than it was; for the physical difficulties standing in the way are not easily surmountable. Nevertheless, Mr. Hiles is an exhibitor at the Royal Society of British Artists, and a worker for prominent firms of decorators. The fame of the young artist's heroism has already spread; and the Queen and the Princess of Wales have been purchasers of his work.

It is not to be pretended that Mr. Hiles is a unique instance of painting without hands. Only last year the Museum of Hyères was enriched by a picture of singular beauty, entitled "Fleurs de Dunes dans les Marais de Saint Grieuse (Pas-de-Calais)," representing, in the foreground, flowers which are reflected in the marshy pools, towards which a flock

of sea-gulls take their flight; while in the middle distance is a stretch of grass-covered land; beyond, the sands of the dune, and, finally, the sea. Below the picture is the painter's name—François de Mentholon—and the statement that the artist, remarkable alike for his skill and his physical defect, was born without arms and with but one leg, and had gained the first Raigecourt-Goyon prize in the current Salon. Then Mdle. Aimée Rapin, also born without arms, paints with her feet, and lately presented to the Duchess of York as a wedding-gift a portrait in chalk of the Duchess herself—a work of distinct artistic merit. Classic instances, of course, are those of M. Noel-Masson, of Paris, and Miss Biffin, the latter of whom died at Liverpool in 1850. But all of these, be it noted, had come into the world without arms or hands; they had been educated to use their feet (or in the case of Miss Biffin, their lips) from birth, and they had never known the use of hands, nor the terrible, stunning loss of arms and fingers. For that reason Mr. Hiles's achievement appears to us to surpass in quiet earnestness and noble perseverance the feats of any of his predecessors. He has known how to meet a cruel fate with ingenuity and courage, and to battle bravely against a lot over which few could have successfully triumphed. For that reason, too, we are glad to bring his work forward in our pages, and to introduce his art and his persistence to the approval and, it is to be hoped, to the encouragement of our readers.

S.



(Drawn by Bartram Hiles.)

## ORIGINAL LITHOGRAPHY. THE REVIVAL ON THE CONTINENT.

By M. H. SPIELMANN.

**E**VEN at the period of its greatest decadence, when poor lithographs from bad pictures were discrediting the art as a reproductive pro-

Fantin-Latour, Braquemond, John Lewis Brown, and Français, the landscape painter, were quietly pursuing the practice of it, though the public taste

had turned from the stone and was eagerly coquetting with the etched copper-plate. But it was impossible that a method offering such splendid range to the artist should be entirely neglected; impossible that a process which offered a technique more extensive than that of any other form of black and white art, should be willingly given up. Its infinite capability of varying the grain—which is to the lithographer what the lozenge is to the line-engraver, or what line and burr are to etcher and dry-pointer—was far too precious a possession to be lost. As flexible as etching, its ground could give nearly the whole range, from velvety black to dreamy gray, possessed by mezzotint; it could be a chalk drawing, a wash drawing, a pen drawing, a stump drawing, an aquatint, what you please. The enthusiastic lithographer boasted that there were ten ways of drawing on stone—three to draw with the pencil,



A DUTCHWOMAN,  
(By A. Lunol.)

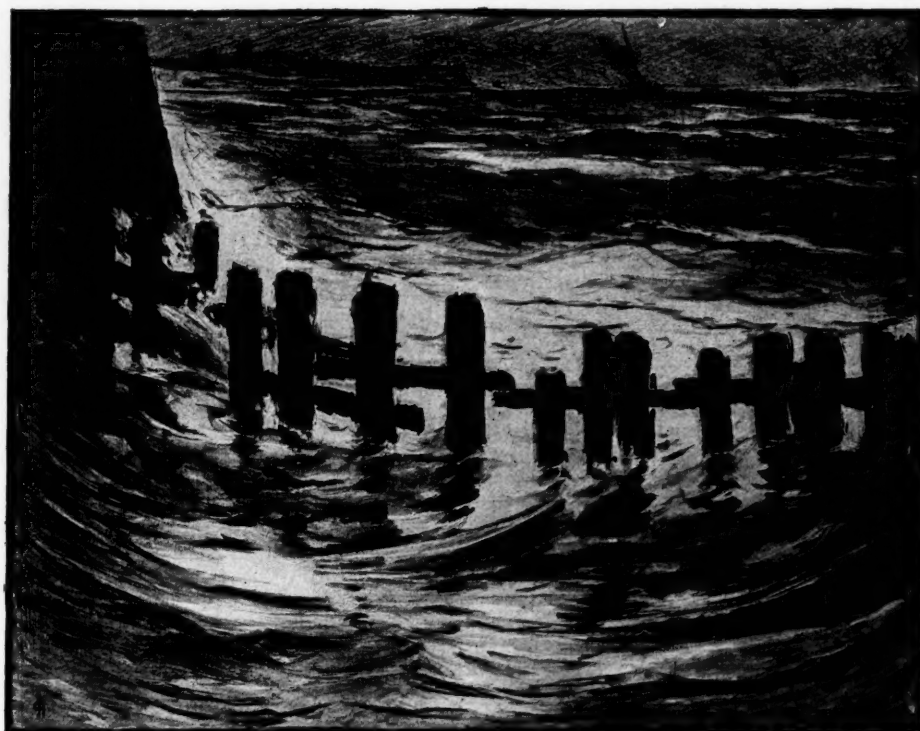
cess in Germany as well as in England, in France such of it as was original was confined chiefly to the production of song-wrappers, show-cards, and posters, and such-like baser uses. But there, at least, lithography was never really dead.

six to draw with ink, and one to engrave; and although every practitioner had his secret process (or rather his methods and recipes), with which on no account whatever would he part and which he usually preferred should die with him, the mere



THE HARBOUR, FLUSHING.

(By Storm van Gravesande.)



ENTRANCE TO FLUSHING HARBOUR.

(By Storm van Gravesande.)



variety which permitted of this artistic egotism was in itself an added fascination. It was autographic and suggestive of a wonderful range of colour, and even the ordinary drawing with the pencil offered the greatest attraction to the true artist to whom the slightest sketch, if it be artistic, may be worth the biggest picture—and often a good deal more.

has created, silhouettes, vague and indistinct, gradually form themselves upon the surface; their relief is accentuated; light begins to vibrate here and there, and the subject at last emerges.

Thus, although to the common lithographer tender tones and sense of harmony had been lost, a few artists cherished the art jealously, and by dint of

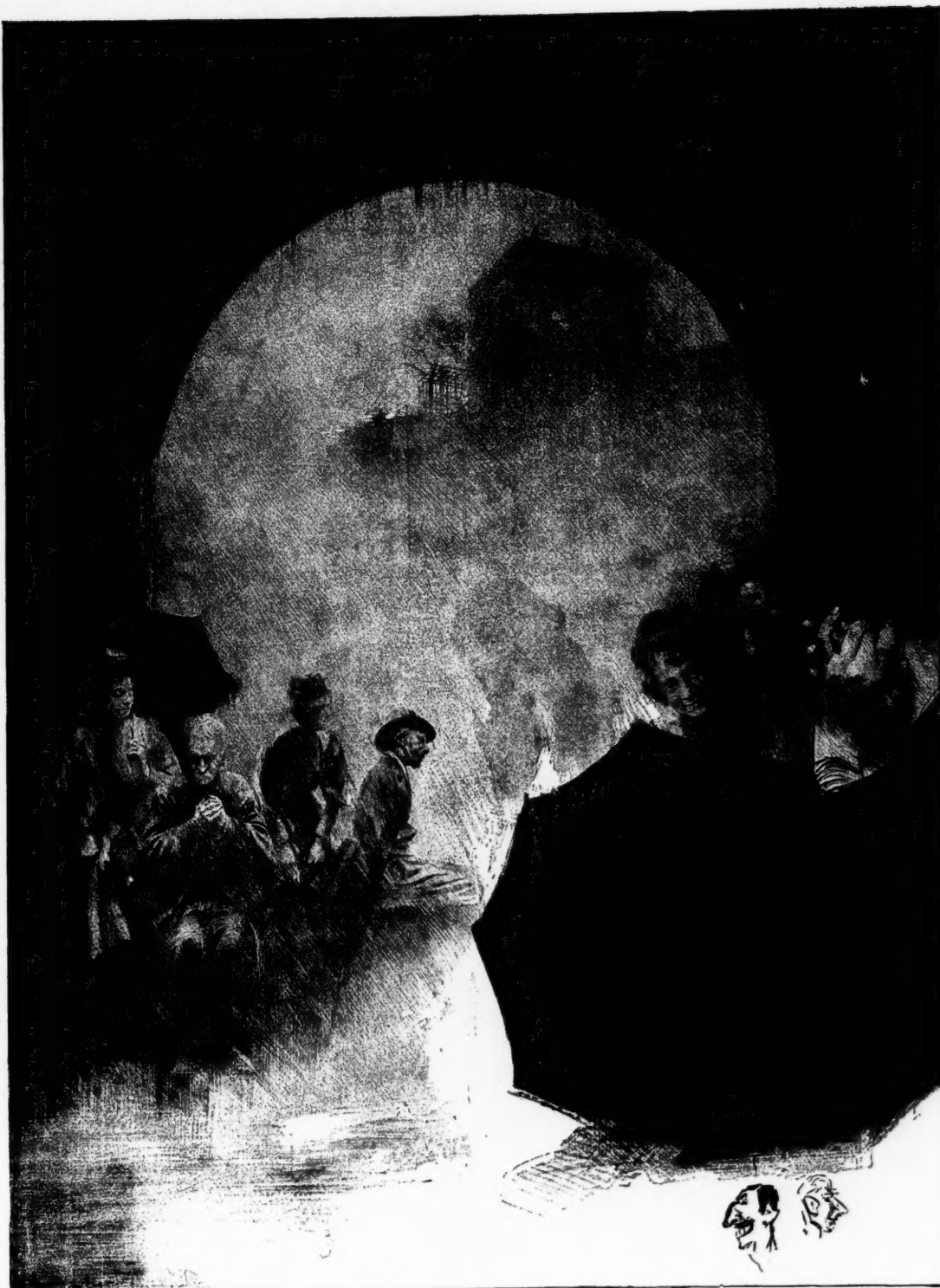


MANFRED

(By Fantin-Latour.)

Not only does lithography charm the artist by reason of its purely æsthetic delights, but also for the particular advantages it offers when the work is in progress. For while it offers a more complete means than etching for recording the artist's ideas, contrary to etching or any other method it allows the whole result to be seen as the work progresses; and, as Mr. Wickenden reminds me in a letter full of enthusiasm, the tone, like the line, is always under the artist's control, as it is under his eye. With his arm resting on a support, or suspended against the stone that may have been set up on an easel, an artist who works in the manner, say, of Monsieur H. P. Dillon, can play about upon it with the *crayon gras* till the white or glossy surface of the stone gradually disappears. Then from the fog and mist which he

their disinterested love and persistence they gradually brought back the public to an appreciation of its beauties. For twenty years, etching had practically reigned supreme, but now once more the subtlety and richness of the stone, the splendour of its blacks, the harmonious depths and vibrating lights, brought back the fickle love of a fashion-governed public, and artist-lithographers—original draughtsmen—were again revelling in the suppleness and facility of a method which for its versatile capabilities is surpassed by no other. It was in 1877 that Mr. Whistler came to the aid of M. Fantin-Latour and the devoted little band; but only in 1844 was the fact of the revival officially proclaimed, so to speak, by the establishment in Paris of the "Société des Artistes Lithographes Français." Then followed, in



THE GATEWAY.  
(By H. P. Dillon.)

1891, a more academic *imprimatur*, when an important exhibition was held at the Beaux Arts; and lastly, in 1895, the centenary of the art's birth was celebrated by a great exhibition at the Palais de l'Industrie. That this centenary was established a year too soon does not matter; we need take it but as a testimony of the ardent enthusiasm that it inspired, or of an over-zealous haste to be in time.

So Fantin-Latour worked on, not troubling himself to bring about any particular revival, simply in the full glow of his love for lithography, by whose power he could record in black and white his dual love for art and music. He became, white unwittingly, perhaps, the main link of the old practice with the new, and, caring nothing for the rival "schools" of the lithographers, he produced a series of "plates," inspirations, nearly all of them, from the works of the great musicians, from Rossini to Brahms, and from Schumann to Wagner and Berlioz. His romantic creations, female forms suggestive of those that Diaz drew, melting landscapes, vague moonlights, and subdued glow of the sun—these were the subjects which he executed in a method of technique of his own, at which professional lithographers laughed, perhaps, but which by artists were received with rapturous applause. So long as Fantin worked, lithography was kept in mind.

It was mere commercialism which brought Chéret into the field. His lithographs were at first no original artistic expression, but were intended to serve the purpose of the trader. Gradually Chéret's genius elevated the thing itself, and apart from the posters to which his destiny mainly chained him, he produced many lithographs which were as dainty and as tender in their execution as the subjects themselves were gay and joyous. He was more perfect as a technician than Fantin, or perhaps I should say more orthodox, and doubtless attracted as many to the reconsideration of the art as Fantin had captured among the connoisseurs. His exquisite touch in his smaller stones, and his intensely decorative feeling for all its *chic* composition, assure him his position as leader in the renaissance of lithography. M. Grasset is a far greater minded artist, however, and infinitely more versatile, and his quaintness as original and as taking as Chéret's *diablerie*. Then followed a little army of young men whose object was rather to charm with the beauty of lithography than by the subjects they drew with it—with whom the stone was to be not so much a means as an end. But all of them had something to say, and they have said it so freshly and often exquisitely, that the public delight in this new revival is not at all confined to the methods which the new school has developed.



IN AID OF THE CRÈCHE

(Poster by Steinlen.)





GIRL'S HEAD.

(By Roedel.)

In looking along the front rank of the new workers in lithography, we come across a number whose productions merit respectful preservation in the portfolios of the connoisseur, for the sake alike of subject, treatment, and technique; and it is to be observed that there is hardly one amongst them but is unaffectedly original in his style and method.

At the head of these I should perhaps place M. Willette, although his most notable lithographic work has more in common with that of Raffet at his best and other giants of the earlier school. But Willette himself has a mind beyond most artists; he is a *Parisien* of Montmartre with an appreciation of the graceful, the dainty, and delicate, equal to that of Chéret, but strongly modified by his natural taste for the quarter in which he lives. But he is also a thinker; an ardent politician of a pronounced socialistic turn; a patriot never so happy as when glorifying France or railing at her enemies; a philanthropist whose pity for the poor is emphasised by his hatred of the police; a pronounced sensualist, much of whose work not even Rowlandson would have cared to sign; a lover of the army like Vernet and Raffet; and the very humble, obedient servant of Mlle. Nini the Grisette. With

how much tenderness he plays upon the stone! Whether it is with an allegorical "Moonlight March," or with a poster of "L'Enfant Prodigue," he plays upon our feelings as he does upon the slab, and moves us with his art as much with his tender feeling as with his silver grays.

For a more modern, and therefore perhaps more interesting technique, we may turn to M. Dillon, one of the founders of "Les Peintres Lithographes," and of "L'Estampe Originale," whose work is widely in request. As may be seen in his "Fernando's Circus," or in his "Gateway" ("La Porte Cochère"), he loves black silhouettes set against a graduating background, with night effects or heavy rain; highly finished character studies set into compositions, with every tone from deepest black to dazzling white; with splashes, scratchings, and every trick known to the draughtsman on stone, all concentrated into the design, with often enough a dramatic idea running through the whole.

An artist who began a decade earlier is M. Lunois, whose "Dutchwoman" is an example of the use to which he puts lithography when producing his travelling notes. Since 1881, when he first began his art, he has been among the most talented of the leaders, preferring the older method to what is





BRÜNNHILDE.

(By Odilon Redon.)

scoffingly called the *nouveau jeu*, but still employing the whole resources of his art, whether in black and white or colour, in illustration of the many countries through which he has passed, or in the many works he has executed for book illustration.

The decorative muse of M. Rœdel appears graciously and sympathetically upon the stone, as in the charming figure of his "Woman at the Piano," which is almost touching in its simplicity; or in the exquisite sentiment of his famous "Head." This face is far superior in its artistic appeal to the affected form of decoration in which it is set, as seen in the meaningless terminals of the stiffly arranged Egyptian coiffure—suggesting a possible origin of some of Mr. Aubrey Beardsley's lineal eccentricities. But the modelling, as frank and nearly as skilful too as Holbein's, is so sweet and delicate that you might almost blow it from the paper. A similar sensitiveness to delicate tones belongs to M. Odilon Redon; but he has command, or at least makes use, of a greater range of colour. He is besides so pronounced a "mystic" that he

often loses his art in extravagant fancies. Less effective than Poe, he is obviously less sincere than Blake, and whether or not he is, as some will have it, but a practical joker after all, he certainly is always straining after an idea which he does not so often succeed in communicating, even if he realises it to himself. In his "Brünnhilde (The Gods' Twilight)" we have at least a reminiscence of Leonardo, excellent in sentiment, but a technique inadequate to the space covered.

Beside these two, M. Luce is robust virility itself. He uses his greasy pencil as he would his chalk, and in a few lines expresses form and substance in a manner at once masterly and striking. A glance at his "Woman Recumbent" is enough to show how admirable in its truth is the finely suggested form in this hasty record of a woman sleeping, who has thrown herself in utter lassitude upon the bed. It must be admitted that in the reduction a good deal of the effect is lost.

Lastly, among the leaders must be accounted M. Toulouse-Lautrec. For him the stone does not count for very much, but with the pencil he wields with so much facility and power of reproducing concentrated character he seeks to prove himself descendant of Gavarni and Daumier.

Besides these men, each with his own reputation as artist, satirist, or simple technician, others have been working, with every man his admirers, and every man, moreover, distinguished in other artistic labour as well—M. Lepère, M. Raffaëlli, M. Robida, M. Ibels, M. Anquetin, Norbert Gœnette, and M. Forain, the pitiless exponent of the cynical side of French life and wit, and of the ungraceful side of French bearing; with M. Benjamin-Constant and M. Carrière among painters pure and simple—all these distinguished names do not exhaust the list of those, now or in the quite recent past, working in lithography and increasing the popular appreciation.

In countries other than France and England, the lithographic revival has not yet given distinct evidence of serious movement; that, doubtless, is to come. Other countries, indeed, are represented, but for the most part by artists living and practising in France, and generally speaking in Paris. Thus Spain and Italy are represented by the spirited and sensitive work of M. Checa (whose "Rotterdam" is sufficient to assure his place), and M. de la Gandara,



"la Mère Parnacaye"

R.J.W. '93

(By R. J. Wickenden.)

who, after all, is practically a Parisian. In M. Steinlen, Switzerland has produced at once an artist,

away from it. Nor is it certain that Mr. Wickenden should be classed, even by courtesy, with the Americans; for he was born in England, and, although educated in the States, since 1883 has made his home in France. There is no one more likely to achieve a great reputation through a fine poetic manipulation of the stone than he, for there is no class of subject broadly considered that he has not undertaken, and all of them he has adorned.

How far the work of these men will set an example to the rest of Europe there is as yet no indication; but the promise is great, for the new lithography now is almost a new method with a new object. Thus it is regarded in England, where the achievements accomplished by its aid

are second only to those in France. What these achievements are, I propose in a final article to set forth.

a poet, and a satirist, whose talent wavers between that of Chéret, Forain, and Willette, with an added touch of dreamy, pastoral beauty that belongs to none of these. Neither Austria nor Germany presents to us a single lithographer of the front rank; and Belgium now but a single one, M. Lynen.

In Holland, Heer Storm van Gravesande has maintained worthily the reputation of lithography. There is no form of land or seascape which he has not attempted, using pencil and stump, pen and litho-tint, to produce his beautiful effects of light, and mist, and atmosphere, and to present with a bold and certain hand the scenes typical of his country; always himself original and characteristic, he reminds one constantly of the most admirable artists who have restored the art of Holland to its place; and withal he has employed, simply and directly, all the tricks and dodges of scratching, scraping, rubbing, and what-not that endow lithography with its limitless resource and charm.

The American interest is mainly sustained by Mr. R. J. Wickenden, for Mr. Whistler, in his lithographic work, has so completely identified himself with the English share in the renaissance that he is not to be considered



WOMAN RECUMBENT.  
(By Luce.)

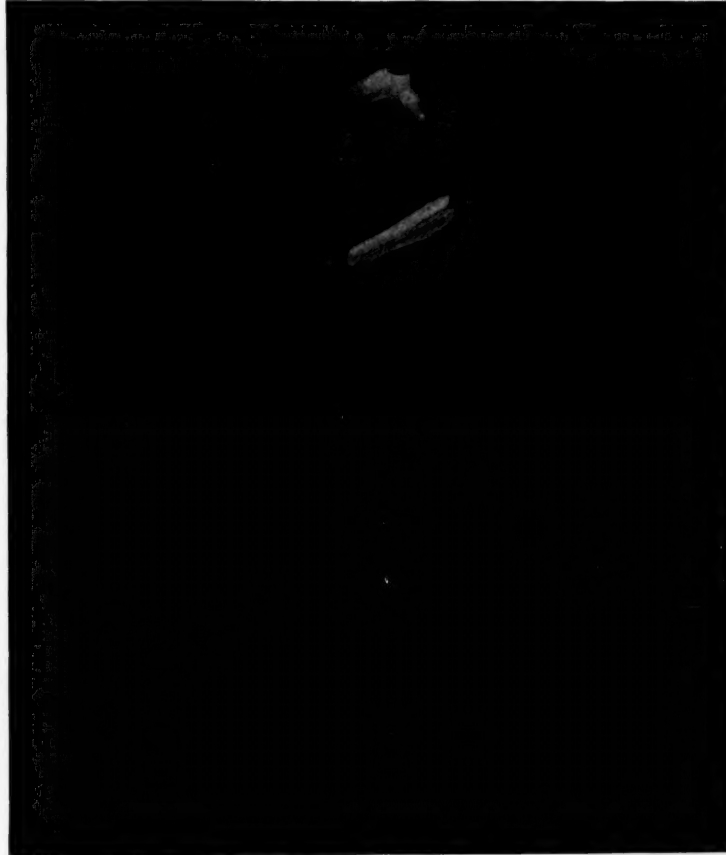


LA PLUME  
(A Magazine Cover by Chéret.)

## FRANZ STUCK.

By PAUL SCHULTZE-NAUMBURG.

OF all the artists of the younger generation in Germany, Franz Stuck is one of the greatest. We have within the last ten years seen the rise of and unheard-of, and thus become a leading spirit in art and in art-manufacture. And this has not taken long to do; Stuck is but



PROFESSOR FRANZ STUCK.

(By Leo Samberger. By Permission of the Photographic Union, Munich.)

many highly original and individual talents, but their tendency, for the most part, is to an ingenious elaboration of their ideas; and there is scarcely another who can compare with Stuck in power and monumental greatness.

German art, as it now is, would be inconceivable without Franz Stuck; it was he who succeeded in taking the painting of a whole country out of a groove, and starting it in a new path; his influence is to be seen in each single effort of German art. Such a man needs no subtlety of gift, but, on the contrary, the strength of a giant who will unflinchingly oppose all that is familiar with something new

three-and-thirty, and already he is recognised as a leader in Germany. It is, in fact, impossible to resist the fascinating influence of this self-made man, who so early in life has won the nimbus of fame.

Stuck is the son of peasant parents, and was born in 1863 at Tettenweis, in Lower Bavaria. His schooling over, he went to Munich, where he studied first at the School for Industrial Art, and then at the Academy. He was not, however, one of the regular students there; and it is not the Academy that has made him what he is. Being obliged at an early age to work for his living, he first earned it by illustrations by which he laid the foundations of his fame. His



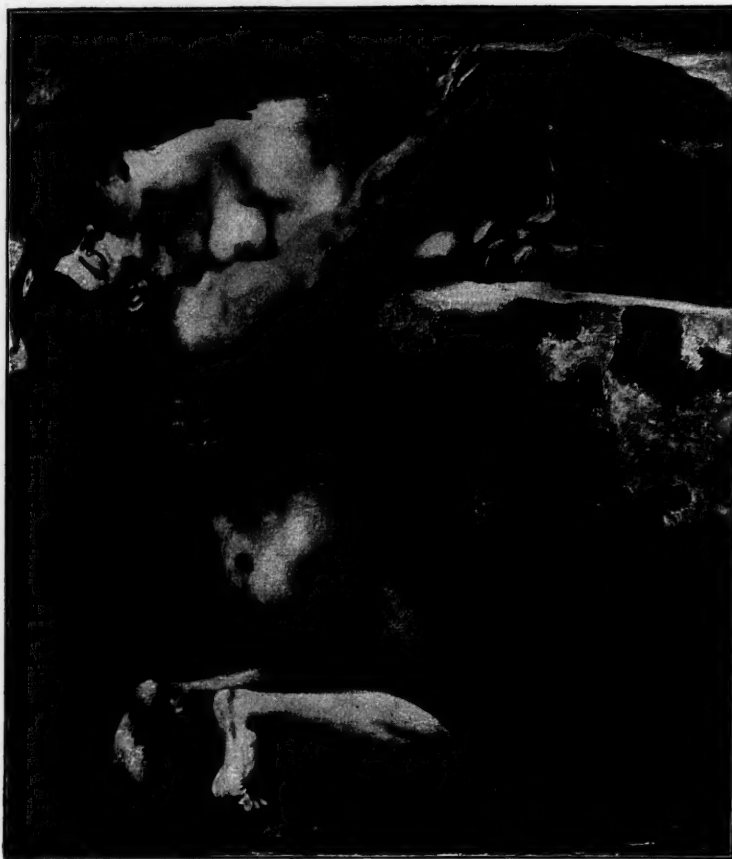
first works appeared in two books on industrial art—"Allegories and Emblems," to which he contributed largely; and "Prints and Vignettes," entirely by his hand (Gerlach and Schenk, publishers, Vienna). He at once showed that he was a draughtsman of genius; and, young though he was, such a peculiar individuality and so strongly marked a character were conspicuously evident that the success of these volumes was quite extraordinary. In a very short time his name was known throughout Germany; every decorative draughtsman began to look on Stuck as more or less his ideal, and to express himself in imitation of him. Before long every diploma-card or title-page betrayed Stuck's direct influence, and he was universally regarded as the coming man.

And no wonder. Real talent had hitherto meddled but little in Germany with decorative design; and what had been done in that branch of art or taught in the schools consisted, for the most part, in clever or stupid imitation of old styles. And here, suddenly, a man of brilliant ability appeared in the field, who with unwonted daring displayed a new type of forms adapted to decorative purposes from an original

study of nature, and who gave expression to his whimsicalities with such masterly draughtsmanship, that he conquered the world with one blow. These inventions were, indeed, novel and naïf rather than elegant, rugged rather than refined; but the great end was attained: they were new, original, and full of modern vitality, and already marked by so much sense of style that there was nothing at all like them to compare them with. The old time-worn patterns of the Renaissance, and the Boucher type of Cupids which had long been a by-word, were gladly set aside in their favour. There is not space enough on these pages to reproduce any of these works. They were in style a good deal like the later work, "In Vino Veritas," though for the most part they were characterised by even greater boldness of treatment. In many, and more particularly in the purely ornamental designs, Stuck betrays a certain leaning towards the baroque style of Munich; but he has by degrees emancipated himself effectually from its trammels, and formed a style of his own. And now, in every corner, on every wall, in every catalogue and advertisement-sheet, we meet with saucy Cupids and vivacious female figures, such as Stuck was the first to draw, and their bold wit and type of beauty at once took the world by storm. In *Fliegende Blätter* (the well-known illustrated comic paper) and many other publications he has brought out a series of drawings and caricatures among which gems of beauty may be found. Still, he did not come forward as a painter till he could give conclusive proof that he could paint.

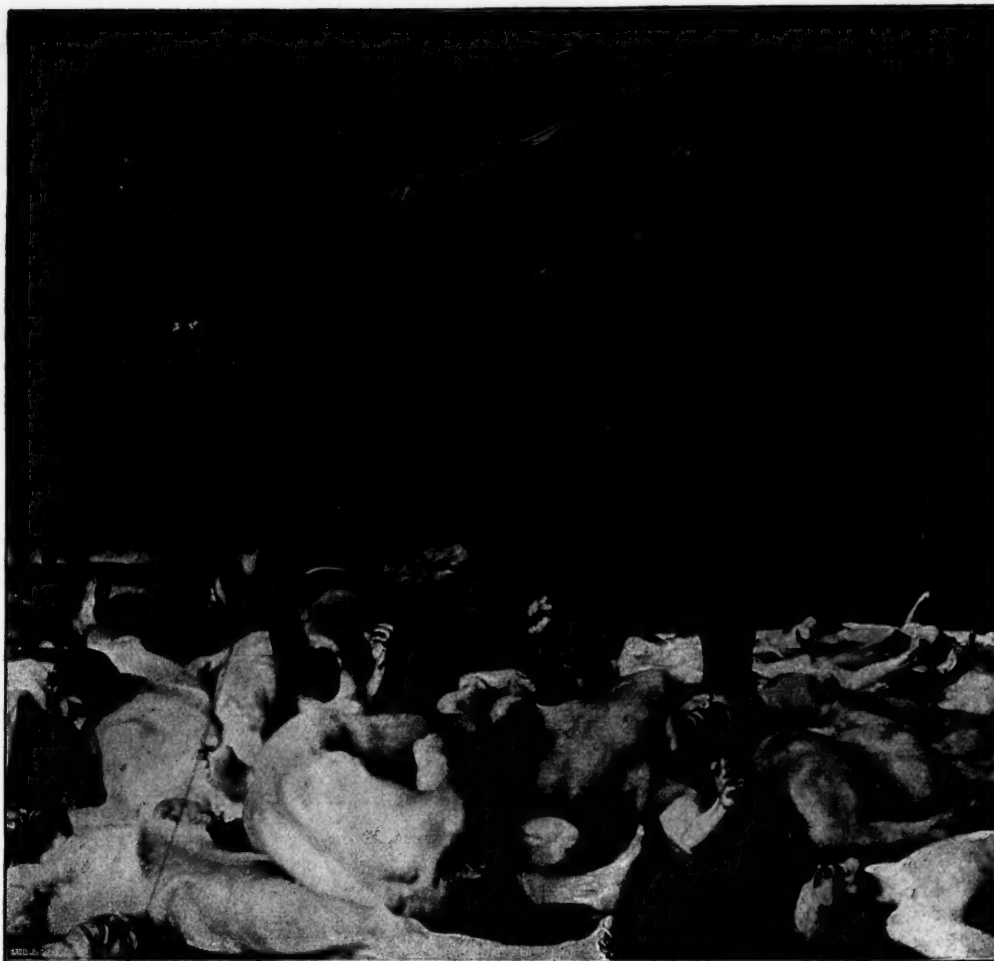
It was in 1889, at the first exhibition in the Crystal Palace at Munich, that the name of Stuck, no longer unknown, was appended to three pictures. This was his *début* as a painter, and decisively stamped his transition from a designer to a painter.

The reader must try to imagine what a picture-show looked like at that time in Germany. It was a period when unqualified naturalism had just claimed strict obedience to its edicts, when Fancy and the representations of all that is fair in life was banned,



THE SPHINX.

(By Franz Stuck. By Permission of F. Hanfstaengl, Munich, the Owner of the Copyright.)



WAR.

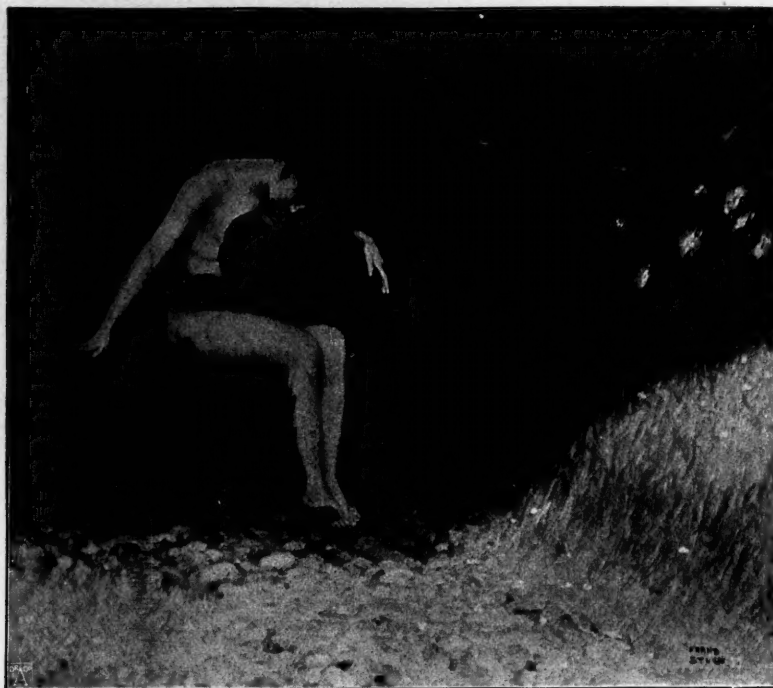
(By Franz Stuck. By Permission of F. Hanfstaengl, Munich, the Owner of the Copyright.)

in favour of a renewed devotion to nature and an avoidance of all affectation. Beauty was no longer to be looked for in the treasury of classical art, but in life itself, even in its simplest expression; and thus, from the very beginning, artists gave themselves up to intense and exclusive study in the open air, determined to form for themselves a store of pictorial power which they could feel was their own and prove to be original. But in these strenuous efforts they overstepped their aim. A reaction was inevitable, and Stuck was one of those who contributed to it, who was and remains wholly modern, and yet succeeded in uniting the new modes of expression and feeling with a sense of beauty, proving in his work that modern art can be applied to deeply conceived symbolism. Side by side with numberless pictures of Dutch washerwomen, of humble rooms full of daylight, with paved floors and straw chairs, hung the child of Stuck's imagination,

"The Guard of Paradise," the angel of the flaming sword driving the sinful pair from the gate of Eden. In it he had applied all that work in the open air had taught him, but it was subordinate to higher aims. The second, "Innocentia," was a symphony in white, an exquisite poem of pure girlhood; the third was a baroque invention of "Fighting Fauns." Their success was immediate. The young painter's works won the gold medal, and were the talk of the day. From this time his triumphant career knew no check. Each year he surprised the public with works that gave fresh hopes for the future. The counterpart of the Angel of Paradise was the "Lucifer," whose fiery gaze comes from green deeps pierced by a ray from heaven above. It was not an ordinary personification of the fallen angel, recognisable by commonplace attributes; it was the incorporate idea of Evil such as only a powerful imagination could conceive of. In these years, too, he produced a vast number of smaller works,

of which the subjects are for the most part inspired by the fables of antiquity—fauns, centaurs, nymphs, and nude figures of the Golden Age—in which he

domain. He, like many others, felt that a man by persistently working only in the open-air might assume a sort of straight waistcoat; that these high



LOVE.  
(By Franz Stuck.)

embodied, in a wild and often coarsely striking way, a poem of over-exuberant joy in life. The wonderful effects of light he contrived under a green roof of trees afforded him the scene in which he made his idyllic figures lead their Arcadian life; still, he never made a servile copy of nature, nor painted beings elaborated in the brain: he created a new world in which mythical creatures looked possible and actual. Or he would take for his subjects the first personages of the Bible-narrative—Adam and Eve—and how through the woman sin first came into the world, or how the man and woman wandered on the earth when driven from Paradise. Several variations occur: we may mention the figure of "Sin" which has become famous—Eve, with her white body clasped in the folds of an enormous serpent; and others. They all showed a great advance from the mere transcript of nature based on photography, to the free interpretation which simplifies nature, and is the artist's *manuscript*.

This was more manifest in every work he produced till he had achieved his present fine style based on the very essence of things. Whereas he had hitherto relied on unfamiliar aspects of open daylight, he now strove more and more to extend his

notes formed but a small part of the scale of tone which an artist has at his command as a mode of expression; he perceived that the final aim of a painting must depend rather on the harmonious use of colour than on an illusory plastic solidity; and he began, accordingly, to revel in deep heavy tones, but without falling into the murky, brown keys of colour affected by Old Masters.

The Exhibition of 1892 brought to the front one of the most impressive works that the younger German school has produced—the "Crucifixion," by Stuck. Though the careful avoidance of all resemblance to the traditional Church-treatment of the subject makes his picture very startling, or even repellent, it must nevertheless be conceded that its stupendous power and passion at once call up the sense of an event of supreme and universal interest. In this picture was revealed for the first time all the gigantic power peculiar to Stuck's work, which makes him the most famous of our historical painters. The imperfections and ruggedness that mar the work cannot blind us to that. Few men could have sketched these figures in such a powerful mould, or have given them such wonderful symbolic colouring.

Still, I could not at the time wholly enjoy the work. It had a magical attraction, and yet a vein of coarseness repelled me. But it remained so indelibly stamped on my memory that it followed me everywhere, and I was only conscious of the deep impression it had made when I found that I could not forget it.

Since that time Stuck has produced the various works on a large scale, which have made his name famous. The great picture called "War" won him at last the encouragement of the State. It is here reproduced. This was purchased in 1894 for the Pinacothek at Munich, and Stuck was appointed Professor there. We should seek in vain through the whole range of modern German art for an example of pictorial means carried to such absolute mastery as in this picture. The livid bodies on the earth are drawn with a simplicity and breadth worthy of an Old Master, the awful Horseman rides across the night-sky in symbolic hues, and a lurid glow flames on the horizon.

In the following year Stuck did not, as might have been expected, pause for rest; but he exhibited a somewhat smaller work, which, however, again showed marked progress—"The Sphinx." Though compressed on to a small canvas, it has a stamp of force that seems as if it might burst the frame! Stuck's power of expression is greater than ever; and this is no less true of his last picture, the "Evil Conscience," which was exhibited in 1896 in the Salon of the Secession at Munich.

The works here enumerated are, of course, far from being all that Stuck has done; he is enormously industrious, never dull, never meretricious. Deep artistic purpose is the essence of his being; he never trifles with a task, but always tries

to produce a real work of art. And it is this high artistic earnestness which lifts him so far above many others. He does not wastefully consume the store of imagination bestowed on him at birth; but nature is to him always the purest source of revelation, though he never gives a direct transcript from nature in any portion of his work. His studies, particularly his drawing of figures and his charming chalk heads, are greatly esteemed in Germany for their masterly draughtsmanship, firmness, and elegance; he is rapidly advancing to true greatness.

Stuck is a quiet, reserved man, who knows exactly what he aims at, and goes straight to that aim with iron determination and incredible powers of work. We have only to look at his drawings, of which the chalk head here reproduced may be taken as a typical example. There is not a line too many and not a stroke too little; every touch is in its right place, and yet looks as if it had been put in with such playful ease that the unpleasant after-taste left by laboured accuracy in a work of art is entirely absent.

His feeling for colour is not less developed than his sense of form; what he can draw and model, he can also paint. There is hardly any branch of technique that he has not mastered; and whether he wields the pen, the pencil, or the etching-needle, he is not less expert than with the brush in tempera, water-colour, or oils, or with chalks; he knows enough of them all to occupy an artist's whole life. All this talent is enhanced by highly cultivated taste. Though he is modern through thick and thin, he industriously studies the antique, and has learnt of



SIN.

(By Franz Stuck. By Permission of F. Hanfstaengl, Munich, the Owner of the Copyright.)

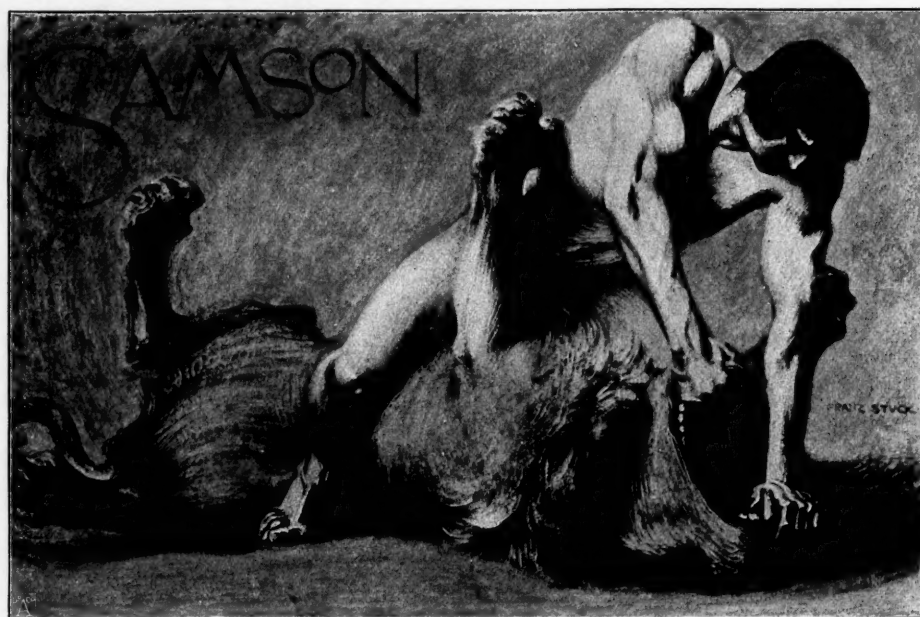
the Old Masters, training his taste, which in Munich has become paramount in every department.

All this is known and acknowledged throughout



Germany; the only blame attaching to Stuck is, still, that in all his work there is a taint of harshness, a revelling in coarseness. I do not deny the impeachment; still, I may say that in such an individuality as we see in Stuck this is not such a very great defect. His is a powerful nature, so strong that many men cannot bear with him; but it was this very exuberance, this healthy *fleshliness* which appeared like a remedy to the over-refined, nervous, sentimental art of our day. It may be that we can imagine this strength as even more spiritualised; still

we may be glad that art was bestowed on such a man as Stuck, who must always be placed in the front rank of born artists, and of whom it is hard indeed to say what development he yet may reach. For he does not seem to be one of those who begin with great promise and do fine work till, in later life, they are exhausted; on the contrary, if we are not greatly deceived, we may look to see him long maintain the leadership which he has achieved so early, and to write his name with those that are greatest in the history of German art.



SAMSON.

(From the Drawing by Franz Stuck)

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## ILLUSTRATED VOLUMES

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**F**EW artists of the present century have better deserved a tribute such as that which Mr. Hueffer has paid in his well-informed and brightly-written biography of his grandfather.\* In spite of faults, patent to all and undoubtedly great, Ford Madox Brown remains one of the geniuses of his day, great in achievement as in mind and soul; yet to many his work was utterly unknown—chiefly, no doubt, through his feud with the Royal Academy, to whose exhibitions he never contributed, nor sought to contribute, since his youth. Moreover, in consequence of his very obvious defects, he was unappreciated at

his just worth by most of those to whom his work was accessible; and it is said that many citizens of Manchester speak apologetically of his mural paintings in their Town Hall, in ignorance of the fact that these constitute one of the city's principal claims to honour by all lovers of art.

The career of Ford Madox Brown has already been set fully and clearly before the readers of this Magazine by his daughter, the late Mrs. Lucy Madox Rossetti, so that little need be said of the story of his life. But witness must be borne to the excellent critical judgment and pleasant humour of the artist's authorised biographer. In this admirable volume the literary and artistic sections are well balanced; and each in its own way could hardly be bettered. The picture

\* "Ford Madox Brown: a Record of his Life and Work." By Ford M. Hueffer. With numerous Reproductions. (Longmans, Green and Co. 1896.)

drawn of Madox Brown himself, whether as a man or as an artist, is all but complete, and it is difficult to choose which portrait is the more delightful. Mr. Hueffer tells all that need be known either about his grandsire's life, his character, and his art—the last named section being, as it should be, the fullest and most detailed. The public will at last be able to judge how noble and versatile a designer was Madox Brown, how original—whether in respect to artistic view, method of treatment, or ingenuity and dignity of design; how his poetic sense, invention, and passionate love of colour influenced Dante Rossetti, and constituted himself in some respects the stepfather, at least, of the movement that became the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. The claim of Madox Brown to exalted rank among the artists of the nineteenth century is established with commendable moderation in Mr. Hueffer's book, which becomes as much a treasure to the art-student as it is a pleasure to the ordinary reader and a commendable memorial to a distinguished man.

THE new edition of Thackeray's "Ballads and Poems," issued by Messrs. Cassell and Co.,



Dear Jack

(By H. M. Brock. From "Thackeray's Ballads.")



MRS. W. M. ROSSETTI AND DAUGHTER (1876)

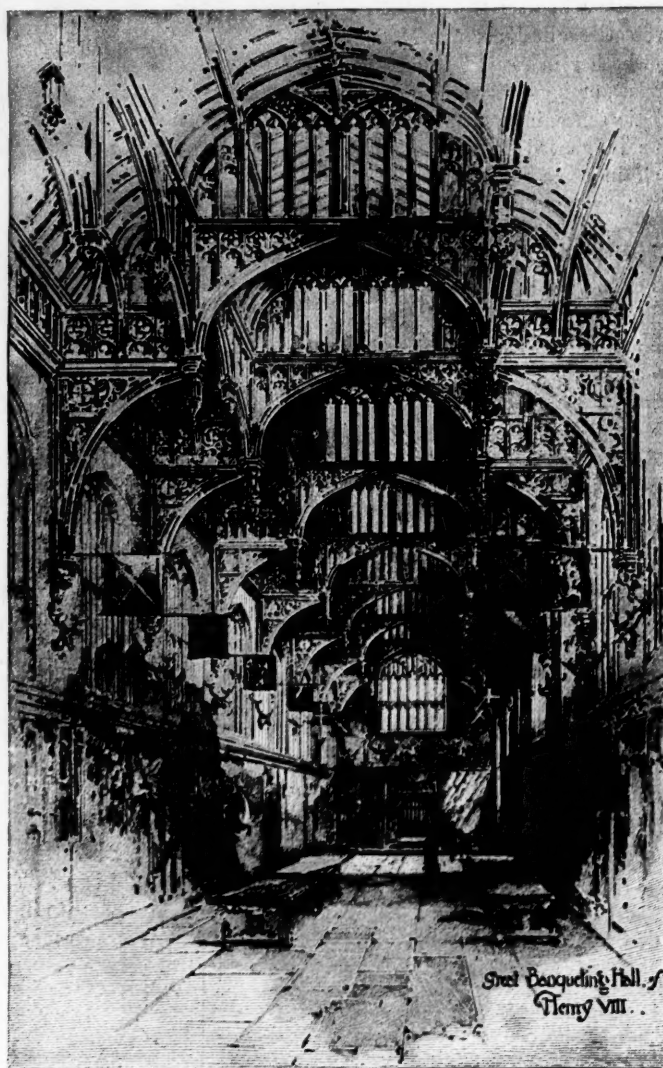
(From the Pastel by Ford Madox Brown. From "Ford Madox Brown: a Record of his Life and Works.")

daintily and sometimes even exquisitely illustrated by Mr. H. M. Brock, is one of that series of beautiful little books which have worthily followed in the wake of Caldecott's and Mr. Hugh Thomson's graceful appreciation of our English classics. The merit of this delightful little book lies not only in the keen intelligence with which Mr. Brock has illuminated Thackeray's delightful humour and pathos, it lies also in his sense of decoration and in the charming fancy which he has lavished on his head- and tail-pieces. The further credit too belongs to him of being original where so many have worked before.

HAMPTON COURT has so recently been made the subject of exhaustive treatment by Mr. Ernest Law that we were hardly prepared for another work on the same subject—certainly not one on which care and loving pains hardly less earnest have been lavished. The new volume which, under the simple title of "Hampton Court," has been issued by Mr. John Nimmo, is from the pen of the Rev. William Hutton, who writes with all the sympathy though with less historic aim and far less fulness than that

which characterised Mr. Law's admirable work. He saunters through the Palace with less serious purpose, missing, however, little of historical interest, and nothing of the picturesque side, and with Mr. Herbert Railton at his elbow notes down all that he finds most

THE title of this work\* might have been "The Influence of Byzantine Art in North Italy and Rome," for that is really the main burden of the profound and erudite researches of the late Professor Cattaneo. Two-thirds of the book are devoted to a



(By Herbert Railton. From "Hampton Court.")

charming and most quaint. The chapter on the art collections is carefully done, for the author has had the courage of the convictions of Mr. Claude Phillips—who bids fair to become our English Morrelli—and of "Mary Logan." Mr. Railton's drawings, we need not say, are picturesque and intensely appreciative, but their pleasant mannerism sometimes detracts from the truth of the scene and from the relative importance of the architectural "bits" he has delineated with so much skill and such obvious pleasure.

*catalogue raisonné* of the artistic treasures of the dark ages as found in out-of-the-way churches and in the lapidary museum. It is followed by a long dissertation on St. Ambrogio at Milan, which Professor Cattaneo proves conclusively to be a work of the eleventh and twelfth centuries instead of the ninth century as contended by de Dartein; and

\* "Architecture in Italy from the Sixth to the Eleventh Century." By Raffaele Cattaneo, translated by the Contessa Curtis-Chomeley in Bernano. (Fisher Unwin. 1896.)



concludes with an elaborate description, well illustrated, of the Italo-Byzantine treasures of Venice and Torcello. The translation is put forth in a sumptuous volume, with clear type and illustrations from the



CAPITAL OF THE ANCIENT CIBORIUM.

(From "Architecture in Italy.")

original blocks. Unfortunately the translator has not taken the precaution of submitting the proofs to an expert in English architectural terms. The result is that without the Italian text to refer to the translation is here and there quite unintelligible.



FRAGMENT OF THE ST. AMBO.

(From "Architecture in Italy.")

THE natural beauties of the late Miss Manning's work are receiving full justice from the manner in which they are being republished by Mr. John Nimmo. The delightful "Household of Sir Tho. More," of last year, is followed by "Cherry and Violet: A Tale of the Great Plague," with an

appreciative introduction by the Rev. W. H. Hutton, the writer of "Hampton Court." With such a work of fiction before her as Defoe's "Journal of the Plague," Miss Manning showed not only extraordinary courage, but even a touch of genius, in approaching a similar theme and dealing with it charmingly and successfully. No doubt she has helped herself from Pepys for the background of her picture; but it is her own grace and charm



CHERRY SEEKING HER FATHER.

(By Herbert Railton and J. Jellicoe. From "Cherry and Violet.")

which have rendered this book worth preserving, fit to place with others of our foremost women writers. The dramatic power and the deep sense of religion expressed in its pages have been left by the illustrators, Mr. Herbert Railton and Mr. John Jellicoe, to make their own impression. It is rather the picturesque views of London and its suburbs which have been dealt with by the former, and the less ambitious scenes which have been selected by the latter.





SCENE FROM "MONTE CRISTO."

(By J. Harker.)

## THE ART MOVEMENT.

### COSTUME DESIGNING FOR THE BALLET.

ILLUSTRATED FROM THE ORIGINAL DESIGNS BY C. WILHELM.



A GRIGETTE (No. 17).

**T**HE new ballet *Monte Cristo* fully maintains the high level of accomplishment that distinguished its noteworthy predecessor, *Faust*, by the same artists—whether as regards felicitous design, grace, and originality. Mr. Wilhelm has bestowed extraordinary care on the illustration of the romance, and has contrived sundry effects of *mise-en-scène* as well

as of costume that should add substantially to his reputation as a colourist. Loyal assistance has been rendered by Mr. Harker, whose versatile and skilful brush has been happily employed in giving full value to Mr. Wilhelm's schemes of stage decoration. The opening picture of Marseilles is delightful from any point of view, and the panoramic tableaux of the Château d'If are admirably devised and contrasted. A well-observed effect of moonlight breaking through storm-clouds over the sea is followed by a scene on the coast of the Isle of Monte Cristo, a tangled growth of aloes and oleanders obscuring the sun-scorched cliffs that guard the secret of the cave. The "show-scene" of the Vision of Treasure is remarkable for the resource displayed in exploiting a hackneyed theme. Masses of rock-quartz with veins of ruddy gold meandering through its whiteness to develop into fantastic trophies of wealth, crowned by guardian sylphs, melt imperceptibly into a vista

of sapphire that accentuates the gleam of jewelled lamps hanging from the vaulted

Telbin's final "set" of the grounds of Monte Cristo's mansion, near Paris, is a



A GUEST (LAST SCENE).



FERNAND (SC. 1).



MERCÈDES (LAST SCENE)

mate and effective use of the electric light, flash into answering fire as the successive groups of gems crowd the stage. The cluster of living pearls deserves all the applause it receives, and amethysts and turquoises prove delightful associates in colour. Quaint conceits abound in the dresses of this

roof. These lamps, which serve for a thoroughly legitimate and effective use of the electric light, flash into answering fire as the successive groups of gems crowd the stage. The cluster of living pearls deserves all the applause it receives, and amethysts and turquoises prove delightful associates in colour. Quaint conceits abound in the dresses of this scene, and they are so Oriental in spirit as to cause regret that

stately composition, marred by a certain timidity and dustiness of colour, which is in turn enhanced by the lavish addition of artificial flowering shrubs. The material in the scene might certainly be more effectively lighted and displayed. Dainty beyond description are the costumes in this picture, obviously suggestive of early summer and the time of rhododendrons and chestnut bloom. Mr. Wilhelm is always



MERCÈDES (SC. 1).



AUGUSTE (LAST SCENE).



A GUEST (LAST SCENE).

the actual dances and musical measures fail to rise to the ideal they might well have inspired. Mr.

happy in dealing with subtle harmonies of colour, and here the peach and pansy-purples,

cinnamon and heliotrope, lilac and lavender and cyclamen tones combine to produce an *ensemble* of singular

Dantès deserve more than a passing glance at their pretty nautilus-shell lace caps, and costumes of



HAIDÉE.



MADAME DANGLARS (LAST SCENE).



INCROYABLE (LAST SCENE).

charm and refinement. Space does not permit more than a muted tricolour, emphasised again in their bouquets of corn-flowers, daisies,

mere mention of other features for special commendation, but we may cite the dresses of Haidée:

one in biscuit colour, steel-grey, and nut-brown with lily embroideries; and another symbolising the myrtle blossom, in which she is surrounded by a bevy of rose maidens who supply a charming colour-chord of white flushed with faint pink, deepening into apricot and emerging through Gloire de Dijon tones into delicate primrose and ivory. In the *grisettes* and *poissardes* of old Marseilles periwinkle-blue predominates with black and white, relieved against cigar brown, maize colour, and pale sea green. The bridesmaids, too, in the wedding cortège of

ade. Picturesque to a degree are the Catalan fisher folk, and the ingenious transposition of the colours—black and orange, vivid green and pale straw—appearing in all their dresses, but variously contrasted and arranged, has a capital effect. The *piquante* personality of the Mercedes, the jealous gloom of Fernand, the buoyancy and despair of Dantès are with equal ingenuity suggested in the characteristic sketches for their apparel—as may be judged from the accompanying reproductions of a few of the originals. These, it will be seen, rise considerably above the level of mere dress-diagrams.



PEARL (SC. 1)



## A CUP BY M. LUCIEN FALIZE AND COLLEAGUES.

LIKE the greatest artists of the Italian Renaissance—Benvenuto Cellini, Francia of Bologna, Ghirlandajo, Verrocchio, and Ghiberti—M. Lucien Falize seems long since to have understood not merely how important a place goldsmith's work holds among the decorative arts, but what oppor-

tunities it can offer to a sculptor of his scope and talent. M.

of the highest—and it may be added the most successful—efforts, is the Gold Cup acquired from the recent Salon by the Musée des Arts Décoratifs, in Paris, and here represented.

To begin with, in order to appreciate more fully the craftsman's idea, we must say a few words as to the origin and history of this fine piece of work. In 1889 M. Falize



GOLD CUP.

(Designed by Lucien Falize for the Union Central pour l'Encouragement des Arts Décoratifs.)

Falize has from this point of view achieved some work of exceptional interest, both as to purpose and form. Not content with displaying remarkable technical skill with the tool, he has in his jewellery, his vases, cups, and crystals, designed forms of faultless purity, lightness, and grace; nay, he has done more; he has apprehended with intelligent subtlety the symbolical side of his art. In him the artist is seconded by a deeply thoughtful mind, conscientiously learned in the works of his fore-runners, and imbued with all their traditions and ideas. It is this element of deep erudition which gives his work that solidity of purpose which we cannot but admire.

Of all M. Falize's achievements up to the present date, that in which these qualities are most clearly manifested, and which has been to him the outcome

was commissioned by the Central Union for the Encouragement of the Decorative Arts of Paris to produce a piece of goldsmith's work ornamented with enamels on intaglio. He proposed to make a gold cup, out of which the President of the Society should drink on great occasions, thus reviving an old custom of the Middle Ages. It is curious to read the ideas on this subject expressed by M. Falize in a report presented to the Union.

"A cup," says he, "is not a commonplace object of uniform type; it is susceptible of infinite variety."

It has its place in every circumstance and at every age of life, from the caudle-cup of infancy and the baptismal cup on which the child's name is engraved, from the school-boy's silver mug, to the magnificent cup to be presented on a silver wedding-day or that made of gold for the fiftieth anniversary.



There is the cup sacred to the master of the family—a custom surviving in some provinces; he alone drinks from it; and there is the priest's chalice, the prince's gold tankard, the covered cup presented to a conqueror; there are crystal goblets engraved, mounted in gold and enamel, and studded with gems, of which examples are to be seen in the Louvre, each and all an excuse for fine chasing, proud devices, and ingenious ornamentation."

Having decided on the shape of his cup—and

period in which so many and various elements were combined. Thence we pass to the Mediæval vine, with the sincere study and conscientious imitation of nature that we see in our Gothic monuments; followed by the vine of the Renaissance, full of the spirit of the great Italians with their passionate worship of truth and beauty. The vine of the Louis XIV. period is the last of the series; it brings us back to the natural form. All this golden vegetation grows over a dark red enamel background, which



DETAIL OF ENAMEL.

(Drawn by Luc Olivier Merson for the Cup by Lucien Falize.)

observe that the form is at once simple and elegant—he took two leading motives for its decoration: the history of the vine, and the occupations of the several trades which are represented on the surrounding fillet. The vine, represented under various aspects, grows from the bottom upwards. First we have the natural vine, its rather heavy roots and gnarled branches forming the starting point of the scheme of decoration. Then the cycle begins with the Assyrian vine, its thick leaves and graceless form betraying its archaic origin; next we see the Greek vine in its purity of line and pliant grace, a freer growth of leaf and stem. The third in the series is the Roman vine—less graceful than the last, but firm and simple. In the Byzantine vine we come to a more complex treatment and all the eccentricity of a

contributes greatly to throw up the elegant forms of the plant.

The groups representing the trade corporations that have worked on matter are figured on a circular band of gold fifty-five millimetres ( $2\frac{1}{8}$  inches) wide, and are eight in number: workers in stone, earth, glass, metal, wood, textiles, paper, and leather; all drawn by M. Luc Olivier Merson. Two masons are carving the stone for a cathedral, while behind them stands the mediæval architect in a gown of moreen, holding a mass of rolls and the plan of the edifice. Next come potters, one "throwing" a clay vase; behind him, another holds up a finished piece to examine. Then we see the workshop of a stained-glass maker with his glowing forge; on an easel is a window begun, representing an artist dressed—as all these figures

are—in the handsome and graceful style of the Renaissance. Next to these comes the smith, bent over the anvil and wearing a thick leathern apron; by his side is a man-at-arms, leaning on his stout long-sword. Working in wood is represented by the carpenter and cabinet maker; and next comes a group of women spinning and working, into which the artist has infused a pleasing domestic feeling. The border ends with a printer, a compositor, and a binder pressing his tool on the side of a book. On the bottom of the cup is another incised border with translucent enamelling. This, also designed by M. Olivier Merson, represents M. Falize himself dressed in a full robe of green, wearing a cap, and by his side Pye, the engraver, to whom he is giving instructions. On his knees lies an open book, and the assistant, in working dress, leans over him to listen. On the gold background we read these words:—

L'AN M.DCCC.XCV. LUC. FALIZE ORF. ET.  
EM. PYE GRAV. ONT FAIT CE VASE D'OR À L'EXEMPLE  
DES VIEUX MAÎTRES.

The knob of the cover is formed of a sprig of oak,



DETAIL OF THE BOTTOM OF THE CUP.

the badge of the Society, and inside there is a medal with the effigy of M. George Berger, the President, and the names of his predecessors in office, MM. Guichard and Antonin Proust. Though here again the goldsmith's work is admirable, it seems a pity that names so little famous should be perpetuated in such a permanent work; but this was a necessity, since otherwise M. Falize would have missed the definite and express intention of the design.

Inside the bowl M. Falize has engraved with great delicacy and lightness some plants rising from the centre; a lotus, a palm, and a lily symbolise the Art of Egypt, of Greece, and of France, while three Alphas at the bottom, enclosed in triangles, stand as emblematic of all beginnings.

We may note the close affinity of this gold tankard with the cup of Saint Agnes, that marvellous relic of the fourteenth century, purchased of a Spanish priest by Baron Pichon, and now to be seen in the British Museum; at the same time the comparison casts no reflection on the originality of this work, which displays in all the vigour of energy and art the noble gifts of Lucien Falize. H. FRANTZ.

### WOOD-CARVINGS AT THE CARPENTERS' HALL.

IT has been remarked by competent judges that the art of wood-carving at the present day is below the standard of many other arts amongst us. With a view of remedying this deficiency the Worshipful Companies of Carpenters and of Joiners have organised periodical exhibitions of wood-carving as well as of wood-construction. At the exhibition which opened at the Carpenters' Hall in the last week of October, to continue until the middle of November, it was intended to make a



FONT COVER.

(By James Angus.)

prominent feature of the competition for a font-cover. Considering that the subject was set and a special prize of £20 offered four years ago, it must be owned that the result is disappointing. Only five exhibitors competed. Workman-like, though not that which won the highest place, was the solid cupola-shaped and carved font-cover by Miss M. Cummings. The work of Mr. James Smith was far more ambitious, containing, in fact, little short of 12,000 pieces. The

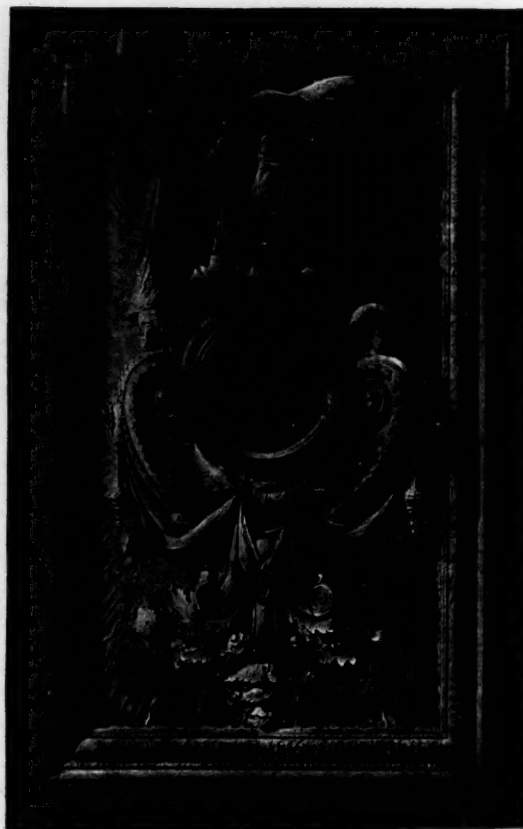


CARVED AND INLAID FONT COVER.

(By James Smith.)

minute inlay work of this example unquestionably showed great technical skill in execution, which, had it only been joined to an equal capacity of design, might have secured the palm among hundreds. The central statuette, with all its faults, had a quaint and archaic character well worthy of notice. Beyond the figures by Mr. J. Smith, there were few serious attempts at introducing the human figure in composition, and such as there were lacked the vigour and crispness of old work; as anyone who cared to examine the two or three examples of mediaeval figures among the loan collection on view in the same room could not fail to perceive. By comparison, even Mr. Osmund's seated statues were merely neat, spiritless objects; while Mr. Williamson's figures were faulty in drawing. The best were those by Mr. Mark Rogers, whose large carved clock-case won a gold medal—the highest award attainable. In this case, however, a surrounding inscription in Lombardic characters was out of keeping with the late Renaissance details of the rest, while some draperies, hanging below the dial in a sort of bag containing what looked like a half-concealed skull, could not be said to have a pleasing effect. For severity and restraint in design we preferred a humbler work—viz. a carved oak mirror-frame of early Renaissance character, which gained the second prize. It is impossible to commend certain strained attempts to represent, Swiss-like, realistic groups of dead birds or bunches of flowers in a manner to counterfeit nature. That which viewed from one aspect may seem an astounding *tour de force*, is from another and the more

serious point of view a melancholy exhibition of wasted energy and misapplied ingenuity—than which, after all, can anything be more pathetic? An unanswerable testimony—which infallibly rules out of court all compositions of the sort—is their entire want of conformity with architectural surroundings. But apart from the question whether or not productions of this class are legitimate if judged by the canons of art, they are open to the practical objection of being both fragile and perishable; their untidy appearance, once they be broken or chipped, causing them to become nothing less than an eyesore. Neither, again, could anything more satisfactory be expected where one of the subjects for competition was "a panel carved with a trophy symbolical of sculpture." Such a theme inevitably



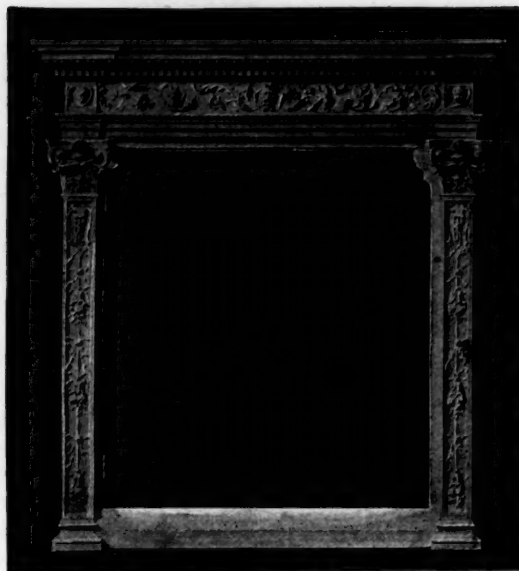
CARVED CLOCK CASE.

(By Mark Rogers, Junior.)



results in the display, more or less complete, of the contents of a carver's workshop. But this kind of thing emphatically neither does nor can constitute ornament. Among the loan objects, besides an admirable collection of examples of wood-carving of the fifteenth century and succeeding periods, were to be noted a carved frame of Chinese workmanship, characteristic boxes from New Zealand and Iceland, and a fragment of Persian wall paneling. Mr. Harry Hems, the well-known sculptor of Exeter, lent a large frame filled with a

choice selection of fragments of fifteenth century wood-carvings, gathered mainly from churches in the county of Devon. Valuable as such a collection undoubtedly is, one cannot avoid being filled with regret that gems so precious should have been torn from their original settings, from the places they were fashioned and always meant to adorn, only to



CARVED OAK MIRROR FRAME.

(By Charles Stephens.)

become, as it were, the labelled exhibits in a museum. There was also a pair of bellows (said to have been executed for Marie Antoinette) carved to imitate a lyre! and a Louis XVI jewel casket of elaborate design, with panels of carved pearwood, worked up to such a pitch of over-refinement that they had lost all the character of wood, and might have been mistaken for embossed leather. But surely it is of paramount importance that all work of this craft should bear unequivocal evidence both of its material and of its process. In a word,

it ought to seem to be just what it is—neither more nor less than carved wood. This sounds, perhaps, like a truism, but it is one, nevertheless, on which, judging from the quality of the greater part of the work shown—and that, too, in spite of the valuable object-lesson of many excellent specimens of old work—we esteem it far from superfluous to insist.

## NOTES AND QUERIES.

[For "Regulations," see THE MAGAZINE OF ART for November.]

[11] **THE MARQUIS OF HERTFORD AND THE "MARQUIS OF STEYNE."**—In reply to "Pendennis's" question, it was the fourth, not the third, Marquis of Hertford who was supposed to be the prototype of Thackeray's "Marquis of Steyne"—and of Disraeli's "Marquis of Monmouth" too. He was the Most Noble Richard Seymour Conway who was born 1800 and died 1870. I may add, speaking with knowledge, that no portraits—pictures or prints—of him exist: at least within the ken of his descendants.—NAMPORT KEY.

[12] **WEST AND HAYDON, AND THE NATIONAL GALLERY.**—Some years ago I visited the National Gallery expressly to see Haydon's "Raising of Lazarus" (as I was then reading the life of the painter), but was informed by the attendant that the picture had been "lent into the provinces." On my last visit to the Gallery, two or three months back, the picture had not been returned. This was surely not intended by the National Gallery Loan

Act of 1883? I believe that the above is the only picture by Haydon in the Gallery, and whatever may be his defects as a painter, no man had a greater enthusiasm for Art, or endeavoured to do more for its advancement than Haydon, and he is surely entitled to have one at least of his works in the National Gallery. Again, Benjamin West's picture of "Christ Healing the Sick" has been absent from the Gallery for more than ten years, and I cannot find in the catalogue (1886) that there is any picture of this painter's on the walls. In the South Kensington collection there is a small study in oil for the centre group in the above picture, labelled "Raising of Lazarus." It is the fashion of the day to decry West as an artist, but the painter of "The Death of Wolfe," and President of the Royal Academy, ought surely to have a place in our national collection, which, in my view, ought to be representative of all our English painters. West, as an American born, is highly thought of by our



American cousins, but they look in vain for his works in our National Gallery. Will you favour me with your opinion (in the forthcoming Notes and Queries) as to this practice of the Gallery authorities?—"A PROVINCIAL AMATEUR."

\*\*. We doubt if there is much likelihood of the two pictures named being seen again in the National Gallery. Conformably with the National Gallery Loans Act, "The Raising of Lazarus," by Haydon, has been fitly lent to Plymouth—the artist's birthplace—and West's picture of "Christ Healing the Sick" to Nottingham. The pictures, interesting and representative though they are, can hardly be said to be masterpieces on equality with the rest in the National Gallery. They would, in the opinion of many, be eligible for admission to the National Gallery of British Art on historical as well as on artistic grounds; but we think that the National Gallery authorities are faithful to their trust in maintaining a very high standard in their noble institution.

[13] **SAGITTARIUS.**—Is the statement I have occasionally seen made without authorities quoted an established fact, that Sagittarius, a centaur with bow and arrow, was the arms or badge of King Stephen; and if so, does it prove that old churches in England, in



SAGITTARIUS FROM NORMAN DOORWAY  
OF LULLINGTON CHURCH, SOMERSET.

which a carving of it occurs, were founded or rebuilt during his reign? On Plate 12, Vol. V. of "The Architectural Antiquities of Great Britain," by John Britton, F.S.A., are engravings of two capitals from the Norman church at Iffley, Oxfordshire, one adorned with two centaurs fighting, and the other, holding a bow in his right hand, galloping over a tailless lion. The capital of a column supporting the round, beak-headed arch of the northern porch of Lullington Church, Somersetshire, is sculptured with a centaur shooting with bow and arrow. In the late Byzantine cathedral of St. Martin at Mainz, near the left entrance at the east end, on the column of an archway leading to the vaults, is a capital carved with a large clumsy Sagittarius. This seems to point to the probability that it was merely an adornment common to the different branches of Romanesque architecture, and hence of no value in helping to ascertain the dates of ecclesiastical buildings in England.—L. BEATRICE THOMPSON.

\*\*. Miss Thompson is quite correct in stating that the figure of Sagittarius is considered as the badge of Stephen. There is, however, no evidence even for this statement that will bear investigation, but tradition asserts that the badges used by Stephen on his armour were a star-shaped flower of seven points and a golden sagittary on a red ground. The tradition must not, however, be taken as a guide in determining the age of buildings. As such it is of no value. Neither of the badges mentioned even appears on Stephen's coins nor on his great seal nor in contemporary manuscripts, save in the border of one missal. The figure of the sagittary is of frequent occurrence in architecture. Miss Thompson will find it in buildings differing widely from one another. She will see it on Notre Dame, on St. Troplunie, Arles, on Maria Miracoli, Venice, on the quaint tower of Albi Cathedral at Amiens, Laon, Alençon, Chartres, and Seville.

[14] **A PICTURE BY A. CHALON, R.A.**—Could you tell me anything about a picture in my possession? It is a portrait of a lady in early Victorian style, wearing blue bonnet, a white dress with low neck and short sleeves, black mittens, pale blue scarf gracefully encircling the waist and arm, and a handsome pearl necklace. She has a bouquet of flowers, and her right hand rests on a low bank. A sylvan scene is depicted, with a stream and castle in the distance. The figure is that of a brunette with a profusion of curls; she has a very languishing air, the head reclining to the right shoulder. The picture is signed "A. CHALON, 1835." Its size is 31 inches by 25, upright.—J. W. W. (Burton-on-Trent).

\*\*. In the year 1835, A. Chalon, R.A., exhibited in the Royal Academy the following portraits of ladies, any one of whom this picture might represent:—Mrs. Crawford, Saint Hill (446); Lady Agnes Byng (561); and Lady Augusta Baring. In the following year there were Lady Louisa Cavendish (466); Mrs. Henry Pearse (475); Miss Fitz-Clarence (598); and Mrs. Smith (836). Without seeing the picture, it is impossible to say of whom it may be, but the owner may perhaps more easily establish the identity of the portrait by finding out—no very difficult matter—the name of the castle in the background.

[15] **COPYRIGHT LAW: REGISTRATION.**—Referring to copyright law, may I ask if I am right in my belief that unless a picture is registered on or before its first transfer all copyright is lost in that picture, even supposing an agreement be made between artist and purchaser; and also that it cannot afterwards be registered by any further owner?—C. W. CAREY (Curator, Royal Holloway College, Egham).

.. No—in such a case the copyright is not lost. Registration is necessary to obtain the benefit of the Act; such “benefit” being *not the copyright*, but the right to sue. According to Winslow, the proprietor, before he has registered, is subject only to this disadvantage, that he cannot, until he has done so, become entitled to the benefit of the statute; but he is capable of transferring his copyright as he can transfer any other property (*Tuck v. Priest*, 19 Q.B. Div. 636). Accordingly, if the last assignment of copyright has been duly registered, the assignee may sue for infringement, although the original proprietor was never on the register, and prior assignments have not been registered. In Messrs. Graves’ case (L.R. 4 Q.B. 715, 724; 39 L.J. Q.B. 31), the copyrights of Millais’ “My First Sermon” and “My Second Sermon” were assigned by the painter to Messrs. Agnew and Folds, and by them to Messrs. Moore, MacQueen and Co., by whom they were assigned to Messrs. Graves. The assignment to Messrs. Moore had not been registered, but Messrs. Graves fulfilled the requirement as regards themselves. In another case the copyright of a picture by Landseer had been assigned to Flatow and by that dealer to Messrs. Graves, who alone duly registered. It was held by the Court that *it was unnecessary that all the prior assignments should be registered*, “the object of registration being to enable anyone to trace the proprietorship of the copyright, which was sufficiently done by the registration of the last assignment.”

[16] **BOOK-PLATES.**—Lady Albemarle would be obliged to anyone who would tell her the best place to have a fancy book-plate cut—not like a copper-plate, but more like a wood-engraving of Albert Dürer.—Guidenham, Attleborough.

.. If Lady Albemarle wishes a design already existing to be cut upon wood in the Dürer manner, there are several pupils of the Birmingham School of Art who might be trusted to produce a satisfactory block. But if she requires a design prepared in the “wood-cut” fashion, there are plenty of artists who would be able to execute it. In Mr. Egerton Castle’s “English Book-plates” and Miss Labouchère’s “Ladies’ Book-plates” (both published by Messrs. Bell, 5, York Street, Covent Garden), specimens are to be found of almost every modern designer of *ex libris*. A letter addressed by Lady Albemarle to the Editor of these volumes at the publisher’s address, or to the Editor of this Magazine, would put Lady Albemarle into communication with the artist whose style pleases her most. A design would cost from three to five guineas, or more, according to the standing of the artist.

[17] **PICTURE LOST OR STOLEN.**—The original drawing of “Primrose-Day, by Mr. C. Ricketts, of which we give a small reproduction herewith, has mysteriously disappeared from the owner’s possession. The Editor of THE MAGAZINE OF ART would be glad to hear from anybody who knows of its whereabouts.



PRIMROSE-DAY. (AN ALLEGORICAL CARTOON:  
“BEAconsfield BORNE UPON THE SHIP OF STATE.”)

#### NOTE.

**SAM BOUGH, BEVERLEY, AND SALA.**—With reference to Mr. W. J. Calcott’s note in our November issue, we have received the following interesting communication from Mr. W. J. Lawrence:—“I find from my note-books that Beverley was engaged as principal scenic artist by Knowles, of the Theatre Royal, Manchester, in December, 1842, and his name crops up occasionally in connection with the more elaborate productions there until June, 1846, when he provided the magnificent scenery for the revival of the opera of *Acis and Galatea*. But even if he was nominally principal scene-painter at Manchester all that time, I doubt if he was in continual residence there, and must assume, upon other evidence, that during the later years he only worked on the more important productions. Early in 1846 (before June) he was principal artist under Haddon at the Princess’s Theatre, London. I fancy he had little to do with Manchester in 1845, for I find that the principal artists at the Theatre Royal in that city then were Channing, Bough, and Anderson. These would probably be the resident painters, with Beverley as special artist for spectacular productions. His connection with Manchester is accounted for by the fact that Robert Roxby, his brother, was stage-manager there. As for Mr. Sala, he was assistant—not “labourer”—to Beverley in 1850, and described his master and his method of working in the paper “Getting up a Pantomime,” which was reprinted in *Gaslight and Daylight*. The pantomime dealt with was the Christmas annual produced at the Princess’s Theatre on Boxing Night, 1851, entitled *Harlequin Billy Taylor*; or, *the Flying Dutchman and the King of the Island of Raritango*, written by Sala himself.



FRONT ELEVATION OF NEW NATIONAL ART GALLERY, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

## THE CHRONICLE OF ART.—JANUARY.

**Art in Sydney.** IN spite of friendly attempts on the part of the two Art Societies of Sydney to amalgamate, they remain separated, owing to a division of opinion as to the question whether artists shall be judged by artists or by laymen. Hence the young Society—the Society of Artists—opened its second annual exhibition in September, and the parent Society a month later. Last year the new Society's exhibition was marked by great virility, and this year that quality is even more in evidence, for the Committee has enlarged its boundaries by inviting exhibitors from all the other Australian colonies. The Hanging Committee was inexorable in maintaining a certain standard. Portraiture is largely represented; of figure-paintings and allegorical subjects there is little or none. Still-life is hardly in evidence. But there is much in land and seascape illustrative of the life of Australia. Altogether the exhibition is distinctly good, and may be regarded as marking a mile-stone in the progress of inter-colonial art. Mr. J. LONG-STAFF, the first Victorian artist to benefit by the Travelling Scholarship open to Victorian artists, has won the coveted distinction of sending in the picture of the year. A "Lady in Black" is a fine, life-like, full-length study, the speaking face and nervous hands being painted with masterly strength. Close by hangs a portrait of the late Edward Ogilvie by Mr. TOM ROBERTS, which is a worthy rival, and quite the best thing this artist has ever done. As this exhibition is essentially representative of young and rising artists, special mention must be made of Mr. F. McCUBBIN, Miss F. A. FULLER, and Miss ALICE MUSKETT, all of whom have sent contributions in oils or pastels from Paris, where they are studying. The trustees of the National Gallery have purchased six pictures, and Mr. ILLINGWORTH's "Bust of an Aboriginal Female," from the exhibition, at a total cost of a little over £230. They are Mr. LONGSTAFF's "Lady in Black," Mr. D. DAVIES's "A Summer Evening," Mr. SID LONG's "Midday," Mr. G. LAMBERT's "Bush Idyll," Mr. B. E. MINNS's "Study of

an Aboriginal Female," and Mr. ARTHUR STREETON's "Surveyor's Camp"—the two last being water-colours. The Art Society's exhibition lacks any one picture of transcendent merit or interest. At the same time it might also be called the Pignenit exhibition, so much does this artist dominate the whole with his half-dozen pictures, on account of their great merit and exquisite finish. Having no connection with the Impressionist school, he paints our atmosphere by land and sea to the entire satisfaction of all beholders. Next in order come Mr. W. LISTER LISTER, who has painted sea pieces and one landscape, and Mr. GORDON COUTTS, who is as exclusively a portrait-painter. It says much for the freedom of artistic culture that the lesser artists, who are more or less pupils of these men, have been able to think and paint for themselves bits of the everyday life of Australia. The trustees of the National Gallery were some time in making their decision, for while there is no picture which stands out as the picture of the year, there are many of a high average merit. The choice at last fell on Mr. FIGUENIT's "Southern Headland," Mr. GORDON COUTTS's "Waiting," Mr. ALBERT J. HANSON's water-colour, "The Close of Day," "Maiden Meditation Fancy Free," Miss MARY STODDARD's "Queenie," a magnificent tigress treated with a fidelity to animal life that is remarkable in a girl not yet out of her teens; and Mr. J. WOLINSKI's clever charcoal studies. Sculpture is not strong, though Signor SIMONETTI has a speaking likeness of A. B. Paterson ("The Man from Snowy River"); Miss THEO. COWAN, a fine veiled bust of an imaginative subject, "The Veiled Moon like Dian's Kiss," which attains its end without trickery; Mrs. MOORE-JONES, a bronze head of Sir Frederick



SYMBOLIC REPRESENTATION OF THE CRUCIFIXION.

(By Giovanni Mansueti. Recently acquired by the National Gallery, No. 1,478, Octagon Hall.)

Darley, which is too severely judicial for the genial Chief Justice, and might pass for a Roman Dictator. Our illustration represents the front elevation of the proposed new National Gallery for Sydney, which is to be built during the next three years at a cost of £12,000. The building is designed by Mr. VERNON, the Government architect.



**The Queensland National Gallery.**

THE first Report of the Trustees of the Queensland National Art Gallery has reached us. It shows that the collection of works under their control now consists of twenty-four



THE MOORLAND (DEWAR STONE).

(By J. W. Inchbold. Bequeathed to the National Gallery by Sir John Russell Reynolds, Bart. No. 1,477, Room XX)

pictures—mostly works in black and white—one marble bust, twenty-seven pieces of Doulton ware, and numerous engravings and volumes, the property of the gallery. Besides these they have on loan a goodly number of pictures and engravings. The sum of £500 has been placed at the disposal of the trustees for the purchase of works of art, £400 of which was sent to London for acquiring pictures by European artists. It is an encouraging fact that 20,000 persons have visited the gallery in Brisbane since its formation in March, 1895.

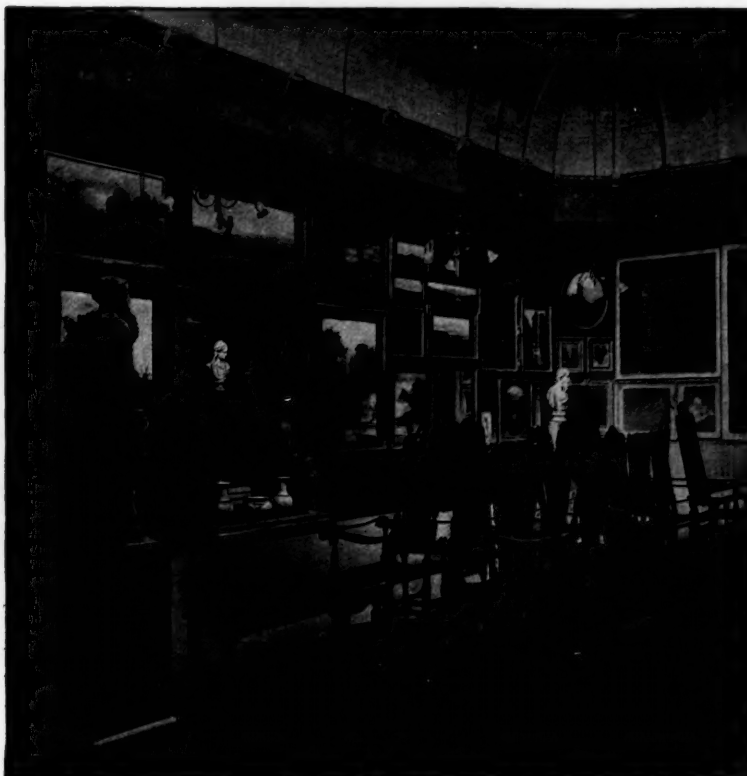
**Exhibitions.** THE Corporation Autumn Exhibition at Liverpool enters on its second quarter-century this year under changed conditions. Alderman Rathbone is dead, and is succeeded by Councillor John Lea as chairman of the Arts Subcommittee of the Council. This year has not been fertile in great pictures, and it would scarcely have been to Mr. Lea's discredit if the exhibition had been below average: he has scored a triumph by getting together a collection which is generally allowed to be one of the best ever seen in the Walker Art Gallery. The professional hangers were Mr. W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A., Mr. J. J. Shannon, and Mr. A. E. Brockbank, of the Liverpool Academy. Their work has been very well done, and by boldly abolishing the top row and substituting a frieze of drapery, Mr. Lea has secured a most pleasant general effect. About 2,800 works of art were sent in, of which only 1,238 are exhibited. These include about 500 water-

colours and 77 pieces of sculpture and pottery. The late President's "The Empty Cage" has a place of honour. The water-colour collection is a very strong one, and the sculpture includes such works as Mr. THORNYCROFT's "Joy of Life," and M. KHNOPFF's "Vivien." Mr. CHAS. J. ALLEN contributes a successful posthumous bust of the late Mr. Rathbone.

The autumn exhibition of the Nottingham Art Museum takes the form of a special loan collection. Mr. G. HARRY WALLIS, F.S.A., has been successful in obtaining many important works by contemporary English painters. In conjunction with this exhibition Sir Charles Seeley, Bart., has placed at the disposal of the Art Museum Committee an important collection of drawings in water-colours, including a large number of beautiful drawings of Venice by Mr. BIRKET FOSTER, R.W.S. To the Corporation of Birmingham the Committee is indebted for the loan of the whole of the collection of water-colour paintings and important works in oils from the City Art Gallery.

In the Victoria Institute, Worcester now possesses a Corporation Art Gallery, and its first exhibition was recently opened. Over two hundred works have been brought together, among the most noteworthy of which are "Jessica," by Mr. LUKE FILDES, R.A.; "Fifty Years After" and "Autumn," by Mr. FRANK BRAMLEY, A.R.A.; "Season of Mist and Fruitfulness," by Mr. DAVID MURRAY, A.R.A.; and "Ramilies," by Mr. ERNEST CROFTS, R.A. A view is given on page 175 of the façade of the admirable new building, of which Messrs. J. W. SIMPSON and E. J. MILNER-ALLEN are the architects.

Exeter, too, has a new Art Gallery, in which is housed



INTERIOR OF THE NEW EXETER ART GALLERY.



the collection of pictures belonging to the Corporation. Among the most noteworthy of these is a portrait of Napoleon, by DAVID, which we reproduce, and a portrait of "William Warmond, Burgomaster of Leyden," rather doubtfully attributed to FRANZ HALS. Most of the other works are by the late WILLIAM WIDGERY, an artist of

PENNELL. In the third room Mr. A. E. EMSLIE, A.R.W.S., has eighty pretty water-colour drawings of rustic scenes, catalogued under the title "From Youth to Age."

At the Japanese Gallery there is an exhibition of works by WATANABE SEITEI and KWASON. This is the second appearance of the former artist here with his beautiful water-colour drawings of birds, fishes, and flowers. Characteristically decorative in treatment, they are delightful in colour and execution. The "Branch of Persimmon Fruit," which we reproduce, is one of the best of them, both for colouring and decorative arrangement. Kwason's work is equally interesting, except in one or two drawings in which he has attempted realistic representations of animals. There are also in the gallery several cases of Chinese ceramic and enamel work.

It should afford considerable **Reviews.** gratification to Professor RUSKIN to contemplate every new edition of his works that is given forth, in unbroken sequence, from the press. The significance of this sign of the artistic times can hardly be over-rated. It means that the crusade that has so long been waged against the great writer, mainly by Mr. Whistler and his disciples, has had little weight with the general public, who care for art as the expression of something more than pleasure sensuous to the eye; it means that the "teaching" of the Master has sunk too deep into the hearts of the people to be easily eradicated by the counter-cry of Art for Art. In the famous series of "*Fors Clavigera*," of which we have received the first two volumes of the excellent reprint, we have Ruskin at his best and in his most characteristic mood. We have him,

primarily, as the art-critic; we have him as the moralist, as the political economist, and as most things besides; and we have him, too, as the humorist—in which character he has, perhaps, acquired more disciples than through any other of his gifts; so true is it, as Carlyle showed, that no great writer ever swayed men's thoughts—Schiller alone excepted—without the saving virtue of humour. Few topics of Ruskin's teachings, few of his more cardinal opinions, but are touched on in these delightful pages. Refreshing, too, and at all times suggestive, and in all respects worthy of the enthusiastic criticism passed on them by the Sage of Chelsea himself, whose approval was not often to be obtained of any contemporary philosopher whatsoever. It is little that need here be said in praise of these extraordinary volumes, which now, for the first time, are placed in a collected form within the reach of the general reader. That this re-issue will be properly appreciated as it deserves it is impossible to doubt. The volumes are worthily produced, and the varied illustrations are adequate, and Mr. COLLINGWOOD may be congratulated on the result of his editorial labours. We



NAPOLEON I.

(From the Painting by David, in the Exeter Art Gallery.)

local repute, but it is hoped that these will serve as a nucleus for a collection of representative works by modern artists, as the trustees have a fund the interest of which is to be devoted every third year to the purchase of a work of art. One of Mr. KENNETH MACKENZIE's pictures, "Moorland and Meadow," was bought last year.

The Oxford Art Society's annual exhibition is well up to its average, Prof. HERKOMER, R.A., being the most notable contributor; he has, however, only sent one small picture, "The Home Decorator." Mr. GEORGE CARLINE exhibits several of his charming wildflower pieces; and among numerous other contributors are Mr. CARLETON GRANT, R.B.A., Mr. REGINALD CARTER, Mr. E. GOULD SMITH, R.B.A., and Mr. WALTER S. S. TYRERWHITT.

At the City Art Gallery, Leeds, a large collection of engravings of TURNER's work, with some of his original drawings and pictures, are on view. The former section exhaustively represents the subject, and altogether it has proved an interesting and successful exhibition.

English humorous art is again on exhibition—this time at the Fine Art Society's. Commencing with examples by HOGARTH, the drawings are arranged chronologically, ending with work by Mr. MAX BEERBOHM, the series including specimens of work by nearly all the best humorous artists of the intervening years. A large number of drawings by the late FRED BARNARD share a room with a collection of charming lithographs of the Alhambra by Mr. JOSEPH



MR. GEORGE ALLEN'S IMPRINT.  
(Designed by Mr. Walter Crane.)

have pleasure in reproducing the imprint of the publisher, Mr. George Allen, for the sake of its beauty. It represents St. George, England's patron saint, and Mr. Ruskin's, and was designed by Mr. Walter Crane.

Perhaps few men know more about making drawings for "*The Illustration of Books*" (Fisher Unwin) than Mr. PENNELL, and if he could have restricted himself to talking to the students of the Slade School about the things he has experience of, the book containing those talks would have been much more useful than it is likely to be. When Mr. Pennell deals with the practical work of the making of illustrations he gives his students many good useful hints. He is not always accurate in his statements, as we shall presently

show, and some of the despised publishers or their editors could tell Mr. Pennell a thing or two which he does not yet know, because they have a much larger experience of the reproduction of drawings than he. But apart from this

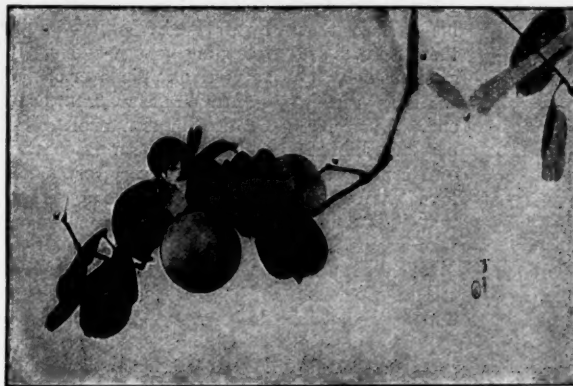
it is very much to be regretted that Mr. Pennell should have published a book so much of which is foolish and offensive and in the very worst taste. Mr. Pennell gives his students to understand that the illustrator is a kind of Christian martyr living and working in the midst of enemies. The publisher, the art-editor, the engraver, the process-block maker, the printer, are all combined to rob him, to insult him, to crush out of him all his genius if he has any, to force out of him bad work for little pay, and to ruin even that in its reproduction, and then to fling on his poor head the responsibility for

all their failures. And the general impression produced on the reader by the repetition of this kind of talk is that in Mr. Pennell's judgment proprietor and editor are

ignorant and grasping sweaters, that engravers and process-block makers are ignorant and indolent men, neither understanding their business nor taking interest in their work, and who are only concerned in having drawings made in a manner that gives them least trouble to repro-

duce. At the same time it is evident from other passages in the book that Mr. Pennell knows that not only do they understand and take great interest in their work, but that generally they are men of great ability who are ready and desirous to make the best of every man's work. A reference to one or two details is necessary. Mr. Pennell, in referring to the gelatine process for reproducing line drawings, says (p. 74): "The process is only used, I believe, by one firm. The

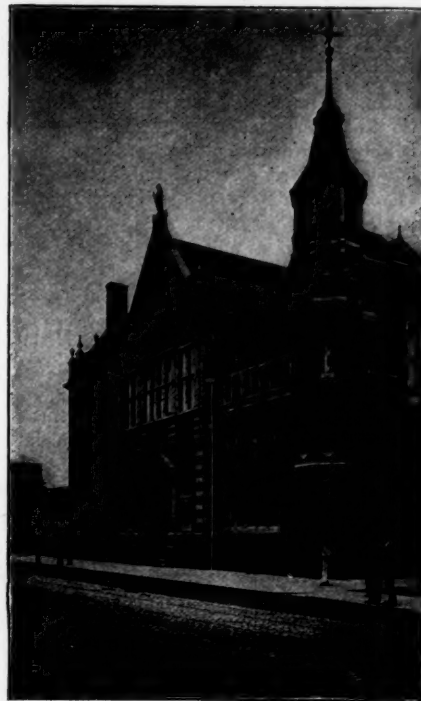
results are good, but no better than the others." Now this process is twice as costly at least as the ordinary line process, and yet for certain work publishers—these sweating, grasping creatures who only think of cheapness—will



A BRANCH OF PERSIMMON FRUIT.  
(From a Water-Colour Drawing by Watanabe Seitel.)



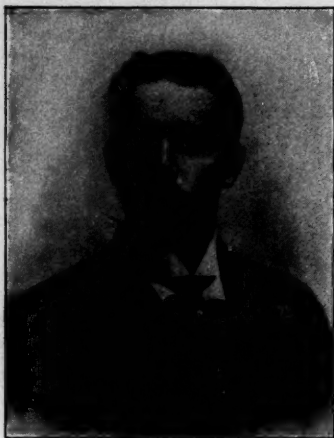
FLIGHT OF A DUCK.  
(From a Water-Colour Drawing by Kusaon.)



THE VICTORIA INSTITUTE, WORCESTER.

have their drawings reproduced by the swelled gelatine process and pay for it. Can it be that it is "no better than the others"? Mr. Pennell may think it is ignorance only that leads them to throw away their money, but if he will

take the trouble to carry his investigations a little further than he has yet done he will find that certain things can be done well by Dawson's swelled gelatine process that the



C. WILHELM.

(From a Photograph by A. Denouain.)

other processes will do but badly or not at all. Mr. Pennell states in his preface that these lectures are a serious essay towards a certain end. There are people both in his own country and here who think that it is a mistake ever to take Mr. Pennell quite seriously, and it is a little difficult to understand how a serious man, addressing students who have to make their living in conjunction with

publishers and editors and engravers, should think it a desirable equipment for them to start on their course with such foolish notions of them as he here sets forth. It may be that Mr. Pennell did not intend all he has said to be taken seriously, in which case he would have been wiser to have confined it to the familiarity of the class-room and not to have reproduced it in permanent form.

The "Index to the Periodicals of 1895" is worthy of its predecessors. To the merits of this cyclopædia of periodical literature we have before borne cordial witness, so that we have but little to add in praise of this indispensable publication. Never has the art of the indexer been more exhaustively or more intelligently exercised. Every section appears to be the work of an expert; complete yet not overloaded; as necessary to writers and readers as any standard work you may choose to name. The subject of art occupies seven columns, carefully subdivided and cross-indexed, and references made, for example, to not fewer than to some 220 articles on artists alone, without any detectable error. It is an admirable compilation, which should be accorded the support of the public, not only by reason of its intrinsic merits, but because the expense it entails on its publishers renders its issue commercially unprofitable. The discontinuation of such a work we should regard as a catastrophe.

One of the best of the Christmas books is a delightfully written fairy-story by Miss SHEILA E. BRAINE, entitled "*To Tell the King the Sky is Falling*" (Blackie and Sons, Limited, London). Miss ALICE WOODWARD has supplied a large number of clever illustrations which give an additional charm to the volume and should ensure for it a great and well-deserved success.

Such details of art life in Paris as may be necessary to the intending student or to others curious in such matters are presented in the 1896-7 edition of the "*Anglo-American Annual*." Art-student life in Paris, the principal studios and academies receiving pupils, a list of the English

speaking artists and art students in the city, are given at some length. We constantly receive inquiries from correspondents desirous of information on these points; we cannot do better than to refer them generally to this useful compilation.

We have received from the Great Eastern Railway Company a copy of their "*Tourists' Guide to the Continent*," by Mr. PERCY LINDLEY, a little book likely to be useful to intending holiday-takers. Its illustrations are temptingly suggestive to the lover of the picturesque.

Mr. WALTER CRANE has issued through the Twentieth Century Press a small collection of his Socialist cartoons which have been made at intervals during the past ten years. They vary very much in quality, the best of them without doubt being "*The Triumph of Labour*," which was designed to commemorate the International Labour Day, May 1st, 1891.

**Miscellanea.** IN connection with our notice of the new ballet on p. 162 we publish a portrait of the designer, Mr. C. WILHELM.

Through a slip of the pen we referred to WILLIAM MORRIS's "*Dream of John Ball*" as a "poetical" work. We thank our correspondents who have called attention to the matter.

The Bohemian artist M. VACLAV BROZIK has been elected foreign member of the Société des Artistes Français in succession to the late Sir John E. Millais.

Mr. F. W. W. TOPHAM has been elected a member of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, and Professor HANS VON BARTELS an honorary member. The following have been elected members of the Royal Society of British Artists: Messrs. WRIGHT BARKER, BURLEIGH BRUHL, FRANK DICKSON, J. FITZ-MARSHALL, HAIN-FRISWELL, TREVOR HADDON, PHILIP H. NEWMAN, TOM ROBERTSON, and T. F. M. SHEARD.

Mr. BEAVIS, R.W.S., has died at the age of seventy-two.



A NEW POSTER.

(Designed by Louis J. Rhoad.)

Born at Exeter, he studied at the Academy Schools and became a contributor to the Academy exhibitions. He had several drawings at the Old Water-Colour Society's winter exhibition last year.









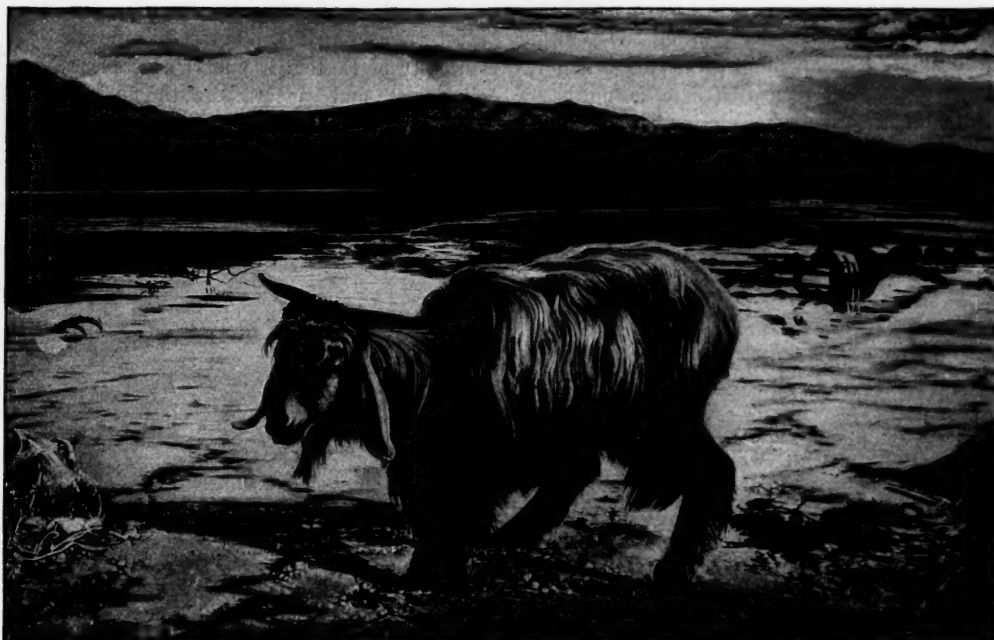
Magazine of Art.

Copyright 1893 by Photographische Gesellschaft.

# THE LOVE TOKEN.

(By Permission of the Berlin Photographie Co.)





THE SCAPEGOAT.

(From the Painting by W. Holman Hunt. By Permission of Messrs. Graves and Co., Limited.)

## THE COLLECTION OF MR. W. CUTHBERT QUILTER, M.P. THE MODERN ENGLISH MASTERS.—II.

By F. G. STEPHENS.

IF anything were needed to prove the catholicity of Mr. Cuthbert Quilter's taste in art, and illustrate the comprehensiveness of his sympathies with painters' aims, the reproductions, for liberty to include which in these notes all readers are bound to join their thanks with mine, and the multifarious charms of the pictures in question here, are more than sufficient for both these purposes. The six examples before us include three world-renowned masterpieces, as well as Mr. Leader's brilliant and popular *chef-d'œuvre*; one of the most distinguished of John Linnell's masculine and original poems in English landscape, a really noble piece, and such as the most vigorous old masters might be proud of; and, lastly, a large and highly characteristic quasi-Spanish figure picture by John Phillip, the latest of all his more ambitious productions.

If one of the masterpieces thus referred to is more important, fresh, and virile than its companions, that is undoubtedly "The Scapegoat" of Mr. Holman Hunt, a work which I am far from alone in accepting as not only a leading member of the epoch-marking class of paintings this century is likely to boast of, but in some respects the best of the artist's output. The Albert Dürer of our age, Mr. Hunt, appeared by means of this extraordinary

work in his truest aspect, and in technical matters more like his illustrious forerunner than the radical differences of their times seemed to allow possible. In whatever way the pathetic, devout, and passionate turn of each artist's mind manifested itself, the likeness between them is strikingly close. This similarity is obvious when we recognise in the modern master's piece the intense realism of Dürer, his indomitable industry, his achievement of the effect of light in the open, the glowing and somewhat isolated local colours of his pictures, as, for example, the stupendous "Adoration of the Trinity," which is among the wonders of Vienna, and—as treating that glory of light which was one of Albert's greatest subjects—quite incomparable. The Englishman's turn for allegorising, using the most obvious of types, is more strongly marked in "The Scapegoat" than in any other of his works, and while Dürer's genius penetrated much deeper into symbolical mysteries than Mr. Hunt (his "Melencolia I." and "Feast of the Rose Garlands," to wit), there is not a little that is Dürer-like in the inspiration as well as in the technique of Mr. Quilter's picture, which I do not hesitate to think worth half-a-dozen "Lights of the World" or "Shadows of the Cross."

"The Scapegoat" was, on the whole, the most



legitimate and complete outcome of these rather stringent and self-compelling principles which induced the artist to "realise" (there is no better term) one of the symbolic sacrifices of the Old

illustrations, fanciful and graceful exceedingly. The stupidity of Bottom is unexceptionable; the robust elves, Moth and Mustard Seed, the fluffy-furred hares as white as snow with rubies for eyes—nay, the



TITANIA AND BOTTOM.

(From the Painting by Sir E. Landseer, R.A. By Permission of Messrs. Graves and Co., Limited.)

Testament. Nothing was to be left to the imagination of the spectators of a picture by Mr. Hunt, who, with all his allegorising, is the most exacting of realisers. The more ancient and gross antetype of the Great Sacrifice must needs be painted not only "to a hair," but in the very uttermost of those desert regions to which the goat of actuality might have wandered when "driven forth into the wilderness," a red fillet being twined with his horns, which, should the poor brute be afterwards discovered, and the fillet found to be bleached white, was considered as a sign that the vicarious atonement was accepted. The landscape, with the mountains of Edom glowing in the sunset's rose and purple, the Dead Sea at Oosdom and its pallid water, were painted on the spot; at Jerusalem, the goat himself was finished from sketches made on the salt-incrusted margin of the lake. Painted in 1854, and brought to England in 1855, "The Scapegoat" was sold to the late Mr. Windus, of Tottenham, for £420, and exhibited at the Academy in 1856, No. 398.

"Titania and Bottom," popularly known as "Midsummer's Night's Dream," one of Landseer's charming pictures, is in some respects among the most beautiful and modern of Shakespearean

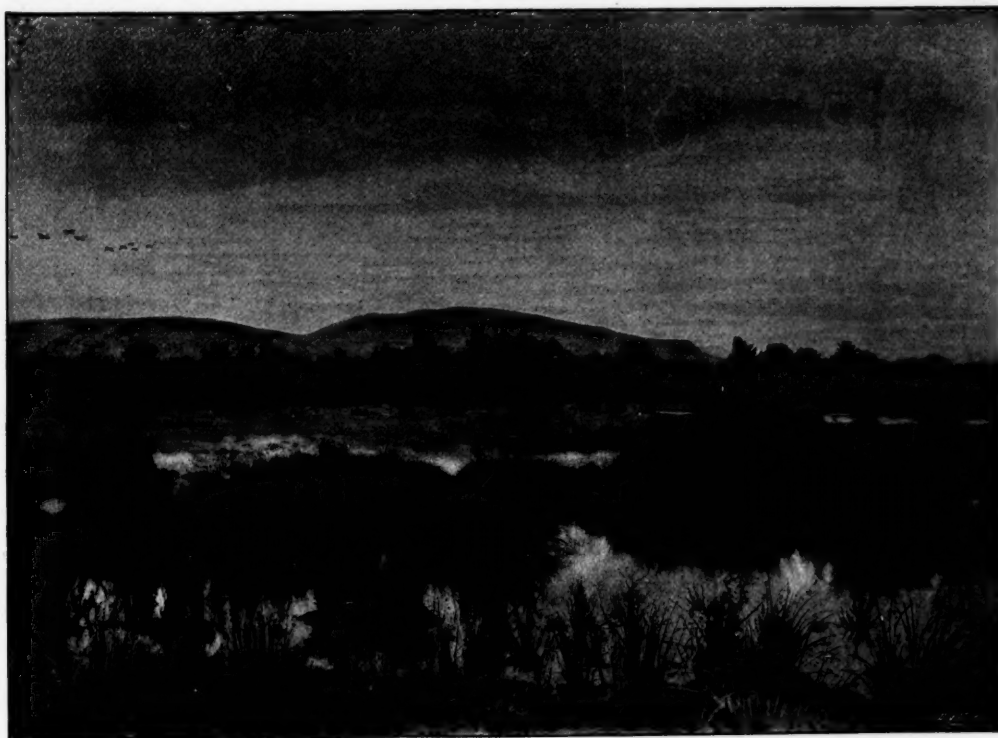
fantastically fair Ariel, are all we could desire; exquisite is the painting of Titania's semi-diaphanous robe starred with gold; in her face, however, there is no passion Oberon need have troubled himself about. All the world was young when, in 1850, Sir Edwin painted this work for Sir Isambard Brunel's Shakespeare Gallery; it was at the Academy in 1851, very admirably engraved by S. Cousins, and at the Brunel sale in 1860 was sold for £2,940 (an enormous price for those days) to Earl Brownlow, in whose possession it remained at Ashridge Park till Mr. Agnew bought it; from him it passed to Mr. Quilter. Unlike "Bolton Abbey" and some other Landseers, "Titania and Bottom" is in excellent condition.\*

The third of our masterpieces is Millais' "Murthly Moss," one of the capital landscapes of that most capable of landscape painters. Worthy to be ranked with his "Over the Hills and Far Away," or "Chill October," it represents Carnleeth Moss, Birnam, late in a September afternoon, when pale and declining daylight struggles to penetrate the thin grey clouds which almost completely mask the sky; this light is reflected by the pools of the

\* Additional interest belongs to this work by the fact that it was while painting it that the balance of the great painter's mind, at that time in jeopardy, was restored.—Ed.

foreground, and they are so calm that the images of the rushes and flags do not move at all. A tract of meadow marks the mid-distance, and is shut in by a dark belt of pines, some of whose stems are touched by a pallid golden gleam, the only one in the picture; beyond the pines the grey sides of a range of hills are indistinctly seen in that wannish light, the poetry of which no one appreciated more truly or painted more tenderly than Millais. It may be called a picture of silence and silvery, almost shadowless, light. Painted in 1887, "Murthly Moss" was No. 292 at the Academy in the next year. It is one of the most powerful, soft, and harmonious of modern landscapes; as a Millais quite a masterpiece. Inspired by imagination of a very noble strain, restful, solemn, and serene, the pathos of this example is of the first order, and grows upon us while we look, so that thus profoundly touched, the spectator almost forgets to marvel at the completeness of its every detail, its innumerable minutiae, and their perfect unison. Nor is the coloration of "Murthly Moss" less a work of art than its painting *per se*;

With the utmost virility, rusticity, and veracity, Linnell painted "On Summer Eve by Haunted Stream," in a mood which never fails to remind me of Samuel Palmer's inspired art. It is very happy indeed in that way, and yet it is as true a Linnell as it can be, and fit to hold its own with any modern landscape where the poetry of nature is represented in art and by means of art, and does not appeal to letters—*i.e.*, to a totally different order of culture—for its honours, still less for its interpretation. In an age of scholasticism such as ours, it has almost gone out of mind that art, as a means of culture and power in dealing with beauty, is not less potent than literature, is not a plaything, nor the hand-maiden of letters, but exists in its own right. In such pictures as "Murthly Moss," and that which is now before us, we find no "illustrations" of thoughts which could equally well express themselves by literary means. What we find is something more subtle, searching, serious, and true, than letters can attain. Of course, literature is a mode of culture, but it is not the only one; at least the



MURTHLY MOSS.

(From the Painting by Sir J. E. Millais, P.R.A. By Permission of Messrs. Agnew and Son.)

its simple yet majestic composition conforms to the intense tranquillity of the scene, and the painter's impressive mood is immortalised in the manner before us.

Greeks, whose pedagogues were not supreme, thought so. The autumnal fervours of a Kentish landscape suited the taste of Linnell in his Claude-like mood, which is much the same as that of Samuel Palmer;

accordingly, he depicted with unusual force of tone and wealth of colour the vista of a devious stream in its rocky bed, as it is seen between densely-wooded banks, and from the road which is flanked by groups of oaks and ash-trees. A noble harmony obtains between the motives of the picture, its sentiment of strength seeking repose after the efforts, splendours, and triumphs of the fervid day, and the scene itself, as well as the artistic treatment, and style of the painting.

the levelling nature of engraving, ampler justice is done here to the less noble picture, than to the masterpieces, it is not difficult to allow for the disadvantages of the latter two, which, when the originals are studied, stand apart. "Departing Day" represents, I believe, a very charming reach of the Severn. It is a luminous and effective work, the character of which adapts it for translation into black and white.

The last of the illustrations now in view repre-

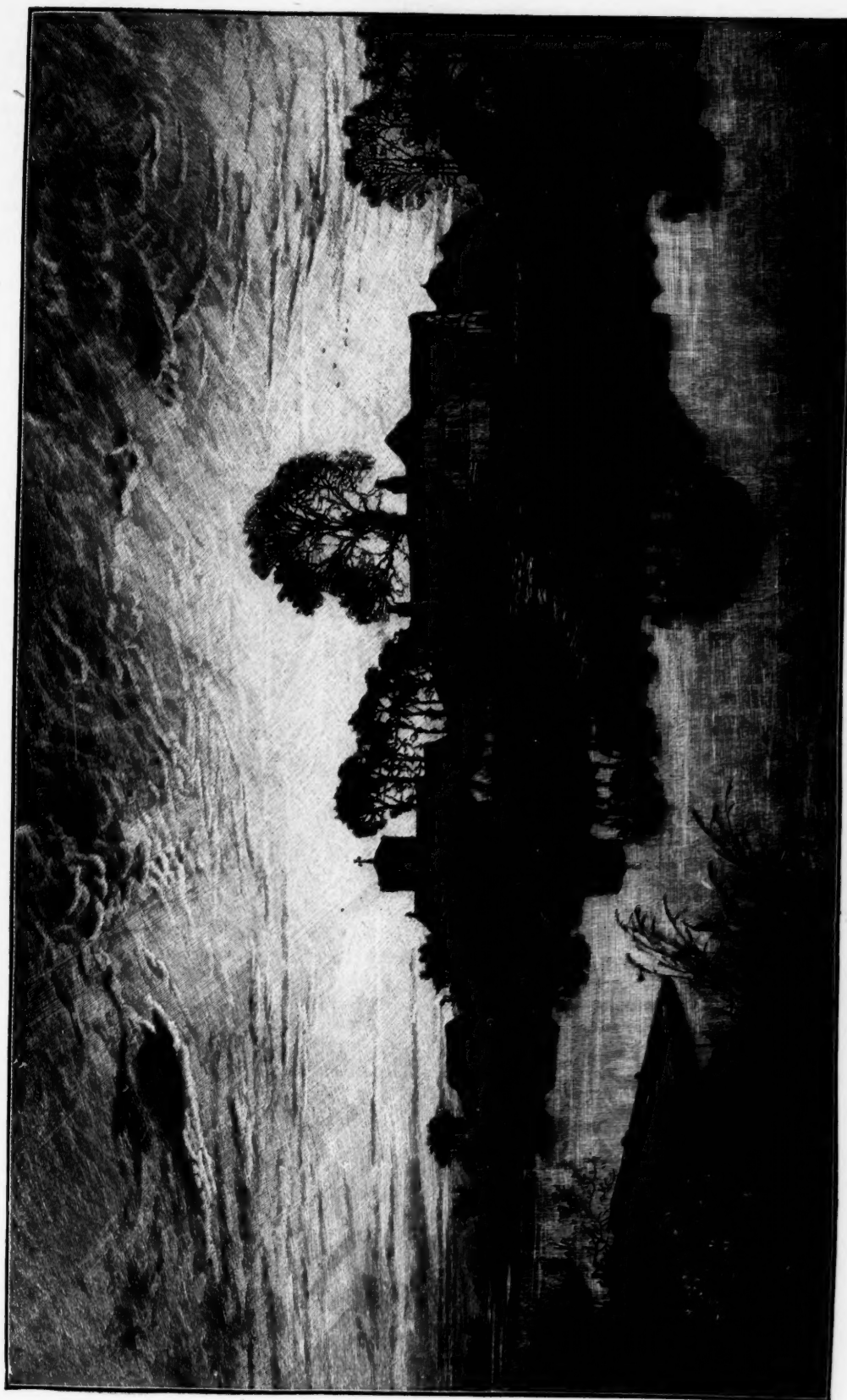


"ON SUMMER EVE BY HAUNTED STREAM."

(From the Painting by John Linnell.)

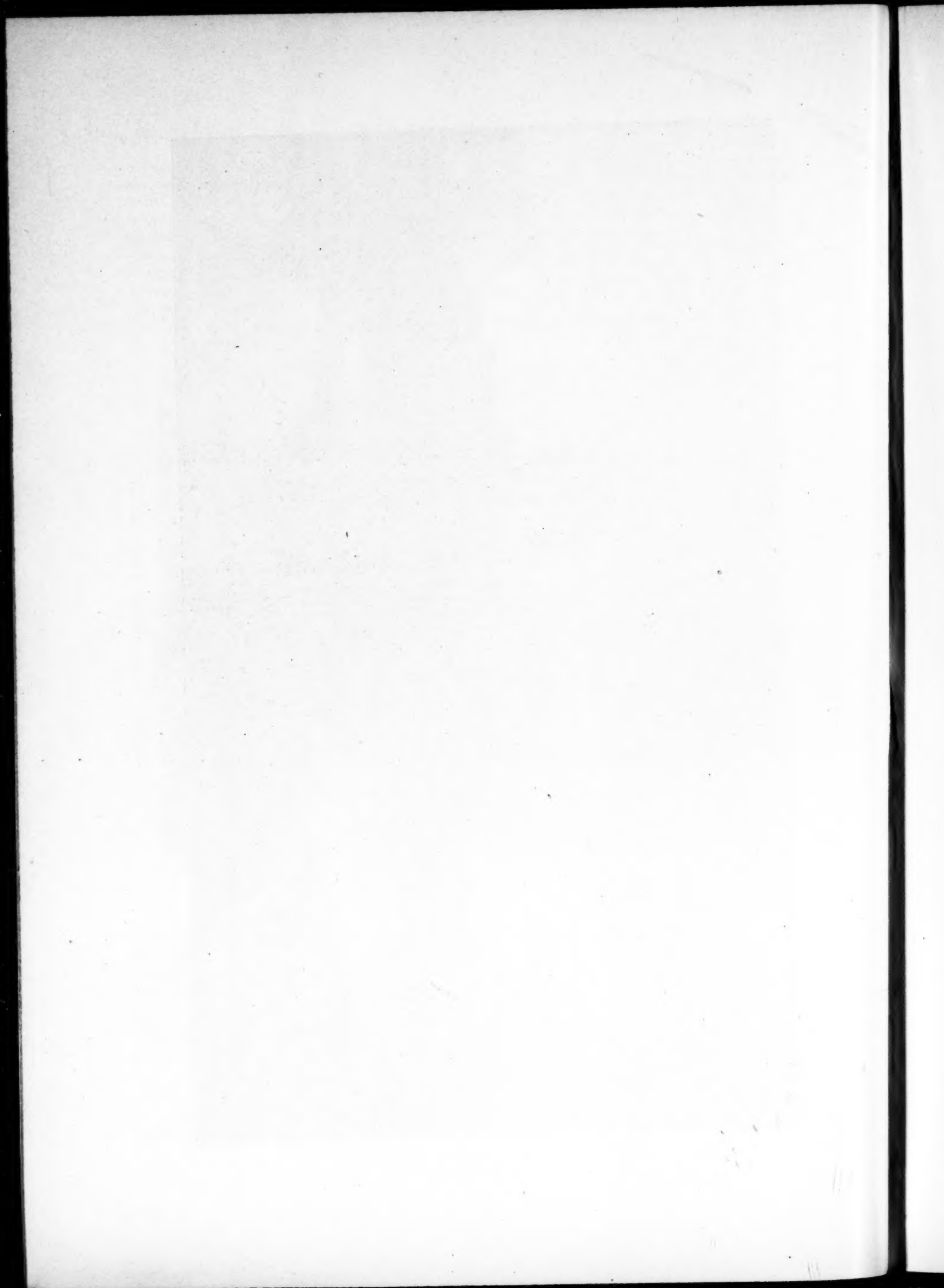
The extreme obviousness of every element constituting Mr. Leader's attractive and ambitious landscape of "Departing Day" qualify that by no means unjustly admired work for its important function; that is, as I take it, these easily read features are fitted to evoke for nature and the higher art (which after all is a sort of nature worship) certain emotions and thoughts in usually insusceptible minds, and to make the dull observant, susceptible, and sympathetic, and thus lead them, so to say, towards the levels of Millais and Linnell. It is not an ignoble function which accomplishes or should accomplish so much as this. Although, owing to

sents John Phillip's thoroughly characteristic and large painting of "Relic Sellers," a scene at the door of the Cathedral of Seville. It is the latest of the works of that artist—one, indeed, which he left partly unfinished (like that at the Scottish National Gallery), although it is among those to which he devoted much study since 1861, when he began it at Seville. It comprises some of his astonishingly facile workmanship; thus the figure of the blind beggar's dog, conspicuous in the foreground of the illustration, is as expressive, faithful, and energetic as Landseer himself could have made a dog's portrait to be, and yet it is the outcome of a



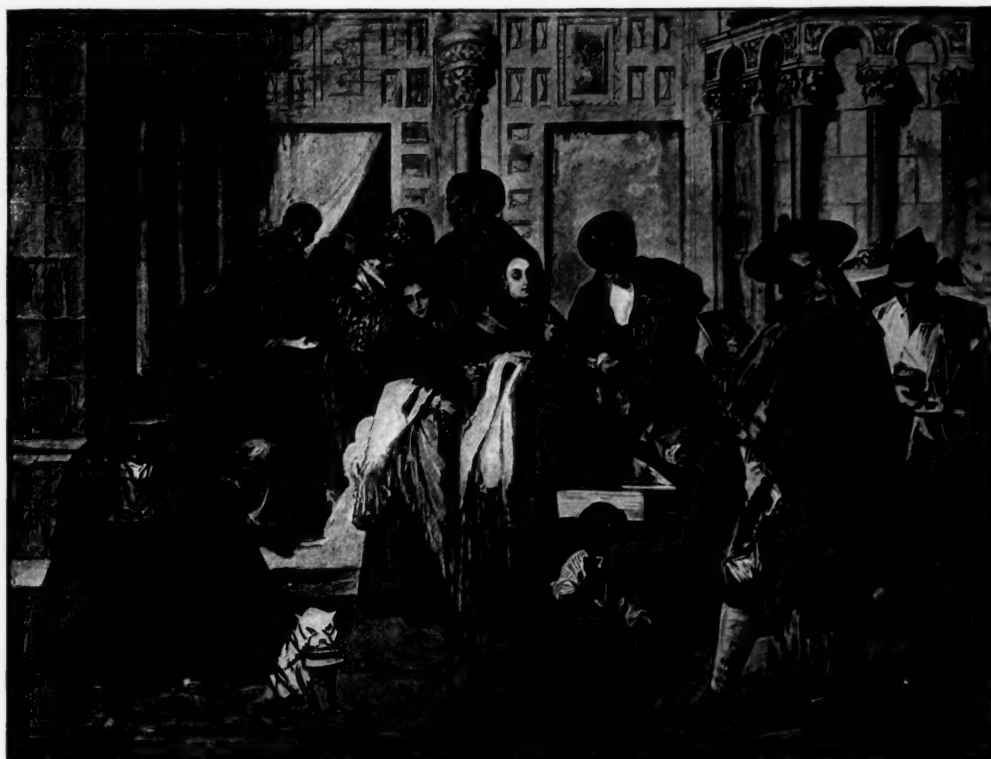
DEPARTING DAY.  
(From the Painting by B. W. Leader, A.R.A. Engraved by J. M. Johnston.)





few forthright and swift touches with a sweeping brush, and was not worked out when Fate stayed for ever the accomplished hand to whose skill we owe the picture before us, "La Gloria," "A Chat round the Braser," and a dozen excellent pieces of diverse aims and sympathies. Dying February 27, 1867, the artist left a name which no one would willingly let die, and, as an eminent Academician, his career

mantle is looking at so intently. Mr. Cuthbert Quilter exhibited "Relic Sellers" as No. 1 in the Academy in the winter of 1895. The picture is full of power, and is painted with a firmer and more massive touch than is usual with Phillip; his invention was never stronger, nor his insight into character more keen and sympathetic, than when he began this large picture more than thirty years ago.



THE RELIC SELLERS.

(From the Painting by John Phillip, R.A.)

ended very differently from that of his beginning as a house-painter's apprentice and colour-grinder of Aberdeen, who, in 1834, failing other means of reaching London, became a stowaway on board *The Manly*, a trading brig, and, in peril of the rope's end, was set to re-paint the vessel's figure-head. After which, when in the Thames, the lad was kept two whole days at the occupation of ballast-lifting, ere the skipper would allow him to go ashore. The influence of Velazquez, with a dash of Titian, manifesting itself in painting from such models as Murillo loved, is distinct in "Relic Sellers." The theme of this work reminds us of a tradition to the effect that the last-named Sevillian master himself was wont to make for sale to the peasants who thronged to the city's markets votive pictures such as the stalwart herdsman before us in the striped

Having already discussed F. Walker's capital achievement, "The Bathers," it is right to mention in this place that Mr. Cuthbert Quilter has a small sketch or version of this artist's less happy effort called "Wayfarers," two figures traversing a road by the side of a thicket. On a similar account, having put before the reader some notes on Mr. Briton Riviere's very fine and telling, romantic and suggestive piece, "The Magician's Doorway," I ought to add that among our collector's choicest acquisitions is a cartoon of the design of "Actæon and his Dogs" by the same painter. With the last-named scholarly and energetic example is Sir Edward Poynter's small, solid, and classical picture, the coloration of which is an exercise in rose and white, "Under the Sea-Wall," which was before the public a few years ago.

## GOLDSMITHERY.

BY ALEX. FISHER. ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR.

OF the ancient history of the goldsmith's art, from Bezaleel and Aholiab who made the golden vessels of the Tabernacle under the Divine direction of Moses, the ark, the mercy-seat, the altar of incense, and the seven-branched candlestick; of the goldsmiths who worked for Solomon in all his glory, and of the fabulous amount of gold at his or their disposal; of the Egyptian workers in the precious metal; how these were conversant with almost every method known to the modern

and as everyone knows this is the reason that it is used so largely to protect other metals, such as silver and copper, from oxidation. Again, it is extremely malleable and ductile, so that it can be hammered or rolled to an incredible degree of thinness—it being possible to reduce it to the  $\frac{1}{200,000}$ th part of an inch, or beaten into any shape. It may be drawn into wire as fine as a hair. It may be soldered, as witness the marvellous productions by the Greek and Etruscan workman,



GOLD CLASP.

goldsmith; how with far surpassing skill the Greeks still remain the best goldsmiths in many respects that have ever lived; how they, in the very highest period of Grecian art, with Phidias at its head, could with the greatest beauty of design and perfect manipulation produce works worthy of such an age as the few small pieces that remain to us testify—of all this has not much been well and worthily written? But rather let us study for a few moments what is to be done, and what can be done, in the most beautiful metal that is found in the world.

To do this we must first consider the properties of gold and its fitness as a metal to be used in art. Above all other qualities it possesses is its colour. The poets of all time have sung its praises, referring to the light of the morning and evening as golden. Angels in pictorial art have nimbi of gold. The very word "gold" at once suggests the most gorgeous thing in nature, and by analogy the happiest period of man's existence is spoken of as "the golden age." The next high quality it possesses is that it does not tarnish in either air or water;

who could cover a surface with such minute grains of gold as to be almost beyond the power of ordinary vision. It may be cast and riveted and any kind of surface, from the rough to highest possible polish, given to it. It can also be hardened and toughened by alloys; and although it loses somewhat its absolutely supreme colour, yet in such slight degree, where little alloy is used, that what it gains in hardness and therefore in utility both to the goldsmith and the wearer more than compensates for this very slight loss. Then last, but not least by any means, it is the best of all metals upon which to enamel—of which I shall have somewhat to say on a future occasion in this Magazine. So that here we have a metal which, with a knowledge and practice necessary to use it, lends itself in the hands of an artist to the expression of all the beauty he may desire.

Goldsmithery is, above all, the art which should have its own design. And yet a great number of pieces of goldsmith's work in the Renaissance—French and German—and this century particularly, are nothing more than minute reproductions

of architecture and woodwork. The moulding, columns, pilasters, the tracery, and carvings were originally either designed for stone or wood—and



GOLD CHALICE AND PATEN.

probably the designer was either a person who knew nothing about the material, or a goldsmith who knew nothing about design. The real goldsmith, to my mind, is an artist who is most intimately acquainted with the methods of working gold, so that the properties of the metal may govern as well as help his design. For it is not a matter whether a design can or cannot be executed in gold, but whether it is most suitable to its manipulation, and shall be the one which will display the material in all its loveliness. In return it is bound to show the design at its best. And here, before I go further, perhaps it would be of interest to the general reader and of some use to the student were I to describe some of the processes which are employed in the making of gold objects.

Pure gold, or, as it is termed amongst goldsmiths, "fine gold," is too soft for general use, and therefore an addition of copper or silver or both—which is called alloy when used for this purpose—is made to strengthen it. The amount of alloy employed has given rise to the practice of stamping all gold articles with the number of the carat. The carat

means the twenty-fourth part of a unit, whether the unit consist of an ounce, pound, or any other weight, so that when we say twenty-two carat we mean twenty-two parts of fine gold and two parts of alloy. The alloy of copper makes gold redder, and that of silver yellower. The difference is very obvious between our coinage and that of Australia. At one time the gold coinage of this country—in the reign of Henry III.—was of fine gold. In Henry VIII's time it was made twenty-two. There have been several changes in the proportions since that time, but we have come back to that standard; and all English gold coins are twenty-two carat. When they leave the mint they are intrinsically worth the exact sum they represent, and are frequently melted down for use in goldsmithery. Gold-beating and rolling are done in the following manner. The gold and alloy are melted in a crucible, and cast into small ingots weighing about 2 oz., which are rolled between steel rollers, annealing repeatedly, in order to keep it soft, and reducing it in thickness very gradually, until it is about  $\frac{1}{800}$ th part of an inch. This is then cut into squares, which are rolled again and beaten, cut and beaten



TABERNACLE (DOOR IN GOLD REPOUSÉE, OTHER PARTS IN SILVER).



again until of the requisite thinness. In this way we obtain gold of any degree of thickness or thinness, from the gold leaf which is used for our

is termed "binding wire," or in larger pieces by clamps. The solder is then put along the line where the parts touch in small pieces called "paillons,"



PENDANT IN GOLD AND ENAMEL WITH PEARLS.



GOLD AND ENAMEL BROOCH.

picture frames to that size which is required for beating a vase or cup into shape from the flat.

Wire-drawing is done by passing square strips between steel rollers which have a groove in the upper and lower rollers. When these become very hard they are annealed. When fine enough, the wire is pointed and drawn through a steel draw plate, which is about 10 inches long and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  broad and half an inch thick, which has holes of different sizes diminishing very gradually. The wire having been drawn through, it is annealed again and again whenever the metal becomes too hard to work. All kinds of sections of wire can be drawn in this way. The ancients knew nothing whatever about this method, their wire being made by the hammer and anvil, which must have been a great labour. The manner of hammering a shape up from a flat piece of metal must be seen, so too the casting, to be understood. Soldering is done by placing the parts together, after very careful cleaning and exact fitting, and then bound by iron wire which

which have been dipped into a saturated solution of borax, and the flame from the blow-pipe is directed

along these, which quickly melt and run swiftly along the joint. Gold-plating is done in much the same way. The two metals, gold and copper, or more properly speaking, gilding metal, are taken and made flat, which are cleaned and filed on the two surfaces which are to come into contact, and these are rubbed over with borax; they are then firmly bound together, and the paillons of solder placed along the edges at the junction of the metals, after which they are placed in a muffle made red-hot, where they become thoroughly amalgamated, and they are then withdrawn.

The process of chasing and engraving cannot be sufficiently described; they must be demonstrated. Indeed, they are generally well understood, being exactly the same as in any other metal. There is one great limitation of the use of gold, which is its costliness. And except in the somewhat rare cases of pieces for some national or civic ceremony, or objects devoted to the service



GOLD CHATELAINE.

of religion (to which sacred cause have more and larger pieces been made than to any other, as being the best that man could offer in worship and praise to his Maker), or again,



GOLD EARRING.

in objects made for occasion of royal ceremony, articles for personal adornment, jewellery, and minor pieces for decoration and use at table have almost monopolised the use of gold in art. The Egyptian bracelet, the Greek earrings and pendants in the British Museum, the Etruscan armlet and bowl and neck-

laces at the South Kensington Museum, and the Celtic brooches in the Dublin Museum are all



GOLD EARRING.

attempt at what is termed "finish" to-day, and which generally means destruction of all feeling), the earrings, bracelets, rings, pendants with lion's heads, serpents, fishes, leopards, birds, swans, owls, hawks, doves, are examples of this, and were forms continually used. There have been of late years very careful and exact copies of many pieces of this jewellery. And here let me say that although these are most interesting as copies, and most useful to the student, they do not represent the feeling, the aspirations, or joys, or sorrows, in fact the life of to-day, and that they should never be repeated



GOLD CELTIC BROOCH.

beautiful examples of work of this kind. The character of the design in the Celtic work is well worthy of close attention and study, and is chiefly remarkable for the extreme simplicity of the shapes with intricate and elaborate interlacing of wire soldered to the ground, or patterns cut out of the solid, or beaten up from the back in finely traced lines. The accuracy of the drawing, the powerful character of the line, and the excellent workmanship make this period one

of the finest. The strength and simplicity of the design were further enhanced by stones being fixed in circular raised settings, which helped to protect the fine delicate work from wear and accident. It differs in a very marked degree from Greek and Etruscan work in one respect, although in many others singularly alike in treatment, and that is in the almost total absence of the human figure, which, if used, was made severely ornamental, and which in Greek art is the chief beauty. The little pendants with the winged Hermes, or Aphrodite (the figures being cast or stamped quite simply without any



GOLD CUP.

tury, and caskets for relics; the shrine at Cologne of the three wise kings; the votive crown of King Swinthila; the gold cup called the St. Agnes cup



GOLD GRÆCO-SACTRIAN ARMLET.

save as copies, therefore should be studied only in order to assist in the expression of our own feeling and individuality.

Some of the larger pieces that have been made, and which are well worthy of our careful attention, are the altar front now in the Musée de Cluny, originally from Basle, which is of Byzantine character; the high altar at the cathedral of Genoa, in Spain, with plates of gold and figures in relief fixed on to alabaster; the Spanish crosses of the eleventh century, and caskets for relics; the shrine at Cologne of the three wise kings; the votive crown of King Swinthila; the gold cup called the St. Agnes cup at the British Museum, which everyone ought to see for himself; the beautiful crosses, cups, nefs, dishes of the Italian, French, German, and English Renaissance, each having a very marked and definite character of its own. Of these there are specimens in our museums.

To summarise briefly, there was one period of very perfect work, that of the Greek and Etruscan, after which came that of the lascivious and ignoble Roman. This ended in the dark gulf

into which all society was plunged by the struggle of creed and race. The first awakening from the long night which followed commenced feebly and in a grotesque and rude remembrance of Grecian art, and generally as men's minds became less troubled the art grew until it flourished in all its splendour during the Renaissance, yet still inspired by the art of that golden age long past in Greece. Then again it sank slowly down till it was revived by Cellini, a vastly overrated artist, yet marvellous craftsman, who was in a large measure responsible for one of the worst developments of the art. Yet technically speaking he was one of the most extraordinary workers in gold that have ever lived. And this leads one to make the observation that when men were not so

clever with their hands they thought more and had something to say, and the feeling and expression were everything. But when men became adepts, the execution almost entirely engrossed their efforts. Witness the inane Louis Quinze period, compared with the earlier work of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, very often full of profound and beautiful feeling, although of grotesque and awkward workmanship.

And now that many artists have turned their serious attention to various crafts, and painting, modelling, and architecture are recognised as being not the only means of expression for them, the goldsmith's craft may once more flourish and become precious, having a character of its own, rivalling and per-



A GOLD CHALICE.

chance excelling aught that has hitherto been done.

## REMBRANDT IN THE BERLIN GALLERY.

IT is a trite remark that the world knows little of its greatest men, but it is remarkably exemplified by the great Flemish painter and etcher. His paintings and etchings have come down to us, and the two centuries and a half since he produced them have served to increase his fame, but have disclosed not overmuch of his history. Of his daily life we know little, and his reputation, which is so great to-day, rests for the most part upon the works which are in existence in the various galleries in Europe. These works lend themselves in a remarkable way to reproduction in black and white. A year or two ago a folio of the works of Rembrandt in the Cassel Gallery was issued by the Berlin Photographic Company in photogravure. They were quite the best mechanical reproductions of the kind which had up to that time been published, but the English edition was dressed in English garb and issued by an English publisher, and the reviewers for the most part ignored the fact that it was the Berlin house

to whom the credit of the production was due. The same house has recently issued under its own name a similar folio of reproductions of the works of Rembrandt in the gallery at Berlin, and it would be difficult to speak too highly of its qualities. Mr. Ruskin once said of Rembrandt that "he painted all the foul things he could see, by rushlight," the elegance of the Italians, doubtless, blinding him to the artistic beauties of the painter of Flemish life. It is this very "rushlight" mode of lighting—intense gloom lit up here and there by a strong illumination concentrating itself on one point or passage of the picture—which gives the works their chief charm. This folio consists of eighteen reproductions, of which two or three are portraits of the painter's self, and one of his first wife. Scriptural subjects, of course, preponderate; but whatever they may be, the prints are very even in quality and very rich in their tones of deep velvety black, and delicate and beautiful in their representation of Rembrandt's golden lights. E. B.



## THE RENAISSANCE OF MINIATURE PAINTING.

BY DR. J. LUMSDEN PROPERT.

AN article by Mr. Alfred Praga under the above title appeared in the December number (page 87) of *THE MAGAZINE OF ART*, in which he alluded to what I have written at various times on the subject of Miniature Art, and he ended the article by a quotation from the preface which I wrote to the Catalogue of Portrait Miniatures exhibited at the Burlington Fine Arts Club in 1889, and which he thinks was in some way prophetic of the present revival of interest in this lovely art.

Had he not thus pointedly alluded to me, I should not have ventured to intrude upon your readers with any remarks upon a subject with which I have no "practical" acquaintance, for I think, as a rule, that no one should attempt to speak dogmatically on any art topic unless he has himself, as it were, been through the mill, and has experienced the difficulties and obstacles which surround the path to success.

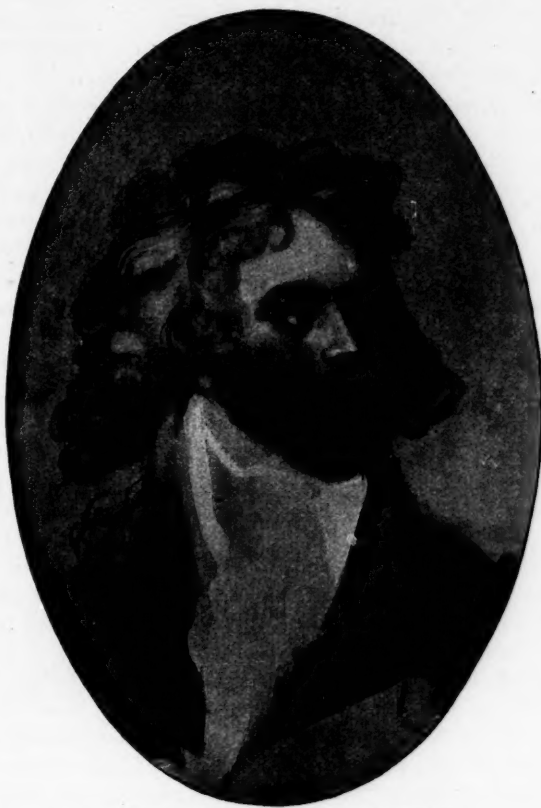
But there is an old saying that oftentimes the outsider sees most of the game; and during the long years I have studied the art of portrait miniature I suppose I have seen more specimens of all ages and artists—good, bad, and indifferent—than it falls to the lot of most men to see, and, in consequence, I have formed opinions as to methods and styles, and as to what a miniature should or should not be, which I trust may have some influence on the present revival. Quite surely, if the miniature painters of the present day have the slightest hope that their work will live and at some future time be regarded with the same affection as is felt for the masters of a bygone period, they will have to cut themselves adrift from their present methods,

and take to heart a little more the lessons of the past.

Undoubtedly, somewhere about the 'Forties the advent of photography gave the death-blow to the

portrait miniature, though for some years previously the day of the giants was over. I used to think that Ross might have done well had he lived at the time of costume and coiffure, which enabled Cosway and the rest to give us such dreams of beauty; but the more I see of his work the more I think that, after all, the *feu sacré* was not in him. He was a correct draughtsman and vigorous colourist, but I fear he must be regarded as the first monarch of that terrible realm of conventionalism which, from his day to the present, has been and still is the curse of miniature art.

Supposing that all our friends and acquaintances wrote in precisely the same hand—the sort of machine stuff that adorns



GEORGE IV. WHEN PRINCE OF WALES.

(From an Unfinished Miniature by J. Russell, R.A. Same size as Original.)

the envelope of a Christmas bill or a lawyer's letter—how horribly monotonous and uninteresting would be the pile of letters on our breakfast table! whereas now, as we turn them over one by one, the sight of the varied handwritings, as we recognise instinctively whence they come, evokes in us all sorts of feelings connected with the writers. I really fail to understand why all this individuality and personal character is utterly to disappear because one writes with a paint-brush on ivory instead of with a pen on paper. Take as an instance the artist who wrote the previous article, Mr. Praga—his handwriting has plenty of character, and I have seen some small heads by him which, for breadth of touch and refreshing individuality, are quite admirable. Yet



when he touches ivory, he, like others, seems afraid to let himself go. The handwriting disappears, the style becomes cramped, and in the result he does not do himself justice. It is a pity, for I think he has the necessary quality in him, if he will only allow it fair play. I asked him why he could not impart to his ivory miniatures some of the life and vigour he showed in his drawings on paper—put into them, in fact, some of his own handwriting. His reply was terribly suggestive of the art ideas still prevalent in the great nation of sitters. He said that, though he longed to do so, tyrannical sitters would have none of it. They seem to love the pretty, finikin, characterless inanities which now pass current as miniatures, conventional as the Egyptian hieroglyph or Byzantine saint. And yet there is plenty of technical excellence in the market just now in the way of miniature painting, though, alas! employed for a fraudulent purpose. Naturally, the moment an object of art rises in value, the forger at once steps in. I have known forgeries ever since I knew miniatures, but as a rule the cloven foot was clearly discernible; but lately I have seen copies of old work so abominably successful as to make the possessors of the genuine thing very uncomfortable. If only the individual would turn his talent to a legitimate purpose, even though he might not succeed with a likeness *ad vivum*, we should at least get work at once fresh and characteristic, and in good drawing. Why is it that so many people will attempt to paint miniatures without the slightest knowledge of drawing, as though they had only to get a slip of ivory and a paint-brush before them, and airily conclude that the necessary knowledge of what the human face is like will come to them by inspiration? or do they imagine that, on so small a scale, bad drawing will not be detected? And yet, probably, the exact reverse is the fact, for surely when the whole face can be taken in at the first *coup d'œil* a faulty relation of parts will be more apparent than in a larger portrait where each feature is examined separately.

I am not sure that the introduction of ivory was an unmixed blessing. A few great artists of the last century successfully overcame its deficiencies, but the fatal facility of producing effects, beautiful up to a certain point, by the use of transparent colour, has certainly led to a deterioration of power and intensity of expression, as compared with the vellum or card of the sixteenth or seventeenth century; and when the strong man of the nineteenth century really does arise, he may be advised to make a trial of vellum or fine card. It is perfectly well known what was the exact nature of the vellum used, for instance, by Cooper, and, if the demand for it arose, it could be as easily procured now as in the

seventeenth century. Its use would perhaps entail more knowledge of painting and conscientious labour, but that very fact would be a gain, for it would weed out the weaklings of miniature art, and the sooner they disappear the better.

At present, artists appear to me to allow ivory to dictate to them, instead of forcing (as good workmen should) the material to lend itself to the free expression of their thoughts. Hence the timid, half-hearted appearance of these watery productions. I have selected two specimens to illustrate what noble, grand work has been done on ivory. One is the sketch by Russell I mention further on, the other is a portrait of Sheridan, by J. D. Engleheart, from my own collection; so that if present-day artists fail to reach this standard, the fault is not in the material but in the painter. Still I wish some really good man would try his hand on vellum.

If ever socialism or collectivism becomes an accepted part of political economy, and we poor units are reduced by law to the one dead level of mediocrity, life will be terribly uninteresting. If it is uninviting in the body politic, surely in art it will be still more deplorable; and yet just this socialistic dead level of mediocrity is the one real danger of modern miniature work. Being as I am much interested in the subject, I generally manage to see the specimens exhibited at the Royal Academy and elsewhere. Now suppose a work by any of these artists were placed haphazard in the hands of an expert, could he honestly say he could at once ascribe it to A., B., C., or D., as he would with one of the old masters? I doubt it—at least, I am quite sure I should fail; indeed, there is only one artist whose work "in little" I could recognise anywhere. And he is not a miniaturist; yet he contrives to put into a tiny head on ivory the same handwriting, the same strength and individuality, as characterise his larger canvases, and what he can do, surely others could do also. Even in the small loan collection recently in the Grafton Galleries there were plenty of lessons to be learned by those who will lay them to heart. No. 158, George IV., an unfinished work by John Russell, R.A., ought to be an object lesson for all miniature painters. It is really a magnificent performance, strength and handwriting enough for a life-size portrait. Take that from the case and place it beside the specimens of modern work, as I have! Oh, ye gods! if the shades of the great men of the past can take cognisance of what is now supposed to be a continuance or renaissance of their work, they must have indeed many a *mauvais quart d'heure*. I only regret that the time limit of that exhibition excluded the work of Samuel Cooper, without doubt the finest miniature painter of all time, for nowhere as in his portraits can the building

up of the human face be so profitably studied. The careful but fearless modelling, the bold lines, the decided touches, each exactly where it should be, and left to tell its own tale, neither whittled down nor covered up with senseless stippling past recognition, as though it had been ashamed to find itself there; the masses of hair floated on to the vellum, in mysterious suggestiveness, the portrait filling the whole space of the vellum, the background merely serving as a setting to the face, not as too often seen now, one-quarter of the ivory occupied by the head, and three-quarters by the background. But perhaps it is waste of time to suggest the lessons taught by Samuel Cooper, for the reason mentioned, though I hope some future exhibition may pay special attention to his portraits, for certainly they are the grandest that human hand has ever traced. It has often struck me that one of the very best trainings for intending miniature painters would be to take one of Rembrandt's etched portraits, and endeavour to build up and reproduce on ivory, line by line and touch by touch, his method of shading and giving roundness to the features. It would not be difficult, substituting the fine paint-brush for the etching-needle, and once mastered, the student would never again fail to substitute life, roundness, and reality for the flat, stale, and unprofitable prettiness of the modern miniature. As photography killed the miniature portrait in the past, so its baneful influence still seems to clog the steps of this attempted renaissance, and unless the professors of miniature art can speedily free themselves from its deadening shackles, small progress will be made.

I fear I have written strongly, and perhaps little to the taste of those who whisper to themselves and to each other that all is well, but if it be true that just now there is an increased demand for this charming art, it is perhaps kinder to utter a word of

warning ere it be too late. The Society of Miniaturists was instituted, I believe, to raise the standard to a higher level of excellence than, alas! it now attains, and I can only trust the artists concerned will take in good part what I have felt it my duty to point out.

I am often asked by friends something of this sort: "So-and-so is very anxious to learn miniature

painting. Whom would you recommend to teach them?" I reply, "So-and-so, I suppose, has studied painting, and especially portraiture." The response always comes in the same jaunty words, "Oh, no; but they would soon learn!" Soon learn, indeed; as though the human face were a lay figure! They do not know, these would-be dabblers, that that same human face, the most subtle and perfect piece of mechanism that has passed from the hands of the Creator, is not thus lightly to be dealt with. If they must paint, let them paint stocks and stones, but leave portraiture alone until, by patient study and persevering labour, they have attained to some conception of the difficulties of the task and



RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

(From the *Miniature* by J. D. Engleheart.)

the nobility of the subject, and not degrade that which has been cast in form divine, down to the level of their present ignorance.

In the thirteenth century Cimabue delivered us once and for all from the thralldom of Byzantium, and will not some great soul now ride forth as a new St. George, and rid us for ever of this dragon of conventionality? A little courage, and the fight would soon be over. It is a very poor tame dragon, and will soon succumb. A few well-directed strokes from a paint-brush will suffice, and when its wretched body no longer taints the atmosphere, then, but not until then, may we hope that the renaissance of miniature painting may produce work worthy to live by the side of the gems of the past, and awaken public taste to an appreciation of their beauty.

## METROPOLITAN SCHOOLS OF ART.

### THE GOLDSMITHS' INSTITUTE.

ONE of the most extraordinary developments of recent years consequent upon the popularisation of education is the demand which has been made for

equipped with well-arranged studios and class-rooms, it offers every facility for the study of art in all its branches. The principal object of the teaching is, of course, to foster and encourage the application of art to the crafts; and although the great hope of the founders of the institute—the establishment of a large class for silversmiths and goldsmiths—has not been realised, the general scheme has been well supported and efficiently carried out. Design and applied ornament are presented in an attractive manner to the students almost as soon as these have mastered the rudiments of drawing; interest being roused by demonstrations by the master and fostered by easy exercises. Under the direction of the Head Master, Mr. F. Marriott, assisted by Mr. W. Amor Fenn (in the designing classes), Mr. S. G. Enderby, Mr. Alfred Drury (in the modelling classes), Miss F. I. Morley (art needlework), and Miss H. M. Pemberton, the



DESIGN FOR ROSE-WATER DISH.  
(By Fred Tayler.)

increased facilities for the study of art: not so much for the Fine Arts—in which the last generation loved to dabble and never excelled—but for all that pertains to the crafts for the beautifying of objects of domestic and everyday existence. This demand is an eloquent testimony to the life-work of the late William Morris, and constitutes the most material and lasting evidence of the wide-spreading influence of his teaching and example. The demand has been met in a manner equally democratic. Upon the same principle as the Regent Street Polytechnic there have been established in various parts of London similar institutions which, as Mr. Augustine Birrell recently said, can only be compared to concentrated popular universities, in which every possible subject is taught for the lowest possible fees. Of all the subjects none has proved more popular than that of applied art. The classes are always filled up, and the high character of the work accomplished testifies to the earnestness and enthusiasm of the students.

Founded about six years ago by the City Company whose name it bears, the Technical Institute at New Cross has proved itself both useful and successful, especially as to its art classes. Fully



(Drawn by Fred Tayler.)

pupils are taken through their studies in a manner designed to give them a thorough knowledge of their art. They are offered every inducement



to study the arts and artistic crafts which are closely allied to their principal subject. Wood-carvers are thus encouraged to study modelling and design; designers, modelling and life-drawing, *repoussé* and carving, so that they may obtain a knowledge of their material, with its advantages and limitations, in which their designs are to be executed. Still further to enforce this upon their minds, periodic visits are arranged to leading manufacturing factories, so that designers may know exactly how their designs are carried out practically, what should be avoided and what insisted upon to ensure successful reproduction of their work.

The life-classes are a special feature of the

school, and the students work alternately at drawing from the antique—all overwrought, stippling, and stump-work being discountenanced, and insistence

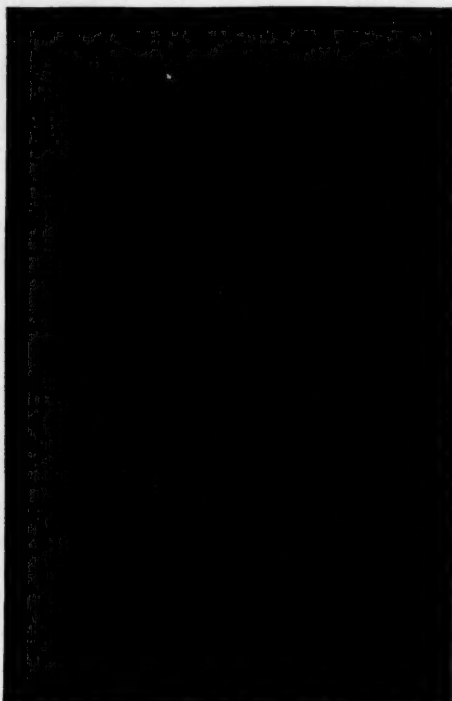
being made upon a workmanlike basis of construction rather than upon high academic finish. Book illustration and black-and-white work for the press receive their proper share of attention. Students in these classes are induced to draw direct

from the life in pen-and-ink, and the success of the result is estimated by the considerable amount of work by Goldsmith students accepted for publication.

By the bounty of the Company the *repoussé* classes are supplied with tools and material gratuitously, in order that craftsmen in metal-work

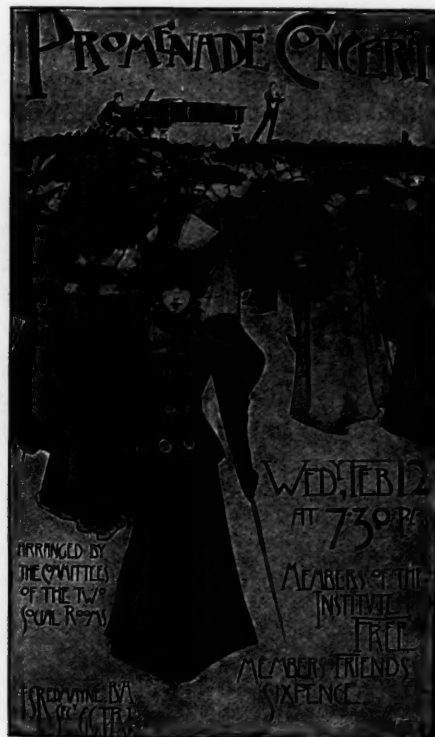


(Drawn by Fred Tayler.)



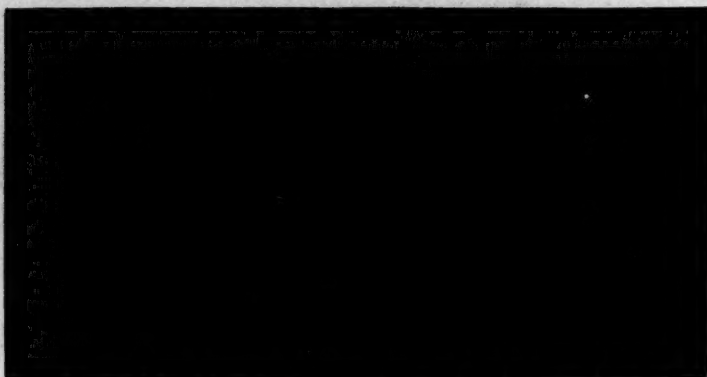
DESIGN FOR BOOK-COVER.

(By Julia Eustace.)



(Drawn by Fred Tayler.)





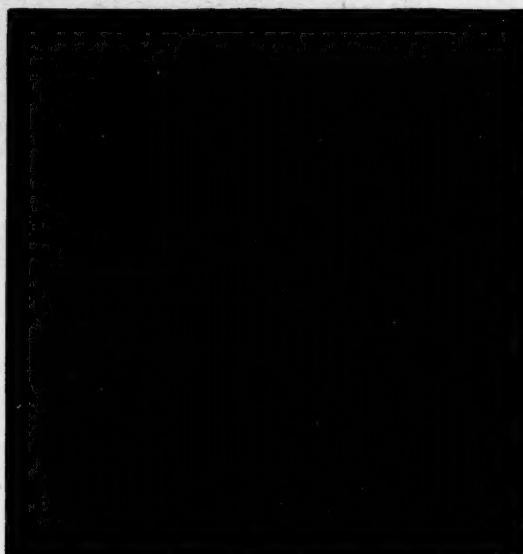
NEEDLEWORK (HALF-FINISHED).

(Designed and executed by Hilda M. Pemberton.)

may be attracted. Art-needlework has here, as elsewhere, been a source of anxiety to the authorities. For some time the students merely worked over stamped designs supplied by the ordinary Berlin-wool shops. In order to put an end to such an anomaly the governors transferred the class to the Art section. This had the effect of reducing the attendance to a minimum; but the remaining students were put through a course of design and shown the advisableness of each making her own working drawings, laying them down and executing them in manner and material suitable to the design. It was slow and arduous work, but the action is being justified by results of a more genuinely satisfactory nature to students and teachers alike. We reproduce a piece of work executed under these conditions by Miss Hilda M. Pemberton, which, though not wholly successful from the point

of view of design, is a distinct advance upon the ordinary "art needlework" of the average lady amateur.

We reproduce also several examples of work of a varied nature by the most promising of the Goldsmith pupils, Mr. Fred Tayler. The versatility of his talent is well exhibited in each, and were his record of achievements at South Kensington a safe criterion, it is easy to prophesy



DESIGN FOR WALL-PAPER.

(By Carrie Thornhill.)

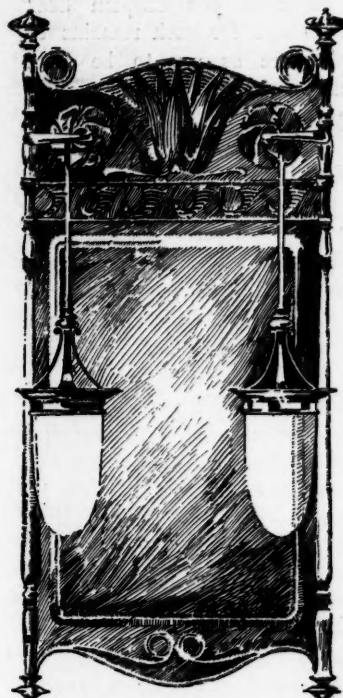


DESIGN FOR ARCHITECTURAL DECORATION.

(By W. Amor Fenn.)

for him a career of unusual success. This year, indeed, he was awarded the bronze medal for applied design; an "advanced excellent certificate" for design (being placed first in this stage in the United Kingdom); the Queen's prize for design; an "excellent certificate" for advanced modelling design; a book prize for drapery study, and two book prizes for applied design. Mr. Tayler has been attending the classes for two years only, being up to that time entirely self-taught. Always fond of sketching, he was especially attracted by the sight of crowds, and Hyde Park with its motley assemblages

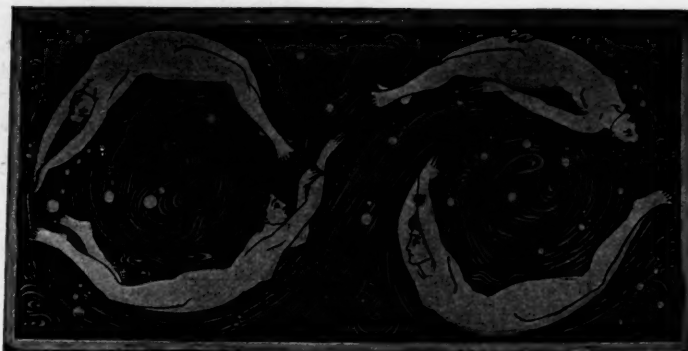
was the favourite exercise ground for his pencil. Coming under the notice of Mr. Redmayne, the secretary of the Goldsmiths' Institute, he was encouraged to enter the art classes. At that time he was employed in an office in work of an entirely uncongenial nature, and when after a short course of study he succeeded in winning in open competition a County Council scholarship



DESIGN FOR ELECTRIC LIGHT  
WALL-BRACKET (METAL).

(By W. A. Basherfield.)

he abandoned his commercial pursuit. He afterwards gained a Goldsmiths' scholarship, and is now a student in all the art classes; he designs all the posters for the Institute, and exhibits special aptitude for dealing with designs of this character. Those which we reproduce show a facility of drawing and an appreciation of colour that are extraordinary in one so young, while his design for a rose-water dish, his first effort



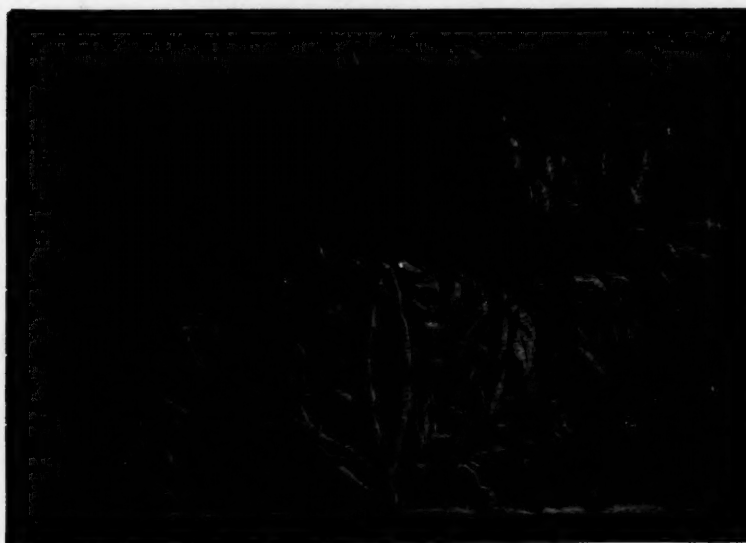
TAILPIECE.

(Drawn by Emily K. Reader.)

in this direction, exhibits equal promise. We have had the opportunity of examining a large number of sketches and studies by Mr. Tayler, which conclusively prove that his talent is of no superficial character, but grounded deeply upon a broad and enthusiastic love of art.

The design by Miss Coggin for a carved panel, unconventional and unfinished as it is, shows undoubted skill. It may be observed in connection with this design that Miss Coggin was engaged in modelling it for a wall-paper—her speciality—when Mr. George Frampton, A.R.A., passing through the room, suggested it would come well as a wood-carving. The idea was acted upon, and the work when finished is to be acquired by the County Council. Wall-paper designing receives special attention, and the specimens of such work given here are evidence of the capability of both teachers and students. Altogether the work accomplished at this school may be commended. Not only does the institution take the highest number of awards, next to the Royal College of Art, of the art schools of the metropolis in the National Competitions, but general results attest that the tuition is based upon sound and efficient principles.

A. F.



WOOD-CARVING (UNFINISHED).

(By Maude K. Coggin.)

## THE ANCIENT FIRE TEMPLE AT SURAKHANI, NEAR BAKU,

BY WILLIAM SIMPSON, R.I., M.R.A.S., F.R.G.S., ETC. ETC. ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR.

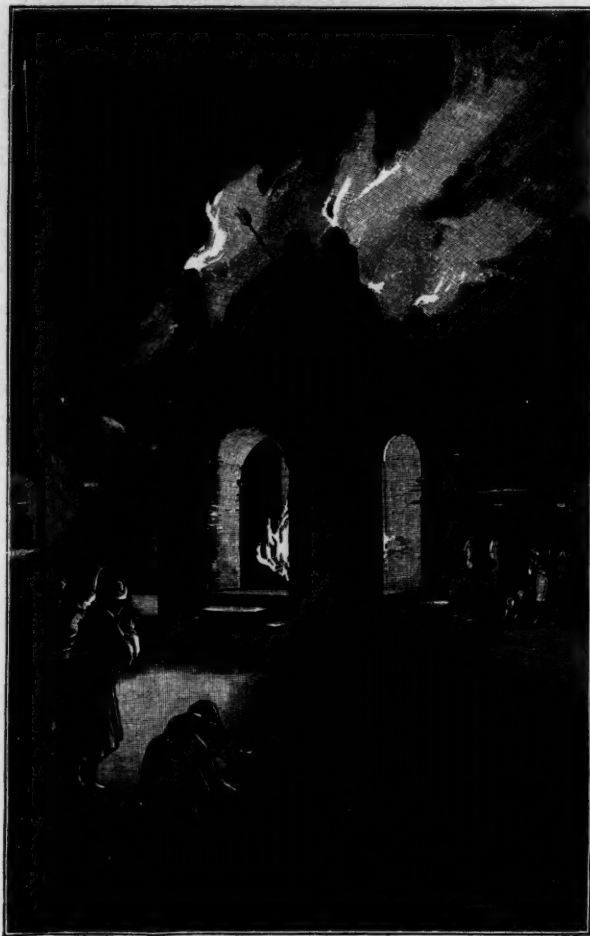
THE town of Baku is situated on the western coast of the Caspian. The former importance of this place is indicated by the extent of its walls

is said to be almost the only good harbour in the Caspian Sea. This may account for its wealth—which is always a condition necessary to produce good architecture and art—and may also explain the former greatness of the place. It must have been at one time the Tyre or the Sidon of the Caspian Sea; and this will account for such remains of art and architecture as are to be seen, which, I must confess, gave me a most agreeable surprise.

How far the supply of naphtha in the neighbourhood of Baku may have in the past added to the prosperity of the town cannot be estimated; we know that centuries ago it was collected and sent to Persia and some of the regions round about; but the cost of transport must have been great, and the trade therefore limited, for it is only comparatively within recent years that, by the aid of steamboats and railways, there has been a great extension of it through the whole of Russia. Resulting from this extension there has been a rapid increase in the size of Baku.

El Mas'udi, a celebrated Arabic author of the tenth century, is perhaps the earliest authority who mentions Baku and its naphtha. His work is called "Mines of Gold and Meadows of Gems," and is intended to give an account of all the known countries of the world. In one place he calls the town "Babikah," "on the coast of the naphtha country." Again he refers to it as Bâkah, and says that it "yields white and other naphtha. White naphtha is found nowhere on earth but there. Baku lies on the south of the kingdom of Sharwan. In this naphtha country is a crater (chimney) from which fire issues, perpetually

throwing up a high flame. Opposite this coast are several islands; one of them is three days distant, in which there is a great volcano, which often throws out fire at all seasons of the year. The fire rises like a high mountain in the air, and its light spreads over the greater part of the sea, so that it is seen at a distance of one hundred earsangs." (Sprenger's translation.) The island with the volcano is, in all probability, Cheleken, or Naphtha Island, which is on the eastern coast of the Caspian, not far distant from Krasnovodsk; the crater, or chimney, might refer to the Temple at Surakhani, for the gas from



THE FIRE TEMPLE AT SURAKHANI.

and the solidity of their construction; the character of the mosques, which have disappeared, can be estimated now only by their minarets yet standing, which are of stone, decorated with sculptured ornament and Kufic inscriptions of great beauty. Beside the palace of the Khans, who were the Persian governors, there yet stands one building, probably a tomb, which, for beauty of its lines and the perfection of its rich ornament, it would be difficult to find equalled out of India, and even in that country but few of its monuments could pretend to rank with the one at Baku. The Bay of Baku



the oil comes up through the ground at that place, and the temple was constructed over a spot where it issued. On my visit to it I had to pass through Messrs. Karkaroff's petroleum works alongside, and saw a pipe projecting from the ground, and at its upper end there was a large flame which was fed by the subterranean gas. The petroleum works were erected there in order to utilise the gas coming up to the surface, in the process of purifying. This statement will convey some idea of the ample supply of it there must have been at all times for the Sacred Fire of the Temple.

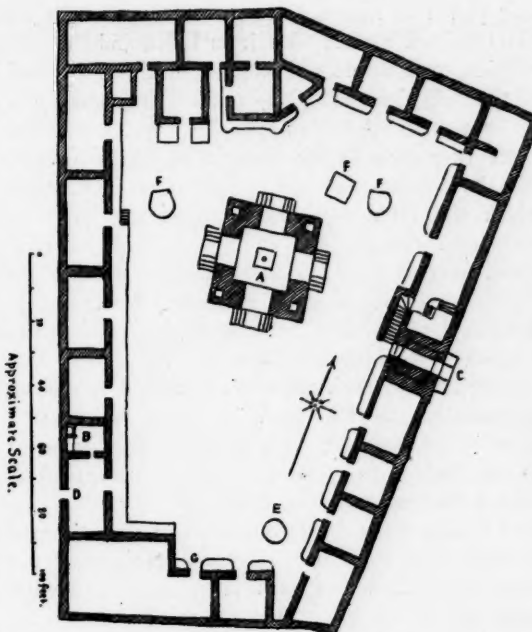
Marco Polo calls the Caspian the "Sea of Abakù," thus indicating the importance of the town in his time. He mentions the naphtha supply, and says:—"To the north lies Zorzania—'Georgia'—near the confines of which there is a fountain of oil, which discharges so great a quantity as to furnish loading for many camels. The use of it is not for the purpose of food, but as an unguent for the cure of cutaneous distempers in men and cattle, as well as other complaints; it is also used for burning. In the neighbouring country no other is used in the lamps, and people come from distant parts to procure it." (Chapter IV.)

There are numerous references to Baku and its oil wells to be found in later writers, beginning with Jonas Hanway, in the middle of last century, but it is not necessary here to quote from these, as hardly any of them give original information regarding the temple. In the absence of knowledge, some have accepted a date for Zoroaster and then assumed that the worship of the Sacred Fire would begin at that time. This is of course only theoretical, still it is probable enough. It is also within the limits of what we know of primitive times, when all peculiar phenomena were looked upon as being somehow connected with the Deity, that such a wonderful appearance of flame coming spontaneously into existence would have attracted worshippers before the time of Zoroaster.

The earliest allusion I have as yet been able to find dates from the seventh century, and this, it must be confessed, is not quite certain. During the war against Persia the Emperor Heraclius wintered his army on the shores of the Caspian. The place is described as the Plains of Mogan, between the Rivers Cyrus (now the Kura) and the Araxes, called to-day the Arras. This was only a short distance from the present Baku, and according to Gibbon, at the command of the Emperor, "the soldiers extinguished the fire, and destroyed the temples of the Mayi." Although the certainty is not complete, yet it may be taken for granted that the Fire Shrine of Surakhani is that which is principally referred to.

This may be said to exhaust the ancient history of the spot so far as it is as yet known. It may be that other references exist, and now that an interest has been excited regarding this remarkable place of worship, they will no doubt be noted and brought forward, and any light which can be found bearing on it in the past will be of very great value.

On the north of Baku the Apsheron peninsula



SKETCH PLAN OF THE TEMPLE.

A, THE FIRE TEMPLE. B, THE SMALL FIRE TEMPLE OR ALTAR. C, PRINCIPAL GATEWAY.  
D, SMALL ENTRANCE FROM KARKAROFF'S REFINERY. E, PETROLEUM WELL. F, F, F,  
SMALL PLATFORMS WITH HOLLOW PLACES FROM BENEATH WHICH GAS ESCAPES.

projects into the Caspian, and on this are the oil wells at Balakhani and Surakhani, where the temple stands about three or four miles to the east, and about eight miles from Baku. The naphtha or petroleum is found in various places round the Caspian, and the supply seems to be great. This may be understood when it is stated that one of the wells at Balakhani sent up as much oil in one day as all the wells in America could do in the same space of time. At Surakhani there are wells, but where the temple stands it is only gas which comes up from the oil, which is supposed to be somewhere underneath.

The deserted temple, I understood, is the property of Messrs. Karkaroff, whose refinery is now on one side of it. Those wishing to visit the place have to pass through the works, and permission of the manager has to be procured.

For a long time it was believed that this temple belonged to the Guebres, who are well known to be fire worshippers; pilgrims, it was known, came to



the shrine all the way from India, but it was supposed that they were Parsees, the name by which the followers of Zoroaster are so well known in that country. This turns out to have been altogether a mistaken view of the case. For at least a century or two back the Guebres have had nothing to do with the worship of this igneous shrine; the origin of the *culte* may have been due to the Zoroastrians; but we now know that the temple has been for a long period of time a Hindu one; that the priests who officiated were Hindus from India, and that the pilgrims were votaries of the same faith, who risked all the difficulties and dangers of a long journey to perform *pūja* before "Jowalla Jee," which was the name they gave to the Sacred Fire at Surakhani. One is familiar with the devotion to pilgrimages which the Hindus manifest within the limits of their own country and the great distances they travel over to visit the many shrines of sanctified repute within the limits of Hindostan, but it excites a feeling of wonder to find them crossing the supposed forbidden boundary of the Indus, and passing through such wild and unsettled regions as Afghanistan and Khorassan to reach the western shore of the Caspian Sea. The mediæval pilgrimages to the Holy Sepulchre, difficult and dangerous as they were, could not compare to this. It will give a good notion of the distance if it is stated that a man starting from Paris to Baku, and another starting from Calcutta, would each have very nearly the same amount of space to get over.

I have to acknowledge my indebtedness for the first reliable details regarding the Temple of Surakhani and the Indus to Colonel C. E. Stewart, C.B., one of the Afghan Boundary Commissioners. He very kindly gave me some notes on the subject, which I here insert, as they have a great value from the length of time he has known the place, and his experiences during many visits. Colonel Stewart writes:—"The Hindu Fire Temple at Baku was first visited by me in July, 1866. I then found there a Hindu priest, who was a native of Delhi, in India, and who had previously been a priest at the celebrated Hindu Fire Temple known as Jowalla Mukhi, in the Punjab. He told me that the temple had, until a few years previously, been served by a number of Hindu priests from India, but that by death and other causes the number had been reduced to three. One of these, the chief priest, having amassed considerable wealth, the temple was attacked by a party of Tartars, the chief priest was murdered, and his money carried off. One of the remaining priests was so frightened that he fled, and my informant was the sole remaining priest. The same day that I visited the temple a rich Hindu Buniyah, from Hyderabad, in Scinde, visited it; and

Hindu pilgrims did occasionally come from India, and made presents to the shrine. I have visited the temple many times since my first visit, nineteen years ago. On my second visit, in 1881, I found the temple deserted, and was told by the servants of Messrs. Karkaroff, who have a petroleum refinery there, that my friend the old priest had died, and had been succeeded by a young priest, who had left in 1880. In 1883 I met, in Persia, two Hindu pilgrims from the Punjab, on their way from the Fire Temple at Jowalla Mukhi, in the Punjab, to the greater Jowalla Jee, as they call this temple at Baku. I gave them a letter to the British Consul at Asterabad, but I heard they never reached Baku, having been frightened, and turned back. Over each cell door in the temple there is a small inscription, in a character which is either Sanscrit or some nearly allied character. There is nothing Parsi or Zoroastrian about the temple, which is, I believe, not very ancient. It is an ordinary Hindu temple, of a slightly Buddhist form, such as we see in Kashmir. I was informed that there was another Hindu Fire Temple in the Bokhara country, making, with the better known Hindu Temple at Jowalla Mukhi, three Hindu Fire Temples. In the Baku Temple, on my last visit, I found a small copper slab, with a picture of a Hindu goddess, probably Bowani, or Parbutti, inscribed on it. Hindus worship all natural phenomena, so it is not extraordinary they should worship this natural fire. The natural gas which used to keep up the flame is now used in Messrs. Karkaroff's factory. If there ever was a Zoroastrian temple here there are at present no signs of it. Indian Buniyahs in Persia whom I have met have begged to be permitted to accompany me to the Hindu Fire Temple at Baku, it being well known to them as a place of Hindu pilgrimage, but they were afraid to visit now, in consequence, probably, of the killing of the chief priest."

I visited the temple in April, 1885, and I found ample confirmation of what Colonel Stewart has written. Having had some experience of temples in India, I noticed some peculiar evidences of Hindu faith which Colonel Stewart has not alluded to. The most prominent of these was a *trisala*, or trident of iron, projecting from the *sikra*, or steeple of the temple. This symbol is to be found on almost every temple of Siva in India, and it may be taken as showing that the shrine was dedicated to that god. This goes far to confirm Colonel Stewart's suggestion that the figure on the plate of copper was that of Parbutty, the wife of Siva. In one of the cells which form the enclosure there is a small fire altar, and hanging from the roof in front of it there is a bell. This is an arrangement so peculiar and common in Hindu temples that even if I had had no previous

information it would have suggested to my mind some link of connection with India. Equally significant was another feature which caught my eye as I first walked round the place. On the eastern side of the temple there is an inscription, surmounted by some objects rudely sculptured; what these represented I could not tell, with the exception of one symbol, which is a *swastika*. This had the four dots, one between each limb, which is, I believe, peculiar to the Indian *swastika*.

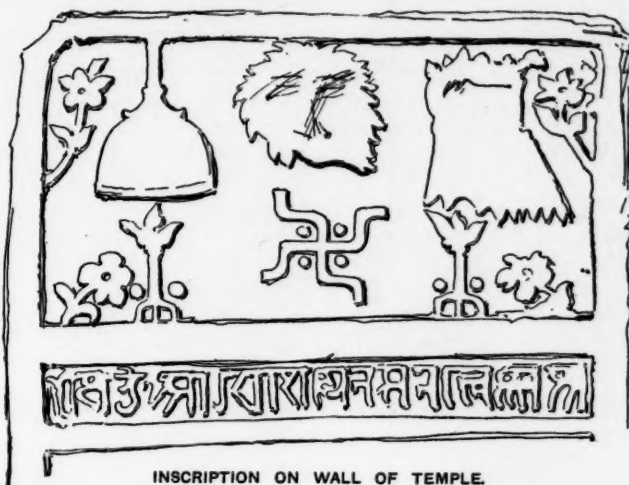
The Hindu character of the temple, it will be seen from the evidence given, is not a matter of theory; the proof is complete in every way. The question at once presents itself, how long has it been so? To this may be added the further inquiry as to what circumstances led the Hindus to make this a place of pilgrimage, so very far away from their own country?

Colonel Stewart told me of the inscriptions, and I hoped to bring home squeezes of them, but the day of my visit turned out to be windy. That, with other circumstances, prevented the results from being a success, and they cannot be properly deciphered, a failure which I very much regret. It may be mentioned, as some excuse, that they are very rudely cut, and from the action of time the characters are not free from encrustation.

Professor Max Müller has seen the squeezes, also Dr. Rost and Dr. Burgess. These high authorities all agreed that they are in the Devanagari character, and they were able to make out some of the words, such as "Sri Ganassaya namah," "Sri Ramaji..." Dr. Rost was inclined to date the form of the letters to the fourteenth or fifteenth century. Dr. Burgess, whose experience in India gives his judgment a claim to our trust, thought the forms of the characters would point to a date of about two centuries back. It should be here stated I brought home only about half-a-dozen of these rude squeezes, and there are, perhaps, about a dozen more; the probability is that they are not all of the same date, so until all these inscriptions have been studied the furthest back date which they can supply will remain an open question. Still, in spite of failure, something has been done; for even if we only take the date suggested by Dr. Burgess, which is the most modern, the temple has been Hindu for at least two centuries. Jonas Hanway, who visited Baku about 130 years ago, says:—"Amongst others is a little temple, at which the Indians now worship. Here are generally forty or fifty of these poor creatures, who come on a pilgrimage from their own country." That is all I chance to know that can be said as to

date. Here it may be worth recalling the fact that there are Buddhists to the north of Baku, on the same side of the Caspian. They are on the low ground north of the Caucasus. This is rather singular, but they are Tartars, Kalmucks of the Don. Being nomadic, they probably moved to this part from some more eastern region of Central Asia, and brought their religion along with them.

As to what brought the Hindus to Baku at first very little can be said. On the journey to and from the Afghan frontier we saw large and well-

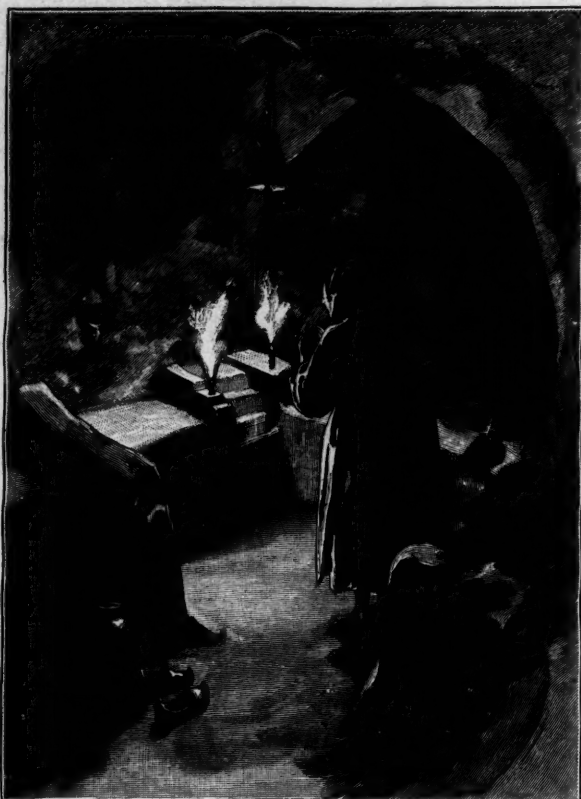


INSCRIPTION ON WALL OF TEMPLE.

built caravanserais in ruins, and what had been substantial bridges crumbling to decay. These were in regions which are now depopulated—devastated by the Turkoman raids. They are monuments of the commerce of the past. The people of India have always shown great commercial enterprise, and this no doubt brought many of them to Central Asia and the Caspian. In addition to these means of knowledge and connection, I may here repeat what Colonel Yule told me in relation to this subject, that there were in Marco Polo's time Kashmir fakirs about some of the Mongol Courts. In the ninth chapter of Marco Polo it is stated that Tauris (now Tabriz), in Aderbijan, was a "noble city," with a large commerce, which brought merchants from distant places, and among those mentioned is India. We have thus a possible clue as to how the Hindus may have become acquainted with the Sacred Fire at Baku. Still, this leaves us quite in the dark as to how they managed to displace the Guebres, who are generally supposed to have been the original possessors of the temple.

It seems to me that the Temple of Jowalla Mukhi, in the Kangra Valley, which is a sacred place of pilgrimage to the Hindus, must have had something to do with the occupation of the Surakhani

Temple. When the Hindus learned that there was a temple of the same kind, although far away, they would look upon it as being identical with the one they knew. Colonel Stewart mentions that the priest he saw had been a priest at Jowalla Mukhi, and the Hindus applied the same name to both, only that they looked upon the Surakhani Temple



THE SMALL ALTAR.

as being the greater, which they expressed by calling it "Jowalla Jee."

The temple at Baku is square in form, and open on each side. In this it is unlike the usual Hindu temple, which is a cell, with an opening only on one of its sides. The openings were evidently intended for the purpose of letting the fire be seen all round. These openings are arched, and the whole is surmounted by what may be described as a slightly pointed square dome. This is the only feature

which has any resemblance to Hindu architecture in the structure; the object in this case having been to reproduce the form of a *sikra*, or square steeple of the Hindu temple, but it is so low that it fails in its suggestion, and it is more like a dome than a spire. The workmen of the locality must have been employed, and they have constructed the arch as well as the other details, with the exception of the dome, as they were in the custom of doing. It is a very rude, plain building, with no architectural pretensions. There is over the arch, on the eastern side, one stone with an inscription of about ten lines. This is surmounted by some rude figures, among which is the *swastika*, already mentioned. What some of these objects are I could not determine; one may perhaps be a bell. The central object, over the *swastika*, I took at first to be a representation of the sun, but having procured a ladder to make a close inspection, I have doubts on this head. It might be a vine leaf; but the sun is a more likely symbol to find on Hindu sculptures. Among the figures are some flowers, evidently given by way of ornament. On the floor of the temple is a square depression, and by means of a pipe in the centre the gas was led to the surface. In each of the four corners of the temple there is a small chimney; pipes conveyed the gas up to them, and when they were lighted along with the principal jet in the centre, the whole would produce the "Panch-Agni," or Five Fires, an arrangement which the Hindus are familiar with.

The temple is within an enclosure, formed of small cells, of which there are twenty-two: these were for the accommodation of the pilgrims. Over the doors of these are the Devanagari inscriptions, already referred to. In one case there is a Persian inscription under the Devanagari one, and it occurred to me it might be a translation of the other. The principal entrance through the enclosure was from the east. There is a kind of tower over the gate, with a room in it, and there are four chimneys on the top, similar to those on the temple, which were probably lighted on grand occasions. The whole structure has equal interest for artist and archaeologist.





DIANA AND ENDYMION. (Engraved by M. Klinkicht.)

## MR. GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS, R.A.

By M. H. SPIELMANN.

I WAS a constant visitor at the Grosvenor Gallery when, in 1882, the first collected exhibition of Mr. G. F. Watts's works was held. Three years later, at the Birmingham Museum, I saw the pictures all—or many of them—once more, as well as packed crowds would permit. In the artist's own gallery I have studied them again and again, and have met many of them in local exhibitions, and examined them in reproduction times out of number. I have often talked of them and of art with the master, and have watched him paint, and have, I believe, for some years past seen the majority of his pictures in progress of execution. I have read nearly all that has been said of them, critical, rhapsodical, and descriptive, and have myself often contributed to the public consideration of them and of the artist. And yet, I confess, not until I walked through the rooms of the New Gallery and stood

before this noble selection of the painter's work, did I quite realise, for all my previous knowledge, how great a man is this noble artist, how superb a painter; how lofty his sense of style, and how majestic, in many instances, his conception. Of the greatness of his art there can be no doubt, nor of his true position; nor to any of his generation is it likelier that posterity will pronounce the words reserved only for the worthy: "Friend, go up higher!"

It is not on the works of his later day that his reputation as a painter, pure and simple, will rest. For during his second period he has advisedly laid aside that form of technical excellence which dazzles and delights in the guise of "dexterity," and adopted a broader manner, in which handling and manipulation—in so far as they are the manifestation of the consciously skilful craftsman—are

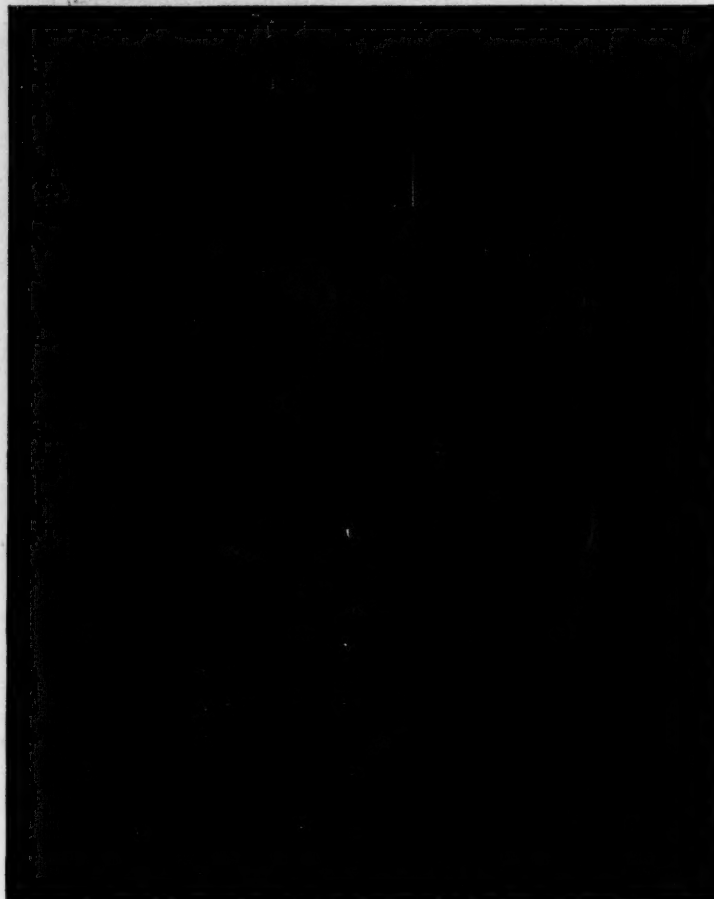


subordinated to the subject on which the artist would insist. Mr. Watts, indeed, stands alone in his generation. Nature intended him intellectually for a poet, as well as artistically as a painter, whose bard-like utterances are sometimes perhaps fitter for words than for pigment. But this development had not reached its irresistible point before the master had produced such canvases that, like it or not, have

acquired, to be used for the expression of the conceptions which arise in the thinking painter, as well as in the thinking writer, whether poet or philosopher. For that reason, then—in the conviction that painting may be used for the satisfaction of cravings higher than the merely sensuous—he determined to eschew that accomplishment which, whether the manifestation of real talent, and even

genius of a kind, or else of unfeigned vanity, attracts overmuch the admiration of the public, and diverts attention from the more elevated intellectual qualities of the work.

But when we regard the productions of his brush which were executed before the full force of his mature convictions moved him, not only as artist but as a citizen, to the noble line to which he has so valiantly and so generously adhered, we are struck with astonishment that no greater recognition has been accorded to his purely technical triumphs. Mr. Watts may regard these achievements with equanimity, and with but modified satisfaction if he will; but technical accomplishment in the world of art will always maintain its premier place when the rank of a painter is to be accorded. In some of these compositions, hung in the West Gallery, the artist has touched, perhaps, the highest point of technical accomplishment, and has triumphed in the painting of flesh—as in the Leicester "Fata Morgana," and in "Life's Illusions"—as no other English painter I know of, save Reynolds and, in small works, Etty, has triumphed be-

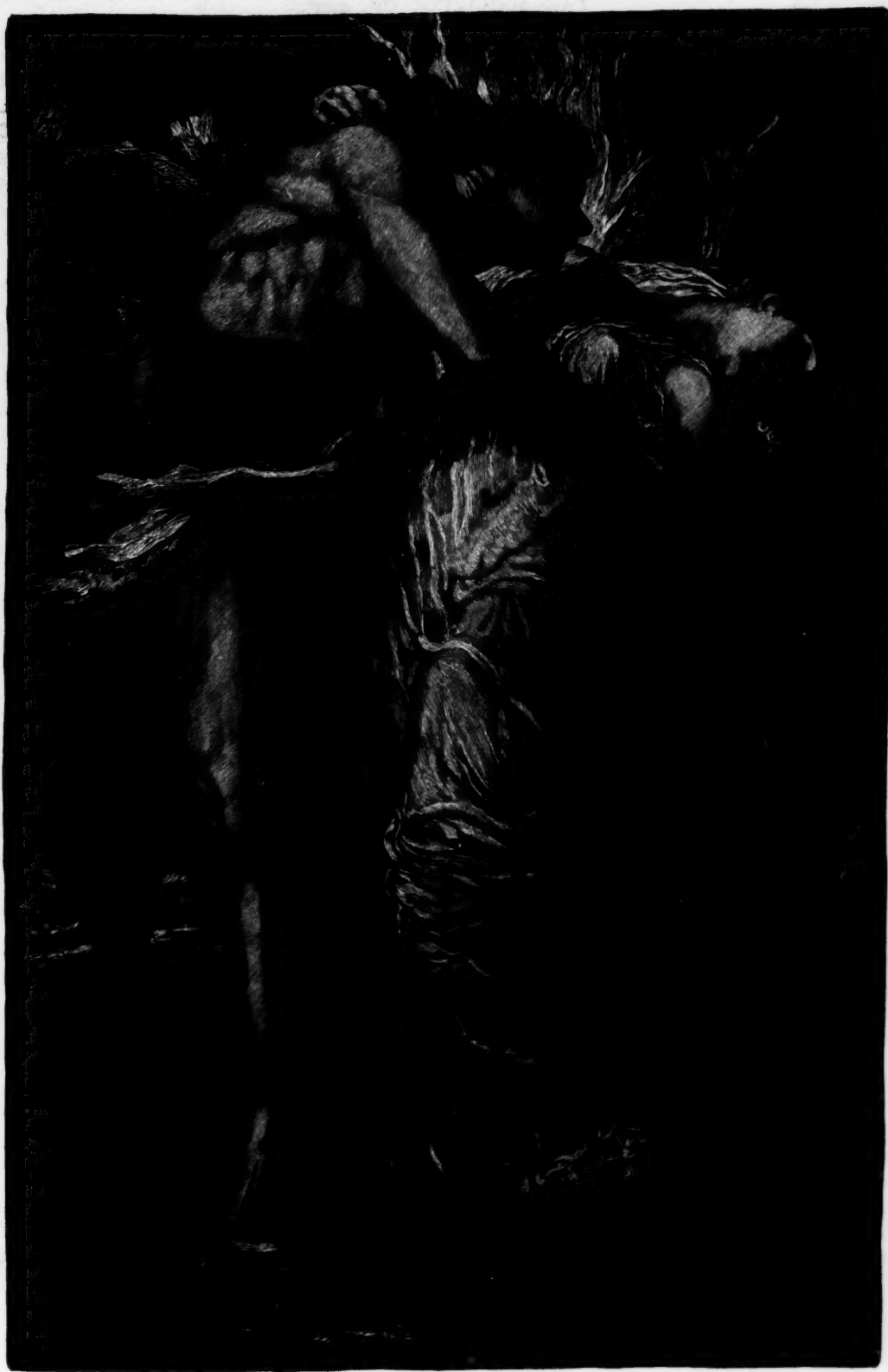


PAOLA AND FRANCESCA

(From a Photograph by F. Hollger.)

set up his name among the highest, and placed him beside the great masters of execution and colour. In this respect he is not to be judged by those works of thought and ethical aim by which he is, perhaps, best known to the present generation, who, for many years, have watched his artistico-intellectual pictures as they issued from his hand in which the painter-like quality in its appearance of mere high finish is sacrificed to the main intention of the picture. Mr. Watts's view is obvious—he regards painting not as an end but a means; "the language of all the world," no doubt, but a language, when

fore. In addition, we have in these canvases that *grande allure*, that sense of style, colour, composition, and line, that go to make a masterpiece; and to each of these, moreover, there is added that definite purpose of subject—that spiritual quality—on which the painter already insisted half a century ago, at the time he painted them. The first-named bears finishing touches that were applied as late as 1888, and the latter, belonging to 1849, is threatened with destruction, in consequence, perhaps, of the Italian ground on which it was painted, and perhaps not a little to subsequent



ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.  
(Engraved by O. Lacour.)

damp. These two works, as showing Mr. Watts's supremacy in flesh-painting, deserve a pilgrimage

for its modest conscientiousness, absence of display or sensational handling, and excellent tone. There is a little portrait of Mr. James Weale (1835) and another of a child ("Little Miss Hopkins," 1836), which, but for a certain lack of confidence, might for masterly handling and purity of colour be compared with some of the smaller portraits by Hogarth. Between these small examples of boyish genius and the unfinished symbolic picture of "Peace and Goodwill" of the present year, an extraordinary panorama of the artist's manipulative skill and imaginative power is presented to the eye. It cannot be doubted that the highest attainment of the painter's hand—that hand which,



LOVE AND DEATH.

all to themselves, and must be seen by those who would form a just opinion of what has been done in English art.

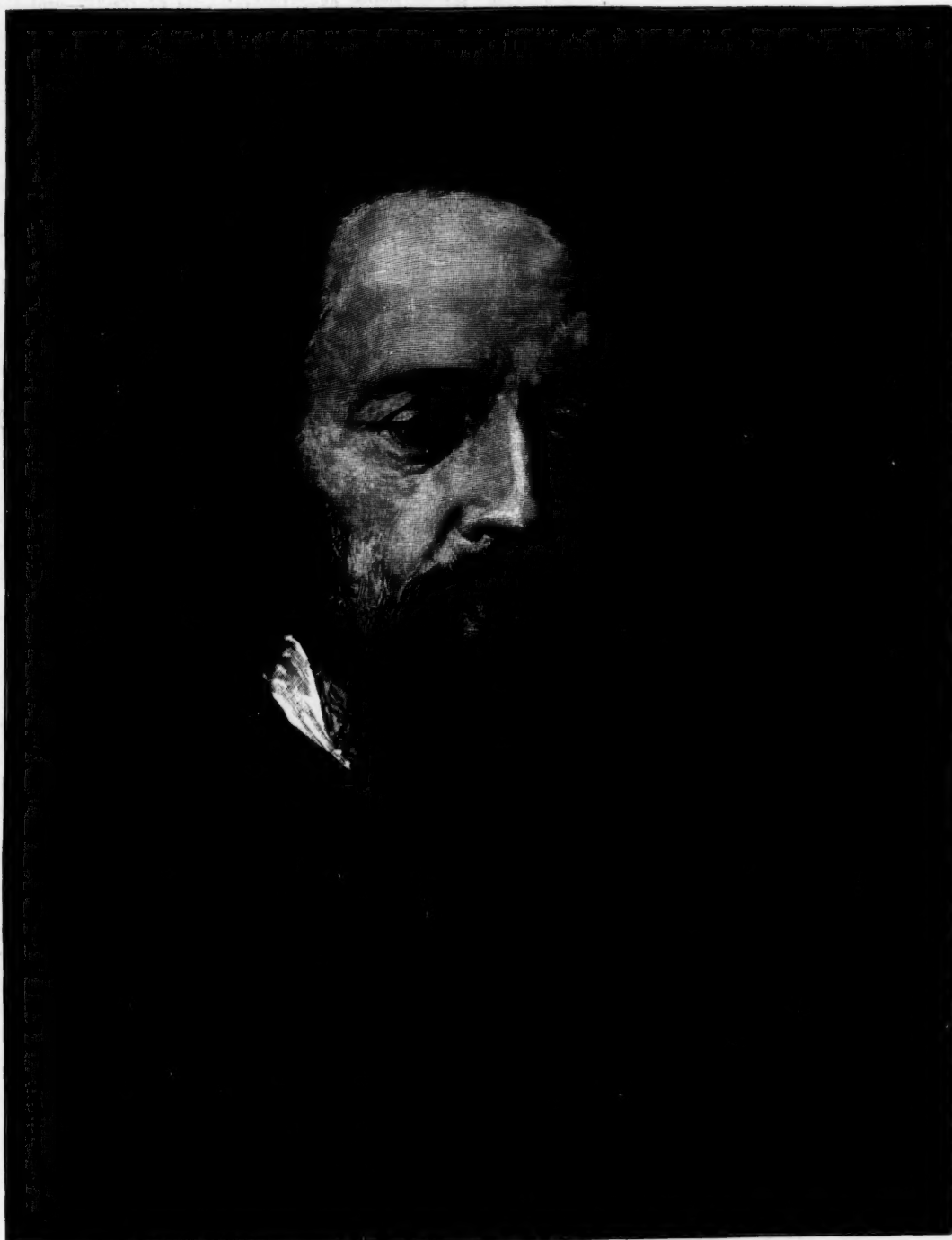
It must not be supposed, however, that they comprise all or even the highest qualities of this painter's art. For even greater subtlety in the flesh-tones we may look to "Bianca"—a picture which was painted from Rossetti's model, and which from the collection of the late Mr. C. H. Rickards passed into that of Mr. Ruston. This brilliant bust, only less lovely than "Choosing" (which, curiously enough, is not included in this exhibition), was painted in 1863; but for excellence of painting we may even go back a quarter of a century earlier—to the artist's work when he was yet a youth.

Indeed, in the South Gallery we find several pictures executed before "The Wounded Heron," the picture with which Mr. Watts made his *début* at the Academy in 1837—not less than sixty years ago!—and which may here be found and admired



HON. MRS. PERCY WYNDHAM.

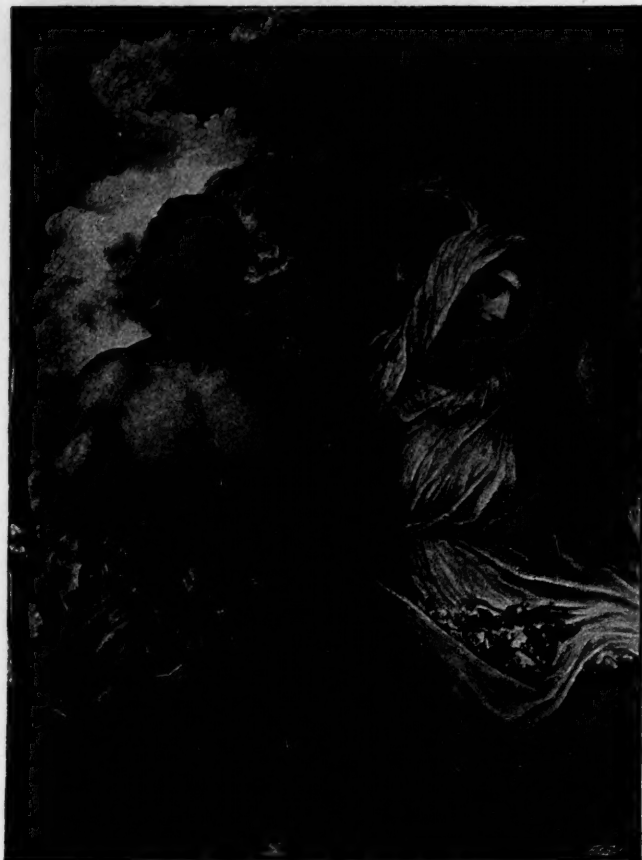
not even in his most precise and daintiest work, from his earliest efforts to the present time when his



LORD TENNYSON.  
(Engraved by W. Biscombe-Gardner.)



eightieth year is past, never condescended to the help of a maulstick—is to be found in the West Gallery; but the South Room contains not a few of his notable triumphs. Besides the Hawking pictures there, and the quaint portraits of "Lady Holland" (1843) and Miss Cassavetti, the superbly dignified "Gladstone" (1865), which I believe I am right in saying was the earliest executed portrait of first-class importance of that statesman, there are the



LIFE, DEATH, AND JUDGMENT. (LATER VERSION.)

magnificent early "Tennyson" (1859) and the later one executed in 1890 in the broader manner of recent years. There are the "Millais" (1871) and the opulent, though not quite so successful, "Leighton" (1890), the brilliant "Joachim," executed at a time when the violinist wore no beard, now thirty years ago, and the "Marquis of Salisbury" of 1884. We have the beautifully-drawn and exquisitely-felt picture of "Prayer" (1878), now the property of Manchester; and the imaginative and romantic "Ophelia." This has been worked upon since it was first exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1878, the year it was painted. Besides these

there is the superb "Una and the Red Cross Knight" (1869)—a work to me as touching, for all its reticence, as Millais' "Vale of Rest"—and the sad and reproachful picture of London misery called "Under a Dry Arch." Of far later date is the beautiful half-length nude of "Uldra" (1884), one of the artist's most brilliant exercises in prismatic colour, for which the Scandinavian waterfall sprite gives him the motive. The sketch and the finished

picture of "The Rider on the White Horse" may profitably be studied together; the impressive vigour and massiveness of the large work with its masterly drawing and brilliant handling, and the smaller one superior in the purity of its colour and in the rarer poetic expression on the "Rider's" face. With the mention of the "View of the Carrara Mountains from Pisa" (1881), which displays not less knowledge of rock formation than of atmospheric effect and exquisite variety of colour, we may pass to the West Gallery, prepared for a still finer presentment of the painter's art—an expectation which will not be disappointed.

Occupying the centre of the great wall, the celebrated picture of "Paola and Francesca" asserts itself magnificently. It is a splendid specimen of Mr. Watts's art of fifty years ago, perhaps even finer now than when it was painted, gaining nothing in its rare impressiveness and dignity from the help of time. The subject has been handled many a time before, from Delaroche and Scheffer to Doré, but not one treatment of it that I have seen comes within measurable distance of this great work, either for imagination, pathos, or poetry, composition, or even technique. Its destination, the reader will be glad to learn, is the National Gallery, to which

the present owner purposes to bequeath it. It may not combine in itself all of its painter's highest qualities, but there can be no doubt that it will maintain its position as one of the finest and most elevated works of the English school. Hard by hangs "Britomart and her Nurse before the Magic Mirror" (1878), interesting as proving the artist's independence and originality, for, although he has executed some half-dozen pictures inspired by poets' works, he has never, except perhaps in the case of the "Paola and Francesca," sought merely to illustrate poets' words. In this instance, indeed, the picture is in reality a continuation, or, so to speak, a collateral

development, of the story in Spenser's "Faerie Queen," where it stops short in its recital of the nurse's vision. Much the same may be said of the also here, to demonstrate Mr. Watts's masterly power of composition as well as the ulterior motive of an emblematic sort which may be read in these beautiful



BIANCA

(In the Collection of Joseph Ruston, Esq. Engraved by Jonnard.)

"Fata Morgana." Both Mr. Watts's versions of Bojardo's creation in "Orlando Innamorato" are here, the former of the two, in my opinion—that which the artist presented to the town of Leicester—being in all respects the finer composition and the finer painting. The two pictures of "Orpheus and Eurydice" are

canvases. Then the silent peak of "Mount Ararat" (1885), rising in solemn dignity against the blue of an Eastern night, while one star shines through the solitude, reveals his deep imaginative sense of the majesty of nature, while another note not wholly dissimilar, though much more fanciful, is to be seen

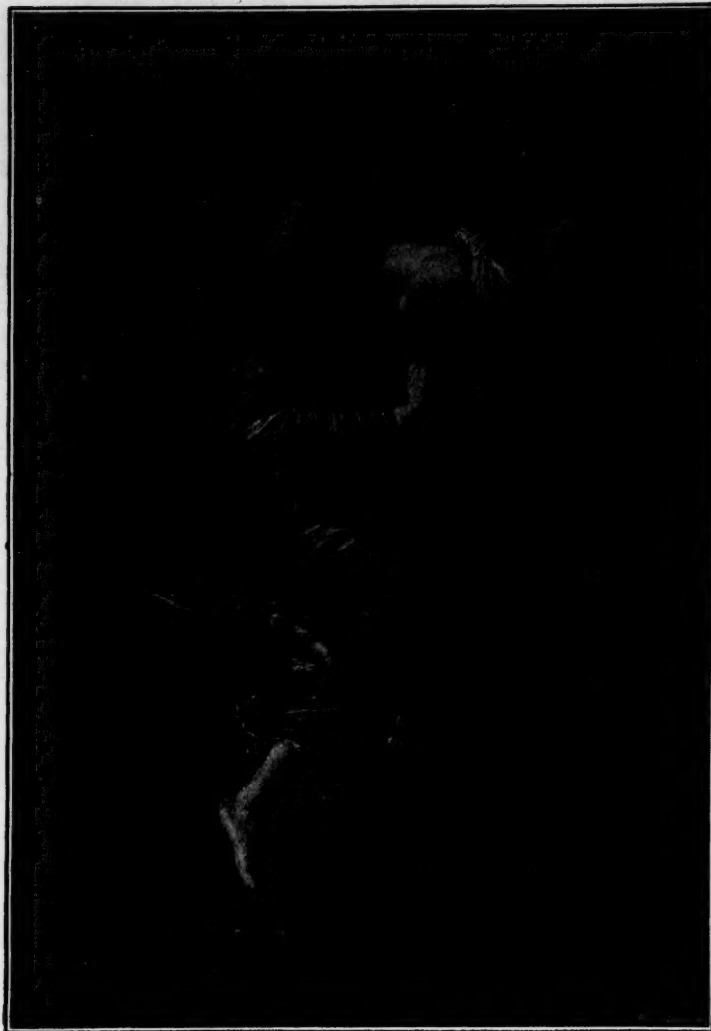
in his "Neptune's Horses"—an upright picture of the deep blue sea flecked with the foam of the breaking waves, which need but a moment's contemplation to realise in them the forms of prancing horses: an idea which has since been carried out

artist's finest representations of the nude—not only those to which reference has already been made, but also "The Three Goddesses" (of which the sculpturesque treatment, the supreme representation of the ideal nude, and exquisite quality are beyond praise), and the more human figures of "Daphne" (1872) and "Psyche" (1880); and it is interesting to observe the emphasis with which Mr. Watts seems to have differentiated the human figure in the two classes of picture—the symbolic and the typical. With these the "Ariadne," a modern "old master," may profitably be compared.

Among the works of graceful fancy is the daintily-conceived picture entitled "Good Luck to Your Fishing" (1889)—inspired, probably, by the little rogue in "Arion" (No. 117). The merry little sprite hovering blithely over the waves into which he has cast his line reminds the spectator of the *amorini* of Rubens or of Titian, and, painted in a rich and robust scheme of colour, possesses an interest of surface more often avoided by other painters than sought.

The portraiture in the same room is on a level with the subjects. The full-length of "Lord Campbell" in his chancellor's robes and full-bottomed wig is a work to be remembered, a complete picture of senility with its air of ancient dignity and diminishing intellectual force than any I could quote; nearest to it is Houdon's "Voltaire" at the Comédie Française, yet not so subtle in character as this interesting work. Not less character

and more "actuality" are to be found in "Sir William Bowman" (1865); and in "The Rt. Hon. Russell Gurney, Q.C.," we see the transition to the artist's later practice in portrait-painting. The portraits of Sir Edward Burne-Jones (1870), Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Calderon (1872), Mr. Walter Crane, and Lady Garvagh and Lady Somers, and other portraits of ladies—whom none in England in this latter century has painted with so much grace and beauty—are too well known to need further reference. But the attention of the visitor



HOPE.

by Mr. Walter Crane and certain painters abroad, though it is no disparagement for them to say, neither with the same subtle beauty nor with equal poetic touch. Opposite hangs the "Diana and Endymion," in whose sleep the hunter-goddess—otherwise Selene, the Moon—descended to embrace him, a composition which for grace of line, classic beauty of form, and charm of mystery, Mr. Watts has rarely surpassed. Beside it is the fine "Venetian Nobleman," who is, in truth, none other than Mr. Watts himself. In this room, too, are some of the



THE HABIT DOES NOT MAKE THE MONK.

(Engraved by Jonnard.)



may be called to the portrait of the late Earl of Airlie, and, for the purpose of comparison, to the exquisite "Ganymede," which hangs in the South Gallery, and which was employed, as may here be seen, for the face of the boy in "The Childhood of Jupiter," or, as it was first named, "The Infant Hercules tended by Nymphs." Reference should also be made to the portraits of Mr. Constantine Ionides, of his wife and his two daughters, if only to mention a circumstance the like of which must be rare enough in the annals of art: Mr. Watts has painted no fewer than *five generations* of the Ionides family.

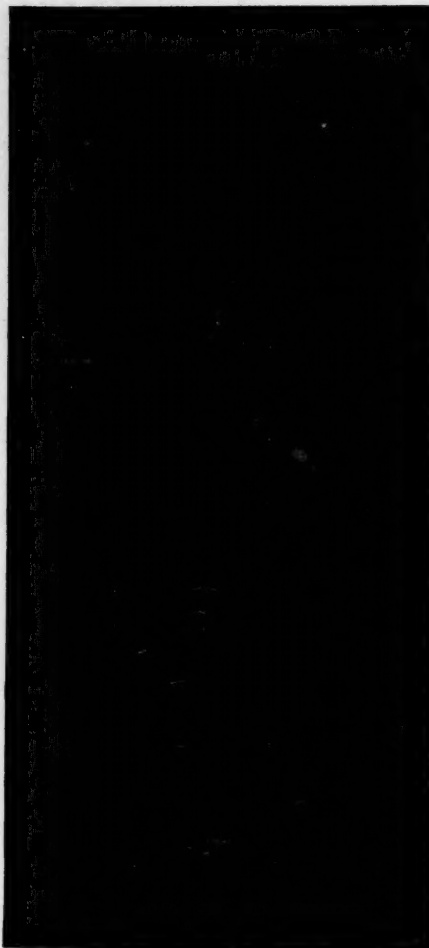
In the North Gallery are gathered together the seventeen canvases which it is the intention of the artist to present to the Nation—pictures of thought and ethics, and, so to speak, of elementary metaphysics. These nobly-designed pictures include those in which he has striven, to use his own words, "to divest the inevitable of its terrors," and to show the Great Power "rather as a friend than as an enemy." These are the "Court of Death," with the attendant ministers, "Silence and Mystery;" "The Messenger," who summons the aged to their rest; "Death Crowning Innocence;" "Time, Death, and Judgment;" the well-known and oft-repeated (but always with variations) "Love and Death," and its tender companion "Love and Life." Then "Faith"—the militant Faith of the Church, awakening to the folly of the persecution she has practised; "Peace and Goodwill," "For He had Great Possessions," "The Dweller in the Innermost"—otherwise Conscience, or rather *Geist*—"The Spirit of Christianity," a somewhat sarcastic commentary on schismatic-discord; "Jonah" preaching ruin to the ungodly; "The Minotaur," the sensualist, and "Mammon," the god of vulgar avarice and insolent cruelty; "Hope," the sanguine

dweller in perpetual dawn; "Sic Transit," the end of human life, considered apart from the immortality life may make for itself; and the fine "Chaos," a picture which exhibits, perhaps better than any other, the monumental character of the artist's conception, while the forms obviously recall his study of the Elgin marbles.

All these pictures, painted with a view not purely artistic, are reinforced by many others which show the artist in his strength—"The Rev. James Martineau," one of the finest of his portraits executed during the 'seventies; "Sir Richard Burton," a most valuable sketch; "Love Triumphant," notable for its beauty of line as well as of thought; "Sunset in the Alps," a fine example of colour, painted, if I mistake not, on a ground of gold; "After the Deluge," a brilliant study of colour and light; and the trilogy of "Eve": her creation and nobility, her temptation and frailty, her fall and repentance.

The direction of modern art criticism would leave few painters unscathed, either from the philosophical or technical points of view; and the works of Mr. Watts, as here shown, present many opportunities, not of carping but of conscientious disagreement here and there. But a collection such as this silences ordinary criticism, not only in ad-

miration of the master, but from the sympathy he evokes. The man who produced these works is a king among painters; and if he has deliberately used his art for the expression of didactic ideas, it is ungrateful, and foolish, moreover, to shut our eyes to the genius that would paint virtues as well as trees and dissections, and would rather delight our intellects and stir our consciences than confine his message to sensuous enjoyment.



PEACE AND GOODWILL.

(From a Photograph by F. Hollyer.)

## ANATOMY IN ART.

BY DR. WILLIAM ANDERSON, F.R.C.S. PROFESSOR OF ANATOMY AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

TWO important works upon artistic anatomy have appeared almost simultaneously—one by Professor Arthur Thomson,\* of Oxford, the lecturer upon Art Anatomy at South Kensington; the other by an American artist, Mr. Ernest E. Thompson.† Professor Thomson, a master of science, has brought to bear upon his subject artistic instincts and accomplishments of a high order, and Mr. Thompson, primarily an artist, has subordinated his art to an eminently scientific spirit, preparing his own dissections and executing his drawings with a care that will give his work a value beyond the circle for which it is especially designed.

Until now the English or American art student who wished to attack human anatomy seriously was almost compelled to seek his guidance in French or German books. The labours of Gerdy,‡ the father of what we may call the Science of Surface Anatomy, and those of Richer, the author of the most complete treatise upon Artistic Anatomy in its wider sense,§ have left little for their followers to do. The admirable lithographic plates by Leveillé illustrating Fau's anatomy|| have never been equalled, and are scarcely to be excelled, in their combination of accuracy and pictorial beauty; and in Germany the writings of Froriep,¶ Harless,\*\* and Kollmann,†† as well as the valuable essay of Brücke‡‡ on the beauties and defects of the human form, serve as an admirable basis for study. In England, on the other hand, save for the learned handbook of Professor Marshall,§§ we have hitherto had little that could help the painter or sculptor. Professor Thomson, however, now gives us a volume that, for the English reading student, will take the place held by that of Professor Richer in France. Like Richer he has grasped the importance of explaining each characteristic feature on the surface contours of the body by its relation to the structures beneath, and to make the lessons more clear he has illustrated his description by a series of photographs from well-

selected living models, showing the trunks and limbs in all their principal motions, each picture being analysed in an adjoining diagram which displays in outline the muscular anatomy of the part. He has not gone quite so far as Richer, who attaches also a drawing of the skeleton form to each representation of the muscles and surface markings, but the result is little inferior. The descriptive text is admirably lucid, and especially adapted for the artistic reader by the careful avoidance of all unnecessary technicalities. The arrangement of the facts conveyed is simple and practical; the different portions of the frame are discussed regionally, the superficial appearances of each part are described and explained, the movements are figured, and their limits indicated by photographs and diagrams, and short essays are appended upon facial expression and proportion. The artist who seeks further detail may, of course, refer to purely scientific treatises, but he has here all that is essential for him to know. With such a guide the unsavoury work of dissection is a superfluous part of the artist's training; indeed, a clear description, aided by an atlas such as that of Leveillé or Richer, will teach the forms of muscle and tendon far more clearly than any ordinary dissection of an average "subject" if the learner will take the trouble to study at the same time his own surface forms or those of a suitable living model. He may then, in fact, comprehend the meaning of surface anatomy far better than he would be likely to acquire it from the long course of practical training of anatomical exercise which forms a large part of the medical curriculum.

Mr. Ernest Thompson's book is one of a different character. It is essentially an atlas of plates, drawn with a fidelity of detail that will gladden the heart of the anatomist pure and simple. The first sketch, a vigorous and original delineation of the arrangement of the fur on the wolf, is of especial interest, and this is followed by some other drawings of like object. The skeleton and muscular forms of the greyhound are next shown in various positions, then the muscles of the cat, the proportions and skeleton of the lion, the bones and muscles of the horse, with an excellent series of sections of trunk and limbs to show the relation of the deeper structures to the surface; the muscles of the ox, the proportions of the sheep and camel, and finally a series of illustrations of the anatomy and plumage of birds, concluding with a wonderful geometrical plan of the expanded tail of the peacock. It should be particularly noted that the indications to the complex

\* "Anatomy for Artists," by Arthur Thomson. Oxford Press.

† "Art Anatomy of Animals," by Ernest E. Thompson. Macmillan and Co.

‡ Gerdy, "Anatomie des Formes Extérieures." 1829.

§ Richer, "Anatomie Artistique," with illustrations by the author. 1890.

|| Fau, "Anatomie des Formes Extérieures du Corps Humain," with atlas of plates drawn from nature by J. B. Leveillé.

¶ Froriep, "Anatomie für Künstler." 1880.

\*\* Harless, "Plastische Anatomie." 2nd edition. 1876.

†† Kollmann, "Plastische Anatomie." 1886.

‡‡ Brücke, "Schönheit und Fehler der menschlichen Gestalt." Vienna: 1891. English translation published by Grevel, London.

§§ Marshall, "Anatomy for Artists," with wood-cut illustrations after J. S. Cuthbert. 1883.

muscular forms represented are printed upon the plate itself, a concession for which the hard-worked student will be especially grateful, and that the anatomical nomenclature is made to coincide as far as possible with that adopted in the leading text-books of human anatomy. Thanks to the latter precaution, the learner who has acquired some knowledge of the skeleton and myology of man will find but few difficulties in mastering the closely analogous arrangement of structures in the lower animals.

The text is rich in material valuable to the artist, and especially to the sculptor, such as tables of size and proportion, careful admeasurements of distance from one salient point on the surface to another, and a descriptive account of the principal muscular attachments in the animal selected as a type. It concludes with a bibliography of the subjects treated and a good index.

The book is essentially original, although its

plan was to some extent anticipated in the scarce and uncompleted work of Goiffon and Vincent (*"Mémoire Artificielle des principes relatifs à la fidelle représentation des Animaux, tant en peinture qu'en sculpture."* Alfort, 1779). Its plates are excellent, but their artistic value is injured to some extent by a process of reproduction which destroys the sharpness and decision of the fine lines of the original drawing. In a subsequent edition the author may be persuaded to include a few more skeleton forms and to add some outline plates showing the areas of attachments of the principal muscles upon the bones of the horse and the dog.

The artistic student may be congratulated upon the appearance of these two works, for they have made it possible for him to acquire in a few months more of the essential facts of surface anatomy than his predecessors in the Medicean age could gather in years of original research.

## “HADRIAN'S VILLA.”

BY RICHARD WILSON, R.A.

IN the accompanying reproduction of a small but well-known picture by Richard Wilson in the National Gallery, the readers of *THE MAGAZINE OF ART* have the opportunity of seeing the results obtainable by a new and most interesting process of reproduction in colour. It is a process that has for some time occupied the attention of scientific and artistic minds, but it must be called new, for it is still in the experimental stage, although most extraordinary results have been and are being obtained in Germany, America, and in this country. In the limited space at our disposal it is impossible to go into the history of the process, but some little account of the method of it is necessary to the understanding of its interest and value. It is the nearest approach to photography in colours that has yet been obtained.

Simply stated, the method is this. The picture—or it may be any coloured object or scene—is exposed to the camera and three negatives are taken, one records the yellow, one the red, and one the blue rays reflected by the picture or object. This separation of the values of the three primary colours is effected by the interposition of colour screens which prevent the passage to the recording negative of any but the one colour. From these negatives blocks are made, one for each primary colour, and by printing these blocks one over the other the three primary colours, which were separated by the process of photography, are brought together again and the final effect produced.

Reproductions of works of art by chromo-litho-

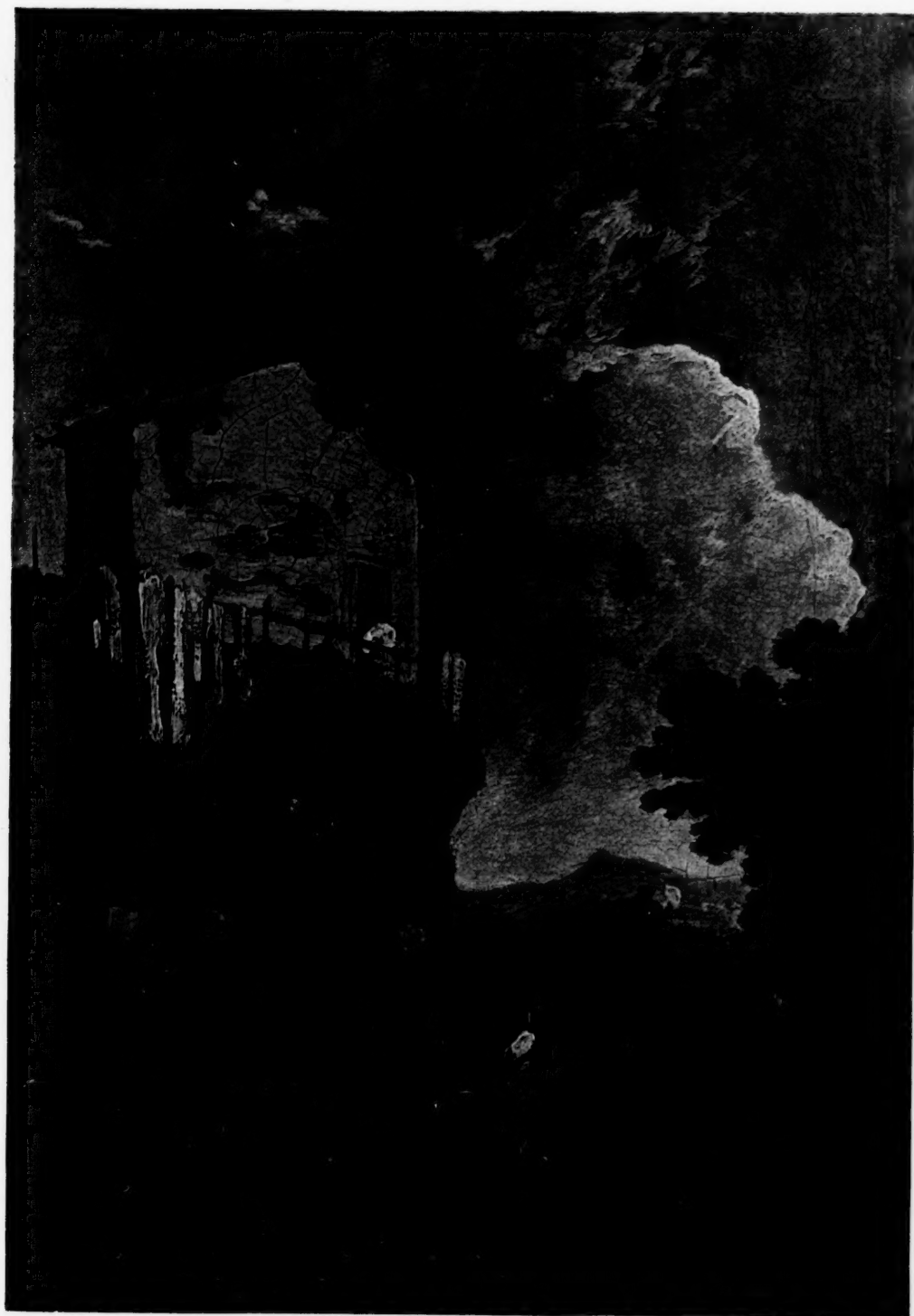
graphy, good as the best may have been, have always been open to the objection that they lose the artist's drawing and colour, and fail to render the quality of the original work. The large number of printings necessary, sometimes more than twenty, tend to overload the subject with ink, and give to reproductions even of a water-colour drawing an over-coloured, heavy appearance, as of a thickly painted oil picture. By this new photographic method the character of every work is retained. A water-colour looks like a water-colour, while, as may be seen in this reproduction of Wilson's picture, the fat oily nature of the painting is well suggested, while even such detail as the cracks in the surface are faithfully rendered, and the well-known grey-green tones of the painter will be easily recognised by everybody who is acquainted with his work. In justice to Messrs. André and Sleight, who produced and printed the blocks for this picture, it should be stated that the blocks were made under exceptional difficulties. The picture had to be photographed at the National Gallery where they could not have the assistance of the electric light, and of course they could not have it away from the gallery for purposes of comparison. In spite of these and other difficulties, it will be seen that a very near approach has been made to a facsimile reproduction not only of the drawing, but of the colour and the quality of the picture, even to the discoloration in the sky.

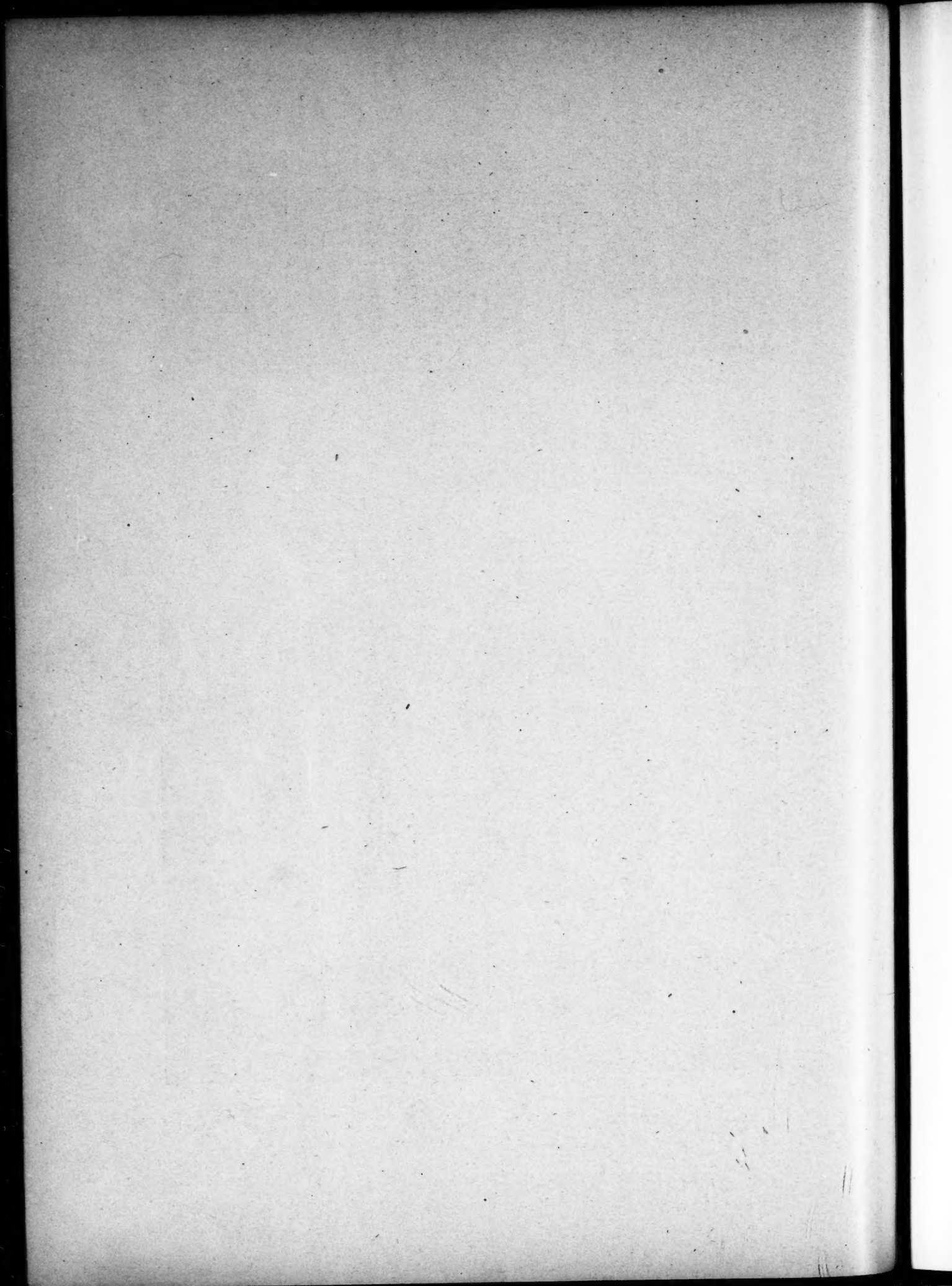
We shall show on a future occasion what is possible in reproducing an object direct from nature.

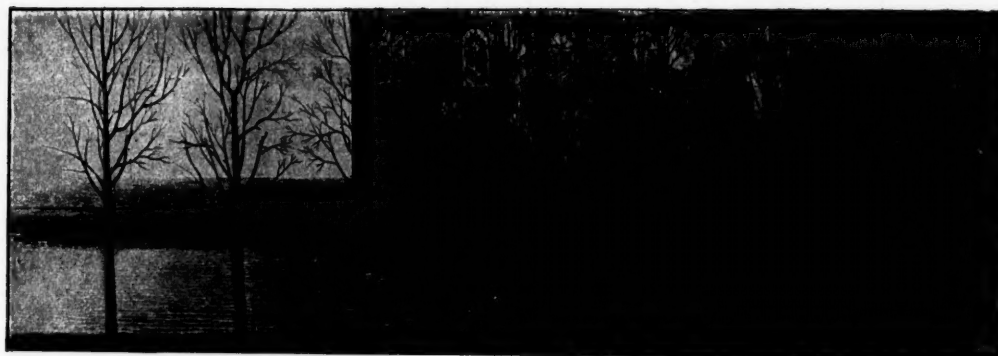












THE BLIND HOUSE.

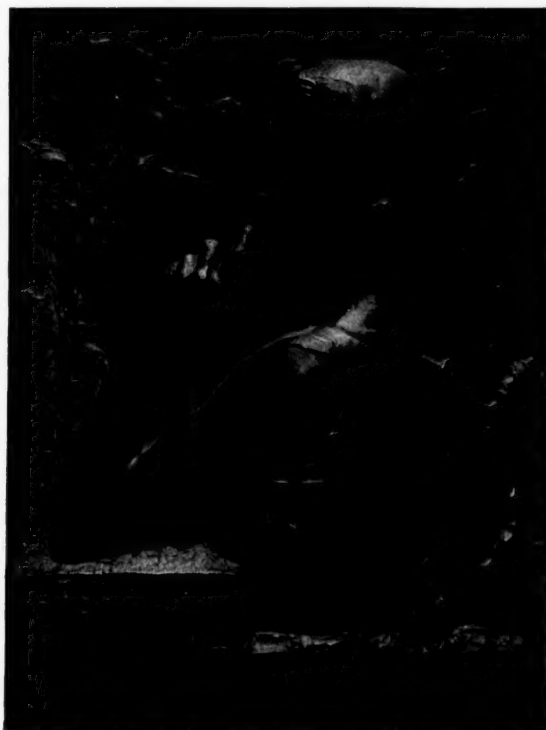
(From the Painting by William de Gouve de Nunques.)

## THE ART MOVEMENT IN BELGIUM.

THE usual annual Exhibition of Fine Arts in September was not held last year. It has in former years been held in turn at Ghent, Brussels, and Antwerp, and it was called the Triennial Exhibition in each of these cities. Last spring a Salon of Sculpture and Painting was opened at Liège, which in future will be the fourth of the Belgian centres that have the honour of giving a home to the newer works of the Flemish masters. The exhibition henceforth will be quadrennial, since every four years one of these towns will boast of being the metropolis of Belgian art. This change was not effected without some difficulty. There was some talk of striking Brussels off the list, and holding these official shows only in the provinces, since the capital is crowded during the winter with the club and society exhibitions which make Brussels a focus of æstheticism. But this suggestion, though eagerly discussed, came to nothing, and the old system survives, with the added strength that will

be afforded by the admission of Liège to the roll of towns entitled to hold Government exhibitions of art.

At the present moment, Brussels is very busy about the Universal Exhibition of Fine Arts to be held there this year. The decoration of the town is under consideration, and the artists commissioned to carry it out are already on their mettle. It is proposed to adorn the Botanical Garden, which skirts one of the boulevards, with about fifty statues entrusted to a score of sculptors all working to a definite scheme. Then the decoration of the Park (du Cinquantenaire) where the exhibition is to be held will include the construction of a monumental fountain in its midst, an important work placed in the hands of the sculptor, M. Charles van der Stappen. The scheme



"FOR AULD LANG SYNE."

(Panel for the Art Union of Glasgow. By Charles van der Stappen.)

—of which I have seen the model as a personal favour —promises grandly. The artist represents what may be called the History of Human Chimaeras. It consists of five groups. In each is seen an enormous

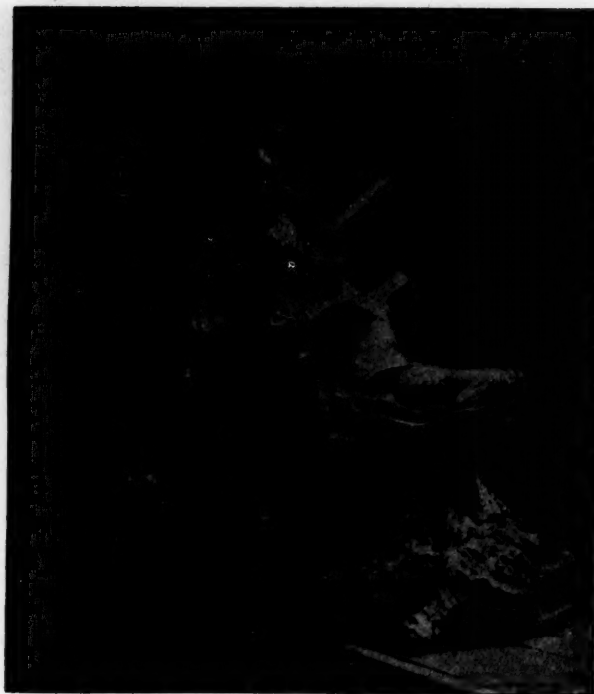


Chimæra rearing, as it were, its front feet in the air; its neck proudly stretched, and its head raised; its wings spread boldly to the sky. From each mouth rushes a torrent of water.

By the side of the first Chimæra a child is sleeping; by the second dreams a maiden; sheltered by the third we see a mother with an infant on her knees; the fourth protects an old man lying near it. These four groups stand round the fifth, which occupies the centre—a young man in the strength and prime of life is holding in the Chimæra, his hands clutching its wings, one arm round its neck, in the attitude and act of victoriously

restraining it. This group and those of the mother and of the dreaming girl are especially striking for the noble sense of the sculptor's art. The fountain is to be raised on a base of rocks, with no architectural ornamentation. The mass will, however, be symmetrical, the angles and arches of rough stone composing with the sculpture, in lines radiating from the central group to the four others at their extremities. The reproductions given with this article are from sketches. By the same artist we

have also a bas-relief for the Art Union of Glasgow, on the subject of "For Auld Lang Syne."

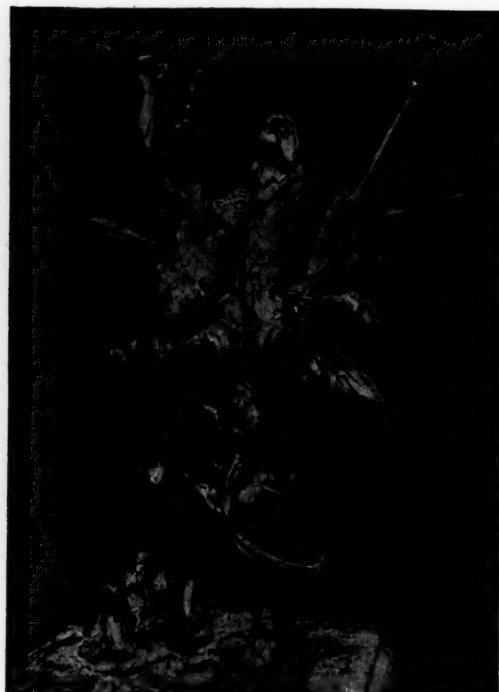


THE CHIMÆRA AND THE MAIDEN.  
(By Charles van der Stappen.)



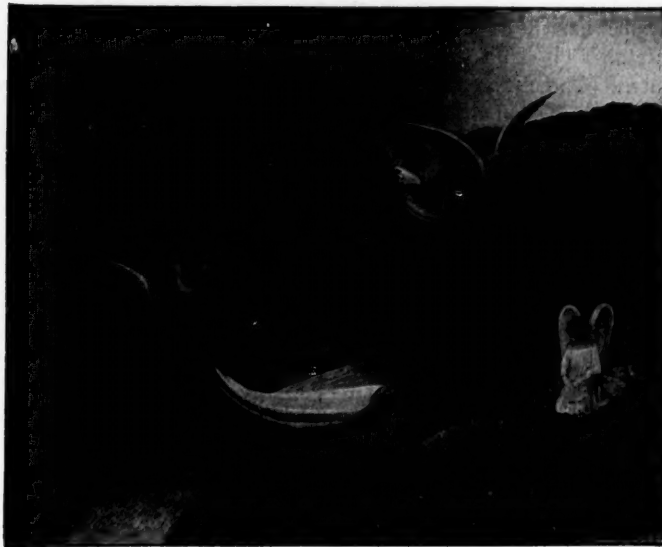
THE CHIMÆRA AND THE MOTHER.

(By Charles van der Stappen.)



THE CHIMÆRA AND THE YOUTH.

In the new Central Post Office two frescoes by the painter Van den Bussche have been unveiled. One represents the reception given at Antwerp to the interests of the Worshipful Company of Postmen and Telegraph boys. It would have been better to have had the walls bare.

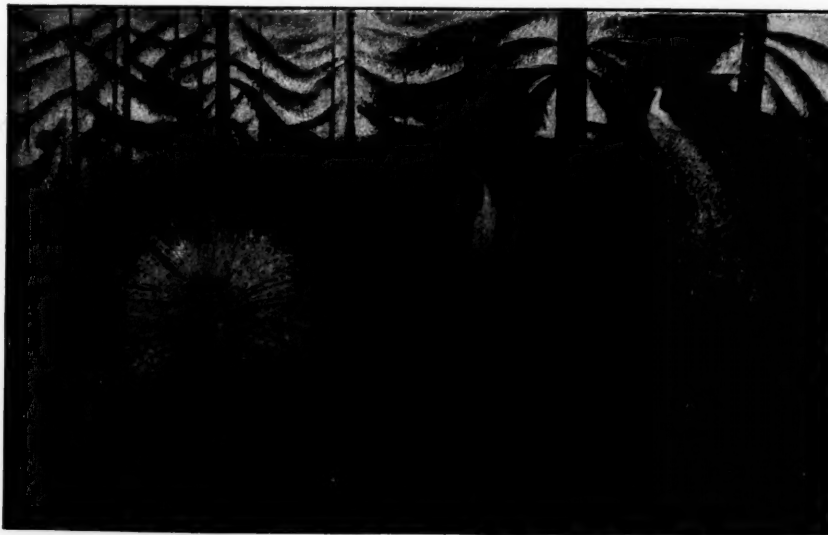


ANGELS OF THE NIGHT.

(From the Painting by William de Gouve de Nunques.)

Major Dhanis on his return from the Congo; the other is an allegory symbolising Posts and Telegraphs. There is absolutely no sense of decorative

The Club known as "*Le Sillon*" has been holding an exhibition of its members' work. This society consists of a group of young painters, the best



PEACOCKS.

(From the Painting by William de Gouve de Nunques.)

fitness in these two works; one looks like an illustration borrowed from some magazine, the other like an ornate heading for a weekly paper devoted

of whom show their adhesion to our native masters by the brilliancy and harmony of their colouring. One name is worthy of remark: that of Monsieur

A. Bastien. We look for good work from him, and he certainly deserves mention in a foreign review.

Among the new men who during the last few years have attracted the attention of art-critics in Belgium, two may be named as noteworthy: Georges Minne, a sculptor, and William de Gouve de Nunèques, a painter. These two artists are

disciples of our Gothic school. The sculptor's work is full of emotion, of deep, human sentiment, and sympathy. The painter chooses sometimes domestic and sometimes ideal subjects. As yet they both remain unknown outside the limits of their own country; but there is some talk of exhibiting the works of Minne and of de Gouve together in Paris.

EMILE VERHAEREN.

### THE DECORATION OF ST. JAMES'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, EDINBURGH.

SOME interesting mural decoration has recently been done in Edinburgh—in the Song School of St. Mary's Cathedral; in the Catholic Apostolic Church; and, on a large scale, in the MacEwan University Hall. The latest scheme is that for the decoration of the chancel of St. James's Episcopal Church by Mr. W. Hole, R.S.A., whose fame as an etcher, and especially as an interpreter of Constable, Millet, and Velasquez, has extended beyond the Northern half of the kingdom. Asked to advise the managers of the church, of which he is a member, concerning the adornment of the chancel, he generously offered to undertake this work himself; and for three years the time that would otherwise have been employed in reading and recreation has been devotedly given to this labour of love. The part now completed is the north wall of the chancel and the spaces over the chancel arch and east window. The subject of the painting, the "Te Deum," is executed in the process known as "spirit fresco," and, to my mind, a more beautiful and joyous example of modern ecclesiastical decoration it would be difficult to find in any church in the land. Like the best of the old Italian work, this of Mr. Hole's is a piece of flat decoration. The design is admirable, the ability displayed in

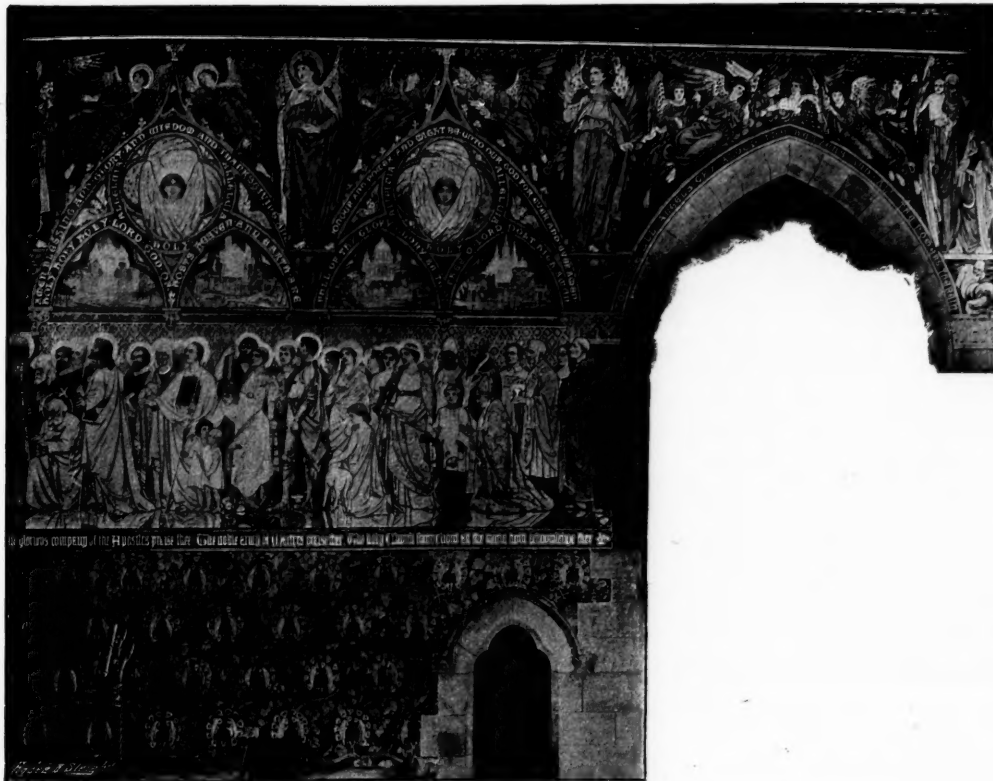
its execution is that of a master, and, with his heart in his work, Mr. Hole has imbued it with a fine devotional feeling. The architecture of the chancel determined the leading lines of the composition, which shows on the upper portion of the wall the points of two Gothic arches with tracery. Winged figures of dignified aspect at the junctions of the arches represent the four great archangels—Gabriel of the Annunciation, the Angel of the Agony bearing a chalice, the Resurrection Angel with a trumpet,

and the Angel of Death, whose sickle has gathered not only the "bearded grain" but the flowerets of youth. On each side of the points of the arches are praising Seraphim, those above the organ chamber having musical instruments. The motto over this arch is, "To Thee all Angels cry aloud." In the circular tracery are heads of Cherubim, suggestive of the contemplative side of Christian worship; while in the lunettes below are representations of the Gates of the New Jerusalem in the four orders of Christian architecture. Below the spring of the arches is a spacious oblong panel, extending the whole length of the wall, in which an important part of the composition has been executed. In it pictorial embodiment has been given to "The glorious company



PENANCE.

(From the Statue by Georges Minne. See "Art Movement in Belgium.")



Fresco at St. James's Episcopal Church, Edinburgh.

(By W. Hole, R.S.A.)

of the Apostles," "The noble army of martyrs," and "The Holy Church throughout all the world," which, in the words of the hymn, praise and acknowledge the Triune God. Of these figures, all over life-size, there are between thirty and forty with their faces set towards the altar. They are notable for graceful draughtsmanship and individuality of expression. The Apostles are recognisable by their emblems; the group of martyrs, headed by two of the Holy Innocents, contains several notable personages; while the "Holy Church" is represented by bishops, deacons, and other orders of the Eastern, Western, and African Churches, to symbolise its catholicity. The heads of several of the ecclesiastics are those of contemporary Edinburgh clergymen. The dado has a fine design of vines and peacocks, which in paintings in the catacombs symbolised immortality. Over the chancel arch appear an open tomb and figures

illustrative of the verse, "When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death Thou didst open the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers." The colour scheme is harmonious and beautiful, and a telling effect has been secured by the lavish but skilful use of gold, so that when the full light is on the picture it presents the appearance of a lovely piece of mosaic. In the gilding the artist acknowledges the assistance he has received from the verger, Mr. Dall, a house painter, who asked to have the honour of being associated, in however humble a capacity, with a work designed to "make glorious" the sanctuary of this church. On the south wall of the chancel the "Te Deum" will be still further illustrated. The design for this part will include figures of the Evangelists, one of whom, St. James, is the patron saint of the church.

W. M. GILBERT.





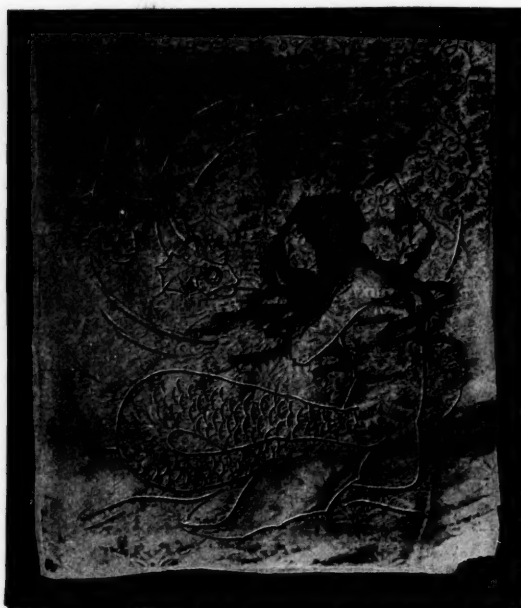
## EMBROIDERIES AND DAMASK SILKS.

**T**HERE has recently been opened a competitive exhibition of embroidery for ecclesiastical and



EMBROIDERED BURSE.  
(By Annie Walker.)

domestic uses. The exhibition is held under the auspices of the English Silk Weaving Company and



EMBROIDERED PANEL.  
(By Trixie G. Symington.)

the Spitalfields Silk Association, the main objects being to show the excellence in quality of pure,

unweighted silks of home manufacture and their suitability as grounds for all kinds of embroidery. The competition was divided into four classes and judged by Mr. Lewis Day, who determined the awards and embodied his criticisms in a short report prefixed to the catalogue. In Class A, for design and work, with the only restriction that both must be by the competitor, Mr. Day did not feel justified in granting the first prize. Nevertheless a panel by Miss Gibbons, showing most artistic treatment of what, strange to say, in the experience of practical designers is found to be an exceedingly difficult flower to render decoratively in ornament, the lily, seems worthy of recognition as an achievement. Another panel contains by far the most satisfactory treatment of the human figure in the exhibition. For the most part the figures are stiff and commonplace, without having any of the conventional character that should belong to them. Miss Symington's Mermaid has decided style—the face surrounded by and silhouetted against locks of ruddy hair in a striking manner. An unfinished specimen of work by Miss Spenser with a teazle, presages well, for the colour is delicate and harmonious; but the shield of pale rose, charged with a spread-eagle of gold and white plumage, draws too much upon heraldry.

Class B, "for ecclesiastical embroidery," contains the greatest number of entries, stoles being the objects chiefly chosen. Miss Gearing's stole, which won the first honourable mention, contains a well-designed shield with monogram, but for the rest is somewhat thin in design, notwithstanding that the effect is heightened by plentiful use of seed pearls. Miss Studley gains the first prize with a stole the execution of which deserves a better design. The groups



EMBROIDERED STOLE.  
(By S. K. Yarnall.)

of figures at either end are distinctly weak in drawing. For decoration pure and simple we should have preferred Mrs. Yarnall's far less ambitious stole on dark-blue ground, with thistles, thorns, and other symbolical ornaments. Miss A. Walker's burse in pale rose-colour and gold on a white ground is a harmonious and pleasing specimen of design and workmanship. Another burse, with veil, on red, by Miss Copp, shows considerable dignity and reserve in its simple yet bold and powerful design, with a large gold cross dividing it into four spaces and gold rays converging from the outer corners. A chalice veil by Miss M. Villiers is excellent both in design

and execution. Miss Alice Curtis's stole of intersecting gold circles is carried out on an ingenious plan, the quatrefoils within the circles gradating

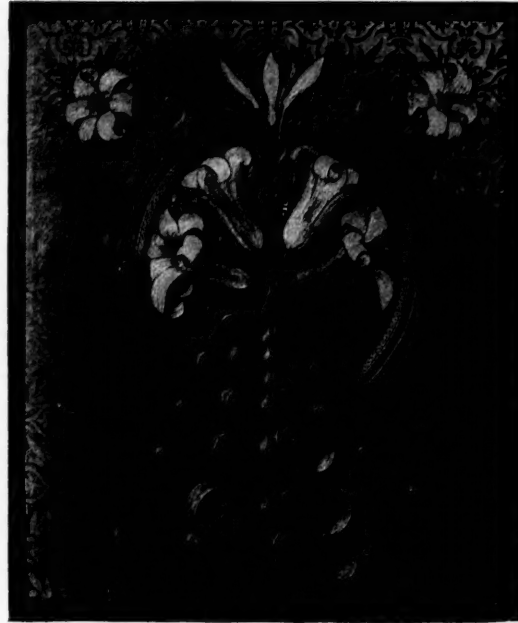
from orange at the extremities of the stole to light yellow at the back of the neck.

In Class C, a damask silk panel was provided, to be worked as a test for excellence in embroidery. The ingenuity displayed by some workers in twisting incongruous forms into the beautiful damask outline is perhaps worthy of a better cause.

The class for embroidery by girls under the age of seventeen is certainly interesting as showing promise, in some cases, not only of execution, but of design as well. Among the objects not sent in for competition a set of vestments on English damask silk, by Sister Grace of Malvern, displays a particularly original and decorative treatment of

the orphrey in plush appliqué. Altogether the loan collection of ancient and modern examples of embroidery forms a valuable supplement to the exhibition.

A. V.



LILY PANEL.  
(By Emily C. Gibbons.)

#### A NEW DECORATIVE MATERIAL.

THE fire-resisting nature of the salamander is one of the commonplaces of mythological zoology;

"United Asbestos Company" will have rendered signal service in introducing them to the public.



"OLD FLORENTINE" FRIEZE.

and if the embossed wall- and ceiling-decorations called after it be indeed true to the name, then the

As the "Salamander" material is composed of the mineral fibre of asbestos, its inventors claim that

it is sanitary and at the same time absolutely proof against fire. So far so good. But the quality of undistinguishableness in appearance from perishable

apart from the printed description of advertisements, if his endeavour be to make them present to the eye the semblance of an inferior article, and if he suffers



"FLORAL" FRIEZE.



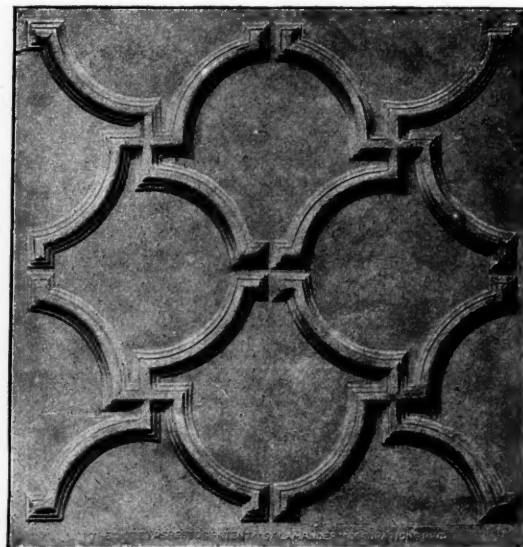
"ITALIAN RENAISSANCE" CEILING.

plaster moulding is less likely to commend it, one would suppose, to common-sense. Doubtless the manufacturer knows his own business better than the

the virtues of his material to lie unrecognised until the melancholy event of a fire shall chance to reveal them? Granted that asbestos is not wanting in the



"HENRI II." CEILING.



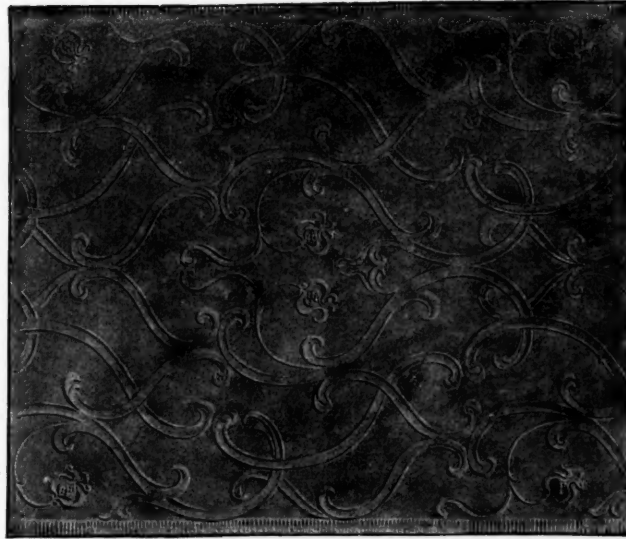
"ELIZABETHAN" CEILING.

artist can pretend to know it; but the latter is not for ever dreaming, and in his matter-of-fact mood he may venture to inquire how the manufacturer expects to make known his wares in everyday practice,

capability of being employed to artistic purpose, surely the object of the manufacturer should be to discover what the artistic properties are that belong peculiarly to his material, and, having discovered,



to develop those properties in such a way as to preserve its unique character. Let the material not only be, but look, distinct from every other, and so add the comfortable assurance of security from fire to the sense of outward beauty. The designs are said to be the productions of leading artists, but do not, however, afford evidence of anything beyond average origin. They consist, for the most part, of combinations of well-worn details of Renaissance and later



"VENETIAN GOTHIC" FILLING.

tions of well-worn details of Renaissance and later

ornament. Among the ceiling-patterns those entitled "Elizabethan" and "Strapwork" seem the most effective and architectural in character; while the friezes "Floral" and "Old Florentine," the latter a graceful treatment of natural forms, are deserving of mention. The wall-filling "Venetian Gothic"—though, by the way, it is neither Venetian nor Gothic, but rather bold and original nineteenth century work—may be singled out for commendation. A. V.

## ILLUSTRATED VOLUMES.

THE most striking feature of modern art is its attempt to rid itself of old forms and traditions and to get at new sources of inspiration. In one thing the painter has found freedom. He has discovered the *plein air* method of lighting his picture which is the great invention of modern art, and was never dreamed of by the mediævalists, who always used a studio light for outdoor as for indoor subjects. It is but a few years since the classic statues of Greek and Rome were still the *ne plus ultra* of the modern sculptor. He admires them to-day, but no longer makes them his ideal. He seeks his inspiration direct from nature instead of from the antique. In the same way the decorator has found that in natural forms he has a mine of suggestiveness full of freshness, of novelty, and beauty, and he no longer falls back upon the antique items of decoration, the classic fret, the scroll, the anthemion. The "Grammar of Ornament" to-day has another basis than even in the recent time of Owen Jones. Not that the principles of decoration have changed; they are unchangeable. Temporary moods of taste and fashion may obscure them, but they cannot change them.

Good decoration must always add to the bald constructive form the interest of beautiful lines, forms, and colours, and of the individuality of the

decorator. The mere application of natural forms as a photographer would give them does not produce decoration. Natural forms must be adapted to the purpose for which they are intended by an artist who feels their harmonies, who realises how certain lines and forms and colours can be applied to certain surfaces without interfering with, while enhancing, the beauty of the original construction. The gift of seizing the spirit of natural form and adapting it to a given end is the genius of the decorator. It is the mind of the artist that constructs the decoration.

The decorator must, therefore, be able to make good, spirited drawings direct from nature, and to put them to a good use when he has made them. The latter task is by far the more difficult of the two. Hundreds of students can make a good drawing from nature for one who can use the drawing when made.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall are in the course of a serial publication of a work, "Plants and their Application to Ornament," edited by M. Eugène Grasset, which has for its object the bridging over of this difficulty. M. Grasset is a designer of great reputation, who has had years of experience in teaching his subject. His book, which is a very admirable one, consists of reproductions of drawings from nature of plant forms, which are accompanied by designs made by his students showing



the application of these natural forms to decoration of various kinds. We had occasion to notice last year a very good handbook on the same subject

THE chief matter for marvel on examination of the splendid memorial to Meissonnier \* issued by Mr. Heinemann is the good fortune and good management whereby he has been enabled to bring together reproductions of so many of the painter's principal works and most notable studies—in these days of jealously guarded copyright a feat of which any publisher may justifiably be proud. These reproductions, moreover, whether in photo-gravure, in colour (by tone process), or by the ordinary half-tone blocks, whether representing original pictures, sketches, or studies—for composition, figure, horse, or accessories—constitute as an *ensemble* one of the most successful collections of any master's works brought together within recent years. No one can read this book and study its prints without forming a very fairly accurate idea of the painter's character, and of the scope, the merits, and the limitations of his art. For all that the volume is a portly and a noble one, the text cannot claim equal importance with the illustrations. M. Vallery Gréard's essays and reminiscences are excellent so far as they go, eulogistic and appreciative. Perhaps they are a little too appreciative—just as the younger Alexandre Dumas and other friends of the deceased painter were influenced by their admiration of the man, and perhaps a little blinded by the very familiarity with him which they enjoyed. What we miss in the book is that



APPLICATION OF THE LILY OF THE VALLEY IN ORNAMENT.

(From "Plants and Their Application to Ornament.")

by Messrs. Lilley and Midgley, issued by the same publisher; but the present work is of a sumptuous character in folio form and printed in colours throughout. Many of the designs are very beautiful, but their use to the student is in seeing the material from which the designs have been evolved. It is a work that should be in every art school, and its drawings from nature, apart from the designs, should be of great service to every decorator. E. B.

marshalling of fact and detail of the artist's life without which no biography can give the reader all he wants to know. M. Gréard, through his clever translators, succeeds nevertheless in drawing for us an accurate enough portrait of him who was for many years the official head of art in

\* "Meissonnier: His Life and His Art," by Vallery C. O. Gréard. With extracts from his note-books, etc. With 38 plates and 236 text illustrations. (London: Heinemann, 1897.)



J. L. E. MEISSONIER.

(By Himself. From "Meissonier: His Life and Art.")

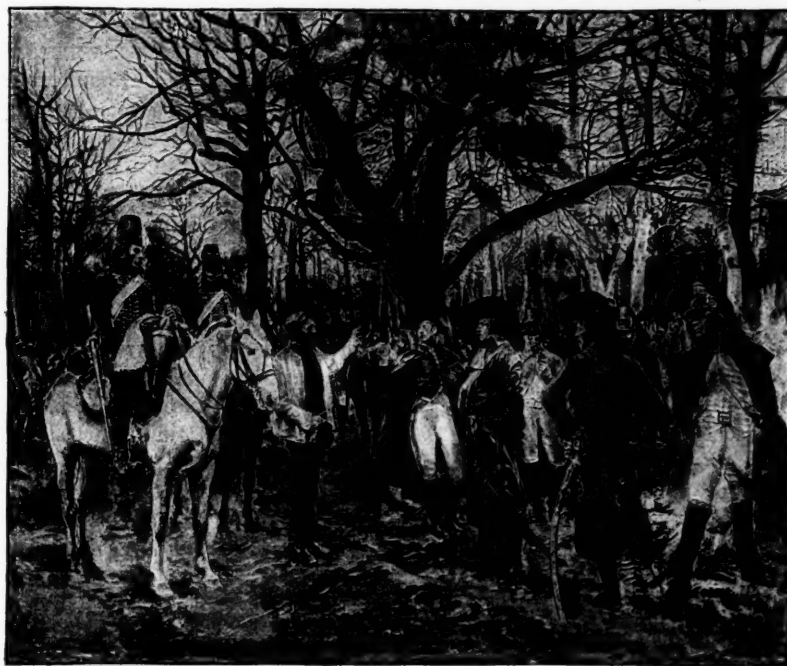
France. His weakness and his foibles—notwithstanding that the author seems not to realise them—become in a great measure apparent to the reader: the matter-of-factness of his art, the pathetic yearning after that creative imagination which he never quite succeeded in evolving, the simple philosophy he thought so profound, the genre painting he mistook for "history," the vanity that was to him but self-appreciation, and the amazing universal popularity he translated into the acclaim of real greatness.

We do not intend to underrate Meissonier, although we are convinced that his true place in art is far below the estimation which has hitherto been formed of him. On the contrary, we are strongly of opinion that he is and ever will be a great figure in the

world of art, a wholesome influence especially in these days of transition, experiment, and love of novelty. For such a reason this volume has a value so much greater than the vast majority of books published upon art that it should be placed within reach of every student and every man of taste, for it is a life's protest against that neglect of drawing which is the curse of modern practice.

To the minor errors of the book we need not refer. Although the list of engravings from Meissonier's works is singularly incomplete and in some cases incorrect, the elaborate classified list of his pictures, water-colours, drawings, etchings, and book illustrations is by itself a notable

and valuable achievement, and the volume is well worthy of a success commensurate with the great care which has been taken in its production.



THE SPY.

(From "Meissonier: His Life and Art.")

## NOTES AND QUERIES.

[For "Regulations," see THE MAGAZINE OF ART for November.]

[18] **ZINGG'S "PORT OF NAPLES."**—I have an engraving of the "Port of Naples." I am not sure whether it is from a painting, but it is signed Mettay—and A. Zingg. I should be greatly obliged if you could give information about it.—JAMES MACADAM.

\* \* The print in question is one of a pair, of which the "Gulf of Naples" is the other. They were executed after the pictures of Pierre Mettaye, who, born in Normandy, became the pupil of Boucher in Paris, before he proceeded to Rome. From the latter city Mettaye returned to Paris, where he became a member of the Academy. He was an extremely versatile artist, gaining special favour by his sea-views, executed in the style of Vernet. He died in 1750. A. Zingg was born at St. Gall in 1734, and was pupil of Johann Rudolf Holzbach, in Zurich, and of Aberli in Paris, and for seven years of Wille. The Elector of Saxony called him to Dresden, where he was created Engraver to the Court. He died as late as 1816.

[19] **QUESTIONS AS TO OLD MASTERS.**—Will you inform me (1) How does Paul Potter sign his pictures? (2) Did he paint a landscape with cows called "Farm—Antwerp"? (3) How does Salvator Rosa sign his pictures? (4) If behind a picture is found in paint "Farm—Antwerp

P. Potter 1671" what may we conclude? (5) What is the value of a moonlight by Pether? (6) Did Volaire paint an "Eruption of Etna"?—J. WALMSLEY.

\* \* (1) Potter usually signed—"Paulus Potter f. 1652"—or whatever the date of picture might be. Less often "P. Potter."

(2) He painted several pictures which might fairly be fitted with Mr. Walmsley's suggested title.

(3) Salvator Rosa's monogram was an R with an S across it; but the S was not written backwards as our correspondent suggests in the monogram he sends.

(4) With such an inscription we should certainly conclude that the picture is a forgery; for Potter died in 1654.

(5) It is against our rule to give information as to the present value of pictures, but we may say that moonlight pictures by Pether (who was famous for his renderings of this particular subject) were knocked down in 1802 for two guineas and seven guineas, and in 1819 for eleven guineas.

(6) We are not aware that Volaire ever

painted an "Eruption of Etna." On the other hand, his "Eruptions of Vesuvius" are fairly common; one of them may be seen in Vienna in the rather strange collection known as the "K. K. Akademie der bildenden Künste." It represented the eruption of the 14th May, 1771. The two Volaires, father and son, rejoiced in painting conflagrations of all sorts.

[20] **A PICTURE OF ALBERT MOORE.**—I should be glad to know if Albert Moore's water-colour at South Kensington Museum, entitled "An Open Book," has been reproduced either in a magazine, a book, or by photography. Any other information in respect to it would be welcome.—A French Artist, Paris.

\* \* The drawing in question—"The Open Book"—is reproduced as a full-page in Mr. A. L. Baldry's "Albert Moore: His Life and Work" (G. Bell and Sons). It was exhibited at the Royal Water-Colour Society's Gallery in 1884, and measures 11½ inches by 9¼ inches. This beautiful drawing will be recognised as a repetition of, or study for, the leaning figure on the right in the well-known picture "Reading Aloud," shown at the Royal Academy in the same year. There are considerable differences in details of colour and pattern.

[21] **MR. WHISTLER'S PORTRAIT OF SARASATE.**—Mr. Walter Sarel would be very much obliged if he could be informed where he can obtain an engraving or full-length print of Sarasate from the painting by Mr. Whistler.

\* \* The portrait, we believe, has never been engraved for separate publication, but a wood engraving was issued in THE MAGAZINE OF ART for 1885 (p. 469).

[22] **GUIDO'S "PERSEUS AND ANDROMEDA" AND "VENUS ATTIRED BY THE GRACES."**—Can any of your contributors inform me what has become of two pictures by Guido, formerly in the National Gallery, entitled "Perseus and Andromeda" and "Venus attired by the Graces"? They were presented to the Gallery in 1836 by King William IV. The dimensions of each, according to a catalogue in my possession, were 9 feet 3 inches by 6 feet 9 inches. The "Venus" was engraved by Sir R. Strange.—J. CRISPIN, 12, Celia Road, Tufnell Park.

\* \* These two pictures have been on loan for many years past—since 1862 in fact—to the National Gallery of Ireland and National Gallery of Scotland respectively.



[23] **WHAT ARE THE CORRECT DATES OF GIOVANNI MANSUETI?**—The new picture by Giovanni Mansueti—a "Symbolic Representation of the Crucifixion"—has been hung in the Octagon Hall of the National Gallery, and is inscribed "B. 14...? D. 15...?" Are this painter's dates so much a matter of conjecture that the authorities can give no information more precise?—J. HORSACK.

\* \* The details of Mansueti's life are little known. The dates 1450–1500 are usually accepted as the approximate years of the painter's birth and death. His pupilage, his principal work, and similar facts are duly to be found recorded; but so much uncertainty exists that the National Gallery authorities are very properly unwilling to commit themselves to anything more precise than the vague label referred to.

[24] **HAYDON'S "JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON."**—Can any of your readers inform me who now possesses the picture named "The Judgment of Solomon," painted by Benjamin Robert Haydon, and I believe made a present of to Sir Edwin Landseer?—R. E. L.

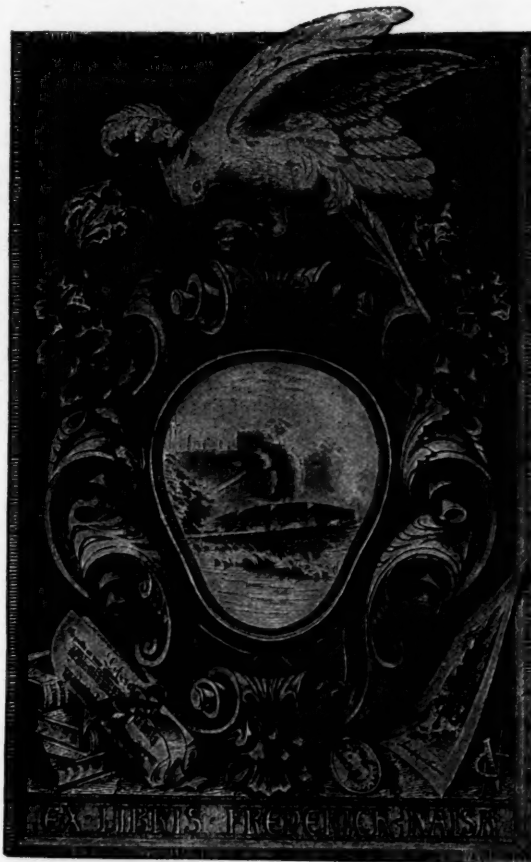
#### REPLY.

[13] **SAGITTARIUS.**—The reply to Miss Beatrice Thompson's question does not appear quite complete. It certainly settles the question of the archer being King Stephen's badge—by proving it undeterminable; and it gives us information as to other examples than those she quotes. But it appears to me that the main point has been missed—that is, the reason for the carving of the Sagittarius upon ecclesiastical buildings. This is simply that the archer is symbolical in Christian art of Divine vengeance—of punishment belated perhaps, but certain in its advent and sudden in its effect. For that reason it was placed never near the ground, but high up where the ranging eyes of the worshippers might see it—such as on the capitals of columns, or in the keystone of arches. Indeed, it is to be noted that the keystone of an arch has, in architecture, borne the name of "sagitta;" but I am not prepared to affirm that there is necessarily any absolute connection in the circumstance besides coincidence.—N. K.

#### NOTES.

**BOOK-PLATES.**—The Query and Answer [16] give point to the following note:—Since the time of the earlier William Sharp, the English school has produced many able exponents of the art of Line Engraving upon copper-plate. The work of such men as G. T. Doo, Vernon, Graves,

and Lumb Stocks, has never been equalled for vigour and solidity by that of any Continental school. Although the burial service has been read over this art by a prominent journal quite recently, the function was premature. The art has met many competitors of late, but signs are not wanting that it will survive the contest. The virile sweep of the graver line—with its sparkling lights in the midst of shadows—appeals too strongly to the refined sense



DESIGN FOR A BOOK-PLATE.

(By C. Naish.)

of the artist to allow of its extinction. The two book-plates reproduced in connection with these notes are designed and engraved by Mr. Charles Naish, and are earnest attempts to carry along the good traditions of English line engraving. The design, having upon a ribbon the legend, "Ars amor est," etc., is the book-plate of the artist, and is already engraved. The other reproduction—the book-plate of the artist's brother—is copied from the design, the copper-plate of which is now in progress. Both plates consist of suggestions of phases and incidents in the lives of the owners, and, although it is not needful that we should supply the key, we take the opportunity



of commending this motive in the designing of his brains for a leading motive, nor—what is far worse—to hunt through a heap of “specimens” in order to find the materials for a second-hand design; for, by virtue of his artistic sense, there arises before his mental vision a suggestion which his special training and accumulated studies enable him to embody in the form of a fitting and harmonious design. All the details contained in the two designs immediately before us are taken from pen-and-ink studies from nature and still-life. So long as our designers work in so conscientious a spirit, and due appreciation is accorded, the future of the art is assured.



BOOK-PLATE.

(Designed and Engraved by C. Naish.)

of travel, of favourite recreations, authors, artists, and composers, are as fragrantly reminiscent as the odour of spring flowers. The artist, taken thus far into the confidence of his client, needs not to cudgel

all branches of art should be considered equally? It seems to me that the giving of the lion's share of the highest awards to one subject must necessarily work to the detriment of other important studies."

**NATIONAL GOLD MEDALS.**—  
"A BRADFORD ART STUDENT," referring to the article in our October number, "What South Kensington is Doing," and remarking on the fact that nine of the twelve gold medals awarded were given for modelling, writes:—"Hundreds of art students must feel that this is unfair, for there are many who never touch a piece of modelling clay, merely because they wish to specialise some other branch of art. If the department examiners are going to award nine of a maximum twelve gold medals for modelling, our art must develop a very one-sided aspect. The reason for this preponderance of awards for one subject is doubtless from a desire to encourage what is considered a neglected branch of art, and also to influence the metal workers. But should it not be borne in mind, by those who make the awards, that

## THE CHRONICLE OF ART.—FEBRUARY.

**The Royal Academy Prize-Giving.** IT is long since the Creswick competition has produced so high an average of work; in fact, we have never before seen such promising effort in connection with this prize. Naturally, there was a great deal that was poor—some that appears almost hopeless—but at least three canvases displayed

tectural competitions seemed to awaken little enthusiasm among the students. The Landseer Scholarship in Painting was won by Mr. MORRIS BERNSTEIN. Sir EDWARD POYNTER'S address to the students—introductory of himself, laudatory of his immediate predecessors, and generally exhortatory—was an admirable performance, full of spirit, good sense, and good feeling, and created the best impression.



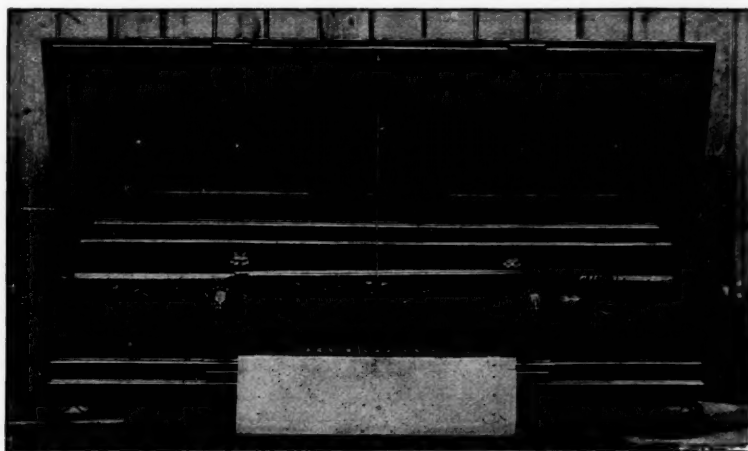
DREDGING ON THE MEDWAY.

(By W. J. Muller. Recently acquired by the National Gallery, No. 1,474, Room XXI.)

a skill and knowledge of picture-making beyond what experience led us to expect. Mr. FRANCIS WELLS'S rendering of the subject, "A Farm," is just what such a school piece should be: frank, solidly painted, realistic, with no attempt at effect and no effort to do aught but to show the examiners how much he knows and what he can do. The sky is not only very tender: it is a truthful transcript of nature and thoroughly in keeping. Mr. J. Y. HUNTER'S "Painting of a Figure from the Life" easily won the medal, and Mr. ELAND'S painting of a head showed equal excellence in drawing and brush-work. Mr. A. D. DAVIDSON won the Armitage prize and bronze medal with a very fair design, not without a genuine dramatic sense of the subject, "Adam and Eve driven out of Paradise;" but the competition was otherwise considerably below the average. Miss ROSE LIVESAY'S "Design for the Decoration of a Portion of a Public Building"—to wit, an unoccupied lunette in the refreshment-room of the Royal Academy—was by far the best in a rather poor year. The subject was "Winter," and was handled by Miss Livesay not only with intelligence but with distinct originality and ingenuity, though not with sufficient ability, apparently, to secure the commission to carry it into execution. Mr. CHARLES BEACON'S set of three models of a figure from the life were admirable, especially the draped female figure; and it is matter for regret that the rules of the Academy prevent us from placing a reproduction of it before our readers. The archi-

#### Acquisitions at the National Gallery.

THE following seven pictures have been presented to the nation by the Misses Lane: "Portrait of Miss Gainsborough" (No. 1,482), "Two Dogs, Tristram and Fox" (No. 1,483); "Study of an Old Horse" (No. 1,484); "Two Landscapes" (Nos. 1,485 and 1,486), all by GAINSBOROUGH, have been hung in Room XVI., forming a valuable addition to the works of the Early English School. A sketch in monochrome, also by Gainsborough, "Rustics with Donkey," has been hung in the East Octagon Room (No. 1,485). The other picture in this important gift is a "Portrait of Gainsborough," by ZOFFANY (No. 1,487, Room XVI.). Two examples of the Venetian School—portraits of senators—have been lent by the South Kensington authorities in exchange for a collection of water-colour drawings lent by the Gallery in 1895. "A Winter Scene," by HENDRICK AVERCAMP (No. 1,479, Room XI.), and "A Portrait of Gilbert Stuart," by himself (No. 1,480, Room XIX.), have both been purchased from the Lewis Fund. Mr. Martin Colnaghi has presented "The Philosopher," by CORNELIUS P. BEGA (No. 1,481, Room XI.). "The Wind on the Wold," by GEORGE MASON, and "The Last Day in the Old Home," by ROBERT B. MARTINEAU, have been accepted for the Tate Gallery.



FLEMISH VIRGINAL.

(Recently Purchased for South Kensington Museum. See p. 226.)

#### The National Portrait Gallery.

THE principal recent acquisition to the collection of National Portraits is LORD LEIGHTON'S admirable "Sir Richard F. Burton," the gift of the artist's sisters. The Trustees have

purchased the following portraits: "Dr. James Bradley, Astronomer-Royal," "David Cox" (pencil, dated 1855), "Sir Samuel Garth" (physician and poet), attributed to KNELLER, and a large drawing of a group of eminent men of science in 1807-8. The idea of this group originated with WILLIAM WALKER, the engraver, the arrangement of the figures was due to Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A., and the actual drawing was the work of J. F. SKILL; the finishing touches were given by Walker and his wife, the latter of whom was a miniature painter. Other additions to the Gallery are a marble bust of "Sir Henry Holland, M.D.," by W. THEED; and portraits of "Chief Justice Sir John Banks," "Sir Henry Halford, M.D.," by Sir WILLIAM BEECHY, R.A.; "John Curwen," by W. GUSH; "Field-Marshal Sir William Maynard Gomm, G.C.B." as Con-

during the past ten years brought to the hammer, but the biddings did not reach the limit of the reserved price, which is believed to have been 30,000 francs, or £1,200 of our money. By judicious management, the South Kensington authorities have completed their purchase for 20,000 francs, or actually for a little under £800; and the interesting work is now to be seen prominently placed in the Museum collection; and not far away from it is another handsome instrument, the virginal which was played upon by Queen Elizabeth, who is known to have been a skilful performer.

**National Gallery, etc., Scotland.** THE Report of the Commissioners and Trustees of the Board of Manufacturers concerning the Institutions for which they are responsible does not contain very much of interest. The only addition to the National Gallery reported during

1895 is the painting of "The Abbotsford Family," by Sir DAVID WILKIE, R.A., purchased at the cost of £840. The number of visitors shows a considerable increase over the previous year, the number recorded being 87,788. The National Portrait Gallery received under the will of its lately-deceased curator, Mr. J. M. GRAY, the sum of £2,000, being the residue of his estate, the interest of which is to be applied for the purchase of portraits of eminent deceased men and women of Scottish birth. Curiously enough the curators of both



DESIGN FOR DECORATION OF A PUBLIC BUILDING: "WINTER."  
(By Ro e Livesay. Prize Design at Royal Academy Schools. See p. 227.)

stable of the Tower, by JAMES BOWLES; and a miniature of Dean Stanley.

**South Kensington Museum.** AN important addition has been made to the collection of ancient musical instruments at South Kensington. The Flemish

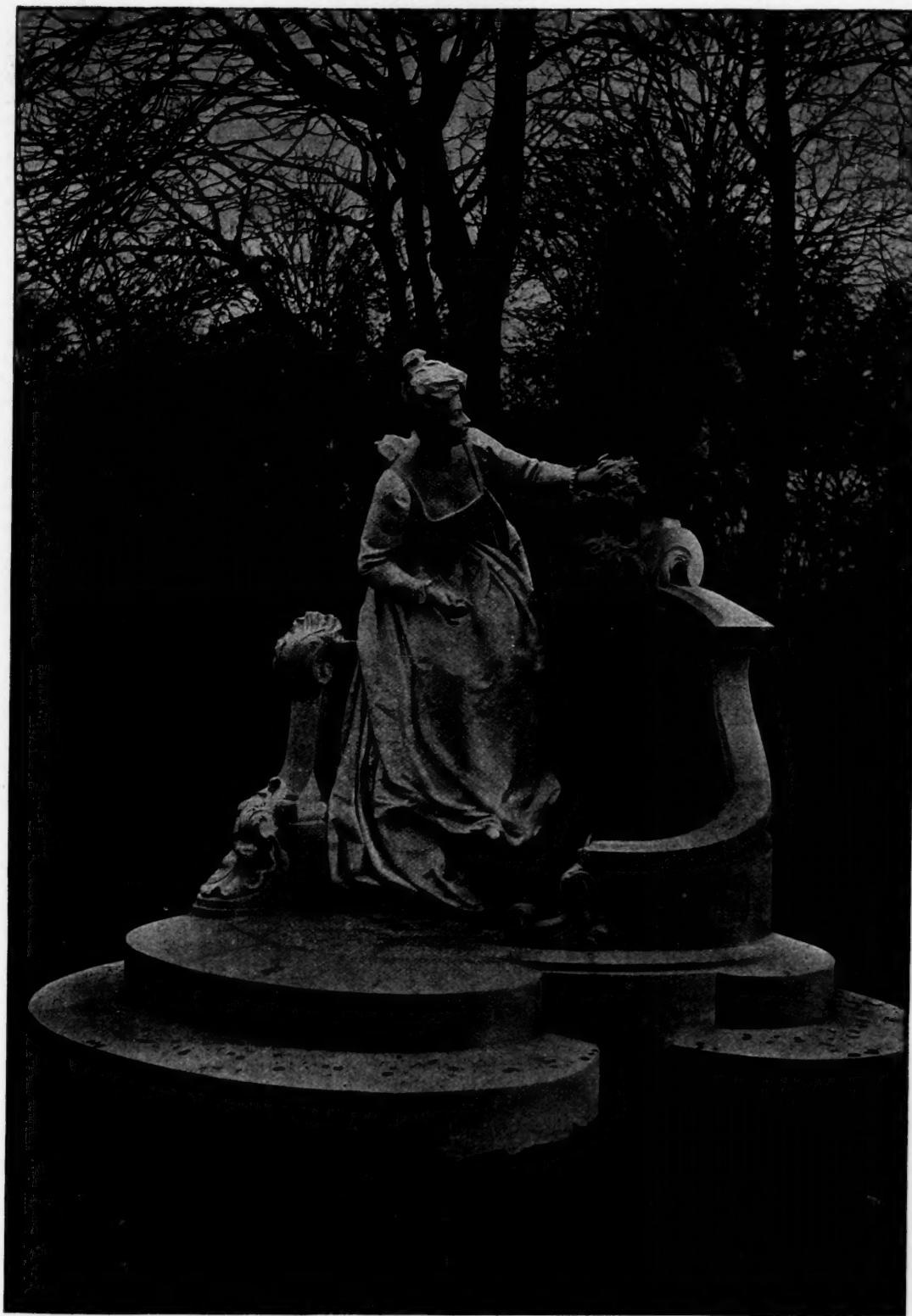
virginal, of which an illustration is given on p. 227, is regarded as the finest example of such instruments in existence. Hitherto it has been in the possession of M. Terme, the Director of the Lyons Museum. It is in excellent condition for a delicate object more than three hundred years old—as shown by the date, 1568, carved upon it. It is of finely grained walnut wood, beautifully carved on the front with warriors, masks, and trophies of arms. The sides have cartouches, in the centre of which are large masks. At the back or top of the cover is the shield of arms of William, Duke of Guelderland, Cleves, Berg, and Jülich, and Count of Mercke and Ravensberg, with interlacing bands on either side. The interior is similarly carved with interlacing bands and floral ornamentation; there being a central raised boss carved with the subject of Orpheus charming the wild beasts. This remarkable instrument was exhibited at the Brussels Exhibition in 1880, where it excited great interest, and was illustrated in "L'Art Ancien à l'Exposition Nationale Belge." Illustrations of the instrument are also to be found in the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*, in the *Revue des Arts Decoratifs* for 1882-83, and in Havard's "Dictionnaire de l'Ameublement." It has been open to purchase for some time, and was once

galleries died during the year; Mr. GOURLAY STEELL, R.S.A., of the former gallery, being replaced by Mr. ROBERT GIBB, R.S.A., and Mr. GRAY by Mr. JAMES L. CAW. For the Museum of Antiquities application was made to the Treasury for an annual grant for the purchase of objects, which was replied to by placing the sum of £200 in the Estimates for five years, commencing with 1895-6.

**Exhibitions.** THE exhibition of the collected works of Lord LEIGHTON at the Royal Academy is as complete

as need be, in order to judge of and appreciate the wonderful result of his life's work—wonderful alike in quantity, in quality, in elevation of aim, and in brilliancy of achievement. It must be said at once that from this trying ordeal—the most searching to which any artist can be subjected—Leighton emerges if not with triumph, certainly with honourable credit. So far from the parallel exhibition now being held at the New Gallery militating against him, as some men feared, it enables us the better to judge of him. It confirms the verdict that he was not so great an artist as Mr. Watts, nor imposes so great a personality upon the spectator. The pictures of Mr. Watts come out to you and pervade the very atmosphere of the rooms they hang in. Such spirit as there is in Leighton's works requires the spectator to go to them and seek it out. But in truth of spirit there is not very much; the work is essentially decorative, and for that reason maintains its place upon the walls, as well as its rank in the art achievement of the country. Leighton, whose catholicity in art, like his sympathies and his knowledge,



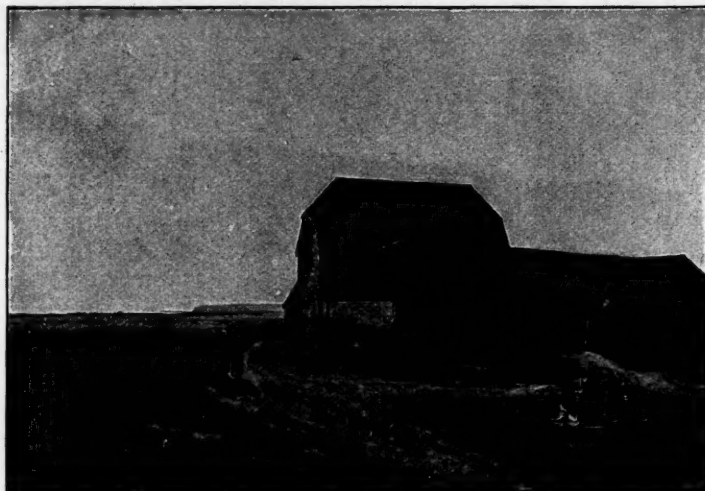


THE WATTEAU MEMORIAL.

*(Recently erected in the Luxembourg Gardens, Paris. From a Photograph by Barrier, Paris. See p. 232.)*



was extremely wide, set down for himself rules formulated by that very width of knowledge which became to him limits and restrictions. These were not so much bonds about his hands as laws cheerfully to be obeyed. He was probably the most learned painter this country has produced in the century, and his work became in one sense rather a scientific display of art than art itself. This view must have been taken by the Germans when in their Universal Art Exhibition they awarded to Millais the gold medal for art, and to Leighton the gold medal for science; indeed, if we were to look for an analogy among men of letters, we might compare Millais to Hooker, and Leighton to Addison. As we walk round the galleries, therefore, we clearly see the



A FARM.

(By E. Francis Wells. Cresswick Prize Painting at Royal Academy Schools. See p. 227.)

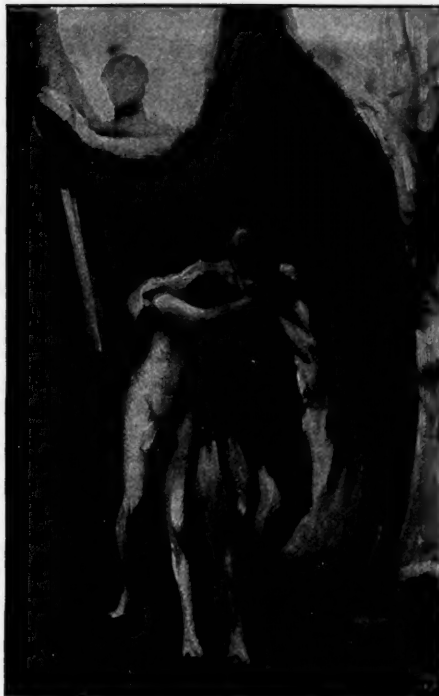
restrictions of Leighton's art, but, it is to be observed, think none the less of the artist for having set up for himself these limitations. Here, indeed, is one source of his strength. Self-control, self-restraint, acquaintance with all the rules of the game, and working strictly in accordance with them; reverence for tradition, with independence enough to allow himself just so much play as he considered strictly legitimate—these are qualities which proclaim themselves, and which must be taken into full consideration in estimating the fruits of his career. If the spectator is surprised—as he assuredly will be—at the high average of Leighton's work, it is that within later years at least, a certain mannerism of waxy sweetness and grace, and at times a certain diminution of vigour and virility, prepare him for an aggregation rather of the weaker than of the stronger pictures. But Leighton's highest note is so repeatedly struck that the average elevation of excellence, coming as a surprise, will silence many of those critics who carped at him when he died.

The Millais wall at the Portrait Painters' Show was quite enough to render a visit to the Grafton Gallery imperative, but beyond that and the Watts portrait there were many fine pictures well worth seeing. Mr. GUTHRIE's portrait of "Alexander Sinclair, Esq." is a noble, dignified picture, and there have been few sweeter groups exhibited for many years than Mr. JACOMB HOOD's portrait of "Mrs. Fox and her Children." The lady's face is most beautifully painted, and the whole composition admirably balanced and charmingly carried out. Mr. SYMONDS' "Stafford Allen" is

a very plucky picture, the contrasts between the colour of the rabbit and the boy's dress and flesh being admirably rendered. Of the President's work we like best the lady with the china bowl. The lighting is remarkably good, quite an inspiration, and the absence of the usual deep shadow on the cheek a very happy result. Mr. JOHN COLLIER's work is always conscientious, full of pains, and possesses a bold freshness all its own. Mr. LORIMER's portrait of Lord Lindsay is undoubtedly strong, and we were glad to renew our acquaintance with the rich colour-scheme in the portrait of the Bishop of London. Mr. LLEWELLYN's "Master Merton," Mrs. WALLER's "Lady Marjorie," and Mr. WALTON's "Master Mylne" are all excellent pictures. The pastel portrait of M. HELLEU helped to make the name of the exhibition. We all knew M. Helleu as an etcher, but many did not know that he understands all the value of pastel, and appreciates its beauty and its limits.

We congratulate the Society of Miniaturists on their pluck in contrasting their own work with that of the great masters at the show at the Grafton. The old ones are superb, and as they represent not only the great masters but many of the lesser men, such as Wood, Sullivan, Collins, Spencer, Hare, Grimaldi, and Smart, there is ample scope for excellent teaching. Our modern miniaturists have one great lesson yet to learn, and that is how little to delineate and how much to suggest. They have, many of them, quite evidently been trained by colouring photographs, and all the bad habits so induced must be broken off. The exhibition is a creditable one but monotonous. Mr. LLOYD seems to us to produce the best work at present. He has evidently taken Engleheart as his model rather than Cosway, and two of his latest miniatures are really lovely. One or two of Mr. PRAGA's are excellent, specially that of Lady Glenesk, but he must learn not to over-elaborate. Miss MERRYLEES, Miss ROSENBERG, Mr. SAINTON have, all of them, sound work. There is a lavender-coloured miniature in the corner, in a frame too large for it, by a Miss G. BURRELL, that is pleasing and full of merit. One of Mr. SARGENT's and two of Mr. CARY-ELWES' are worth notice. Many of the frames used by modern artists are vulgar and unpleasant, and yet there is an original one of Cosway's to be seen in the room which is a model of good taste, and almost all the old miniatures, notably Lady Henester's, are appropriately framed. As an educational exhibition for artists in miniature nothing can exceed the value of the room.

The exhibition of the "Old" Water-Colour Society, though purposely not of equal importance with the summer show, yet maintained its usual average of executive excellence, for but few of the members adhere to the notion that the winter display should be restricted to sketches and studies. It is unnecessary at this inevitably late date to enter into particulars of the exhibition; but it may be said that the traditions of the art as practised by the old masters of the craft are religiously carried on, as may be seen in no other gallery in London, for, being a "close society," the admixture of the "newest"



ADAM AND EVE DRIVEN OUT OF THE GARDEN OF EDEN.  
(Drawn by A. D. Davidson. Awarded First Armitage Prize and Bronze Medal at Royal Academy Schools. See p. 227.)

methods and the levelling down by outsiders is little to be appreciated here. The new school, however, was powerfully represented by Mr. ROBERT ALLAN and others, and fine exercises in colour as well as in manipulation were to be enjoyed. That some works that were shown were better away is an inevitable consequence of the rights of membership.

The seventeenth exhibition of the New English Art Club does not present much that is violently opposed to the recognised canons of art; indeed, some of the works are distinctly academic in character. The contributions of M. ALPHONSE LEGROS are naturally of great interest, a frame of eight drawings from his pencil exceptionally so. Mr. P. WILSON STEER contributes the sensational work of the exhibition, "A Nude"—the figure of a girl sitting on a bed is a remarkable piece of technique, but is utterly devoid of beauty. It is a nude figure, and simply that. The setting is the best part of the picture, the dark green hangings of the bed serving as an admirable foil to the white figure of the girl. Mr. ANNING BELL's portrait of "Mrs. Walter Raleigh" and "Battledore and Shuttlecock" must be counted among the best of the work; Mr. WILL ROTHENSTEIN's portraits are very clever as records of character, with an added touch of caricature. But why should Messrs. FRY and WILSON STEER endeavour to make their pictures like old masters, affecting even the tarnished frames? And why should Mr. HARTWICK devote his talent to the delineation of a most brutal phase of a brutal prize fight?

Mr. SUTTON PALMER's water-colour drawings of "The Highlands and Lowlands" are in his well-known painstaking style, but we are glad to notice that he at last recognises a variation in atmospheric and climatic effects. "The Falls of the Orchy" and "The Summer Moon" are among the best of the drawings.

Messrs. SHEPHERD BROTHERS have an interesting ex-

hibition of works of British artists early and modern. Among the best are several CONSTABLES; "Ophelia," by ROMNEY; "Elaine," by P. F. POOLE, R.A.; and one or two typical examples by the late HENRY MOORE, R.A. At the FRENCH GALLERY may be seen a most comprehensive exhibition of work of the modern Dutch school. The names include ISRAELS, JAMES and WILLIAM MARIS, H. MESDAG, A. NEUHUYS, ANTON MAUVE, and ADOLPHE ARTZ.

**Review.** FOR the benefit of photographers who, although accomplished in the manipulation of the camera, are not artists, Mr. A. H. WALL has written a treatise on "Artistic Landscape Photography" (Percy Lund and Co., Limited, Bradford). It is a useful book to all art-students, whether photographers or not, for the author, although one of our oldest writers on photography, is more of an artist than a photographer. His statement of claim on behalf of the artistic possibilities of camera work is the most reasonable of all that have been published; and he does not hesitate to confess—although at the same time deprecating the habit—that photographers themselves, when they see a specially good print, always ask first, "What lens did you use?" showing plainly that they themselves look to the apparatus rather than to "artistic feeling" for successful results. It would have been well to have put the titles and artists' names under the numerous engravings of pictures with which the book is illustrated.

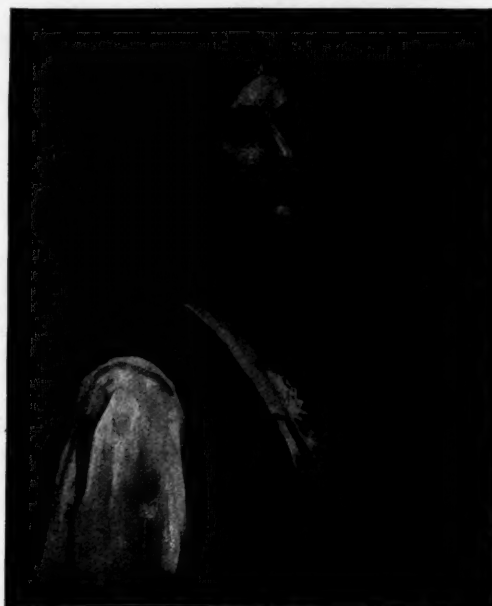
**Miscellaneous.** MR. PHIL MAY and Mr. HUGH THOMSON have been elected Members of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours.

We have been asked to announce that the Annual Conversazione of the South Kensington students will take place at the Museum on February 17.

In Mr. CRANE's article on William Morris, in our December number, the opening line of the quotation from "The Earthly Paradise" should have been printed:

"Forget six counties overhung with smoke."

Mr. E. A. ABBEY, A.R.A., has been commissioned by the Merchant Taylors' and Skinners' Companies to paint



HEAD FROM LIFE.

(By J. S. Eland. Awarded First Silver Medal at Royal Academy Schools.)

the panels which they have undertaken to contribute to the decoration of the Royal Exchange.

We reproduce on this page a photograph of the medalion which carried off the *Prix de Rome*. The competitors in this section numbered barely half a dozen, and the successful work was incomparably the best.

We have to note the retirement from the Headmastership of the Liverpool School of Art of Mr. JOHN FINNIE, R.P.E., who has held that position for more than forty years. He is succeeded by Mr. FREDERICK V. BURRIDGE.

The Leeds Art Gallery have acquired the series of panels executed for the judges' lodgings in that city by the late Sir J. E. MILLAIS, P.R.A. The paintings were done in the

gilt moulding ornament based upon empire designs which bestow a pleasing effect without detracting from the charm of the picture. Another advantage possessed by these frames is that the mitring of the corners as in ordinary frames is skilfully avoided, and the joins in most cases are quite unnoticeable. Messrs. Graves and Co. are preparing a series of photogravures of the English cathedrals and abbeys, which they offer to frame in sets to suit any particular room that the subscribers may wish.

Mr. W. B. RICHMOND's work in the choir of St. Paul's has been completed, and the whole scheme can now be realised. The effect is very rich and harmonious. The artist's attention will next be directed to the four quarter domes. The windows in the north and south transepts have been designed and are now being executed by Messrs. Powell, the cost being defrayed by the Duke of Westminster. They are to commemorate the conversion of England to Christianity, with figures representing the first bishop and the corresponding monarchs of each of the kingdoms of the Heptarchy. Mr. Richmond has also undertaken the designing of a sculptural monument to the memory of Lord Leighton, which is to be placed at the eastern end of the south side of the nave of the cathedral. We have made arrangements for a fully illustrated article on the mosaics and general decorations by Mr. Richmond.

WE regret to record the death of

**Obituary.** Mr. EDWARD SAMUELSON, J.P., who was one of the founders of the Liverpool Autumn Exhibition, and for many years as chairman of the Arts Committee took a leading part in its management. Mr. Samuelson was born in February, 1823, in Hamburg, was brought to England in 1828, and in 1836 to Liverpool. His successful commercial career and mayoralty in 1872 did not prevent his taking a most active interest in the arts. He was a distinguished musical executant and connoisseur, and, except his colleague and friend the late Alderman Rathbone, no amateur held so prominent a position locally in connection with art matters. Mr. Samuelson was a collector of excellent judgment, and

formed the charming gallery of pictures which was dispersed a few years ago on his retirement and removal to Wales. There he interested himself with characteristic zeal in bardic matters, and directed his attention specially to promoting the study of instrumental music by the Cymry.

The death has occurred of M. EMILE CHATROUSSE, the French sculptor, at the age of eighty-seven. He was a pupil of Rudi's, but also studied painting under Pujol. In 1863 he obtained a medal for his "*Vendangeuse*," now in the museum at Grenoble; a second-class medal in 1864 for the "*Renaissance*," now at Fontainebleau Palace; and in 1865 a medal for the "*Madeleine Repentante*," afterwards bought for the Dunkirk Museum. Other works of note are the "*Madame Roland*" at the Hôtel de Ville, "*Liseuse*" at the Luxembourg, and the "*Jeanne d'Arc*" in the *Place* of the same name in Paris.

Mr. LUIS FALERO, the painter, recently died at University College Hospital at the age of forty-five.



ORESTES

(By G. Dupré. Grand Prix de Rome Medallion, 1896. Photograph by Barrier, Paris.)

days of the artist's apprenticeship. We hope shortly to place reproductions of them before our readers.

The monument to Watteau, which is illustrated on p. 229, has recently been erected in the gardens of the Luxembourg, the cost being defrayed by public subscription. The bust of the artist is executed in pewter, and together with the figure of the woman in Louis XV. costume, is the work of M. HENRI GAUQUË. As will be seen from the illustration, the pedestal takes the form of a painter's palette, appearing, on elevation, as a semicircle, to which steps are attached. It is in white stone, and was designed and carried out under the direction of M. HENRI GUILLAUME, architect. It is a beautiful addition to the decorative sculpture of Paris, already so abundant.

MESSRS. GRAVES and Co. have introduced some daintily-designed frames for prints and water-colour drawings which should meet with great success. With a groundwork of oak—in some cases plain, and in others stained a rich olive green—the picture is surrounded with a narrow



## OUR RISING ARTISTS: MR. GEORGE HARCOURT.

By M. H. SPIELMANN.

MR. GEORGE HARCOURT is a typical example of what good teaching may effect. By good teaching I mean not the drilling which in past days was employed with a view of forming an acknowledged "school," by making each pupil an imitation of the master and by multiplying the number of persons using the same methods; I mean the instruction by which each competent student becomes a painter on his own account, his own individuality respected, fostered, and developed, and his art free from the master's impress and suggestive of no one's work but his own. This merit is the leading feature of the Herkomer Schools at Bushey, and it is the true secret of their success. With a chief of such strong personality as Professor Herkomer, with a method so marked, with sympathies so characteristic, the schools, it might well be supposed, might strike some dominant note, might have established some sort of tradition, if not indeed convention—some common denominator so to say—that might be recognised in the work of every student. The absolute contrary is the case. There are usually, I believe, some three score pictures in every exhibition of the Royal Academy contributed by past or present pupils of the Bushey Schools; but I would defy the visitor, the critic, or the connoisseur to point to more than three or four as the obvious outcome of Bushey teaching—unless it were by virtue of careful drawing, dramatic composition, or graceful fancy. The fact is that imitation, however sincere the flattery may be, is not permitted; every pupil must think and paint for himself, and the warmest praise is reserved for the most freshly independent and the most unaffectedly original.

It was Mr. Harcourt's good fortune to fall within the Bushey influence at the proper time. There his talent was nurtured while his individuality was respected; and now, when he is advancing rapidly in public recognition, it is impossible to aver that

he is a Herkomer student or that there is any resemblance between his method or cast of thought and those of any other pupil from the same studios.

He was already a draughtsman and designer of some ability before he went to Bushey. He had attended the evening classes of the school of art in his native town of Dumbarton, and in 1889 had obtained a scholarship, with which he came up to town. His hand and eye had been well practised in the decorative work he had executed for Messrs. Denny Brothers, of Dumbarton, the great ship-builders, for whom he had



GEORGE HARCOURT.

(From a Pencil Drawing by Himself.)

decorated the first-class saloons of the Union Steamship Company's New Zealand liners, as well as of the Channel steamers. This work—not altogether dissimilar from that to which his subsequent master, Professor Herkomer, in the early days of his career, was happy to execute—consisted not only of general designing and architectural drawing, but glass-painting and panel-painting as well: an excellent training for a youth whose ideas ran to poetry of colour and subject, and whose imagination was probably in need of the control and self-restraint imposed by the conditions of naval decoration. Not that his work was altogether confined to the embellishment of ships, neither. As early as 1888, when a student of but nineteen years of age, he had been called upon to design the medal for the athletic competitions in connection with Glasgow Industrial Exhibition; and



gave rein to his fancy by the introduction as the *motif* the figures of Mercury and Hercules, personifying swiftness and strength.

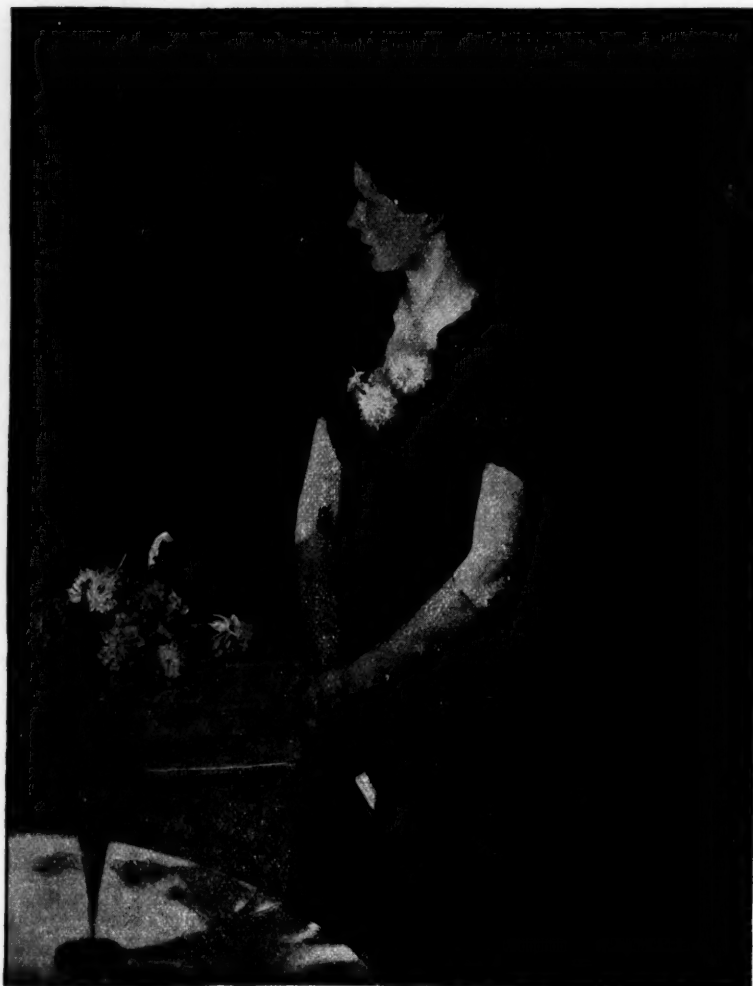
Mr. Harcourt was twenty years old when, in 1889, he entered the Herkomer School and took advantage of the prevailing principle, already alluded to, by which each pupil is given margin in which to work out his artistic salvation, and is only checked when it is found that he is falling into mannerism. I am well aware that this system might be challenged, and that it might be doubted whether the older plan is not the more merciful, whereby the majority fall victims to the *atelier* method, and only the very strong come unscathed from the ideal, and are no longer troubled by their weaker brethren who have fallen in the struggle: just as the ancients were wont to expose their babes to the rigours of the weather, so that the weaklings should die off and only the hardy survive. To the many, however, the

modern system is the more satisfactory, as well as the more logical; but I should hasten to add, that so strong is the individuality of Mr. Harcourt that I believe he would have survived the hardships and surmounted the difficulties of any method of training. After three years his course was done, and since that time the young artist has remained an assistant teacher in the schools where he received his final education.

Mr. Harcourt's first appearance in a London gallery I clearly remember. It took place at the Fine Art Society's rooms, where a collection of the pictures of Professor Herkomer and of his pupils was brought together—an exhibition of surprising interest. His chief contribution was a landscape, a large canvas called "Evening Time," painted close by Bushey, rhythmic with undulating land and varied with well-drawn trees; a few figures people the foreground, and boys round a fire are busy burning weeds.

There was also a subject picture called "The Heir," a motive more suggestive perhaps of the melodrama of Mr. Waller than of the transparent sincerity of the somewhat sentimental young Scotsman. But it is not so much the young man who returns to his old home and finds it deserted and overgrown with weeds, nor the children who have been gathering flowers and now watch the stranger with curiosity, that attract the spectator's attention; it is rather the genuine feeling infused into the work. Indeed, the subject and its working out were "younger" than the spirit that inspired it.

In 1893 the artist was first seen in the Royal Academy, when in Room V. there hung a picture so original in thought and treatment, so free from appearance of effort, and yet so innocent of all display of dexterity, that it attracted wide attention; and the fact that the painter's name was unknown rather increased than lessened the interest with which it was regarded.



A PORTRAIT.

This picture, which was called "At the Window," was intended to illustrate—if such a word be not misapplied to the unfettered character of the subject—Keats's "Ode to the Nightingale," beginning:

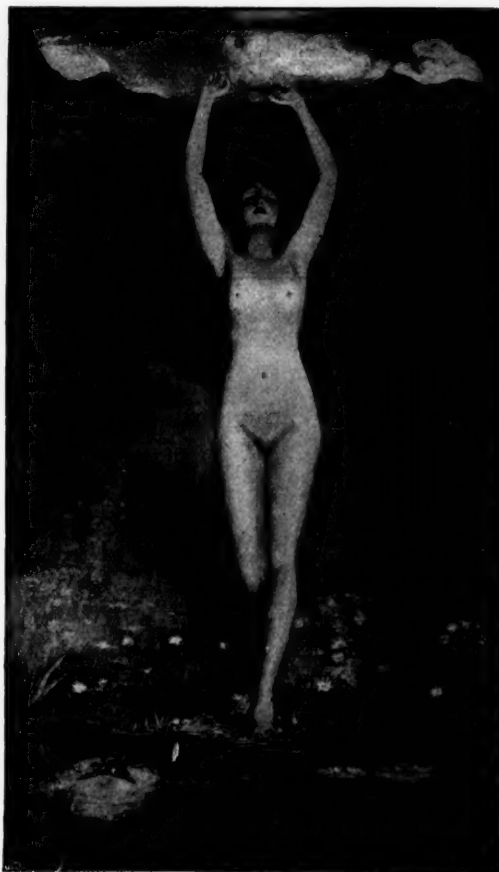
"The voice I hear this passing night was heard  
In ancient days by emperor and clown;"

but it has since been more conveniently entitled "A Portrait." The figure of the girl standing by the window in a lamp-lit room—with the reflection of her face cast upon the pane—is relieved against the deep blue of the night; and foliage and distant landscape are dimly seen beyond. She is clad in lettuce green silk covered with black lace, making it appear darker in colour, and the sash is black. A vase of pale pink anemones is on the table near her, and some of the flowers she wears in her dress. The arrangement was simple and harmonious, and was well dominated by the strongly-lighted face.

A more striking success attended the picture of the following year, 1894. This was the "Psyche:" a figure, I think—all technical merits apart—that so haunts the memory of all who saw it as it hung beside the doorway in Room X., that it may fairly lay claim to higher considerations than what may be accorded to the mere craftsman's painting, and may assert itself as a work of real art. The picture, eight feet in height, is manifestly painted under the influence of Mr. Watts, inspired by an almost passionate desire to paint a nude figure, treated ideally, almost monumentally, but with such poetry as the artist might command. The figure was to be symbolic of some human emotion, and with it to combine a decorative aspect. From this aim arose "Psyche"—much less, it may be observed, like Mr. Watts's "Psyche" than like his "Creation of Eve." The quotation that accompanied it was from Morris's "Earthly Paradise":

"Farewell,  
O fairest lord; and since I cannot dwell  
With thee in heaven, let me now hide my head  
In whatsoever dark place dwell the dead!"

The figure of the unhappy nymph is seen in the full sunlight against flowering meadows bounded by trees and blue hills beyond, and above, a blue sky flecked with rosy clouds, which are reflected in the water at her feet. The blaze of light and colour is startling at first, and the attempt to harmonise the rosy hues of the clouds with the red of the girl's hair justified in its daring only by its success. But the grace and elegance of the figure and the true sense of poetic passion expressed in the face are rare achievements; and even though the expression is not of the most elevated kind of all—which is necessary for the triumphant treatment of such a mythic theme—the picture is a charming one, and not less charming for the rather obvious lines of the decorative treatment.



PSYCHE: "FAREWELL!"

There are drawing, colour, and sentiment here in a degree which, displayed by so young a painter, prophesy, as clear as paint can speak, a striking career in achievement and success.

"Thought Reading," a picture of a very different sort, was the exhibit of 1895. No emotion is attempted, and although a sense of mystery and uncanniness pervades the canvas, it does so in virtue rather of the subject than of the treatment. The aim has been to give an aspect of modern life treated as a decorative colour scheme—an aim not entirely new to the Royal Academy exhibition in these later days, even with the same daring introduction of the primary colours. In this large canvas, some ten feet long, we have a drawing-room scene lit by diffused cross-lights from coloured lanterns. The women are dressed in deep-toned colours; the figure leaning over the piano and holding a flower is in deep yellow, while she on the right is in green. The central female figure who with so much dignity of pose is "willing" the medium is attired in red; in the pane of the French window are reflected the colours from the lanterns, and through it glows the deep blue of the night. On the table in the foreground red flowers

are in a vase of blue and white, which affords relief to the eye and keeps the other colours in place. The actuality of the subject may be unsympathetic to some, but the success of the scheme is not less marked than that of the composition: indeed it struck the jury of the Salon so, and they awarded to the picture a third-class medal on the merits to which I have drawn attention.

and pity. She is draped in deep crimson and the man in low-toned grey. They are lit by the warm light that suffuses the evening sky just after sundown, and rosy clouds in the background are seen shining through the trees. The main point of the spiritual or intellectual element of the picture lies in the fact that here—as in the symbolic works of Mr. Watts—the group is symbolic and not individual. Human

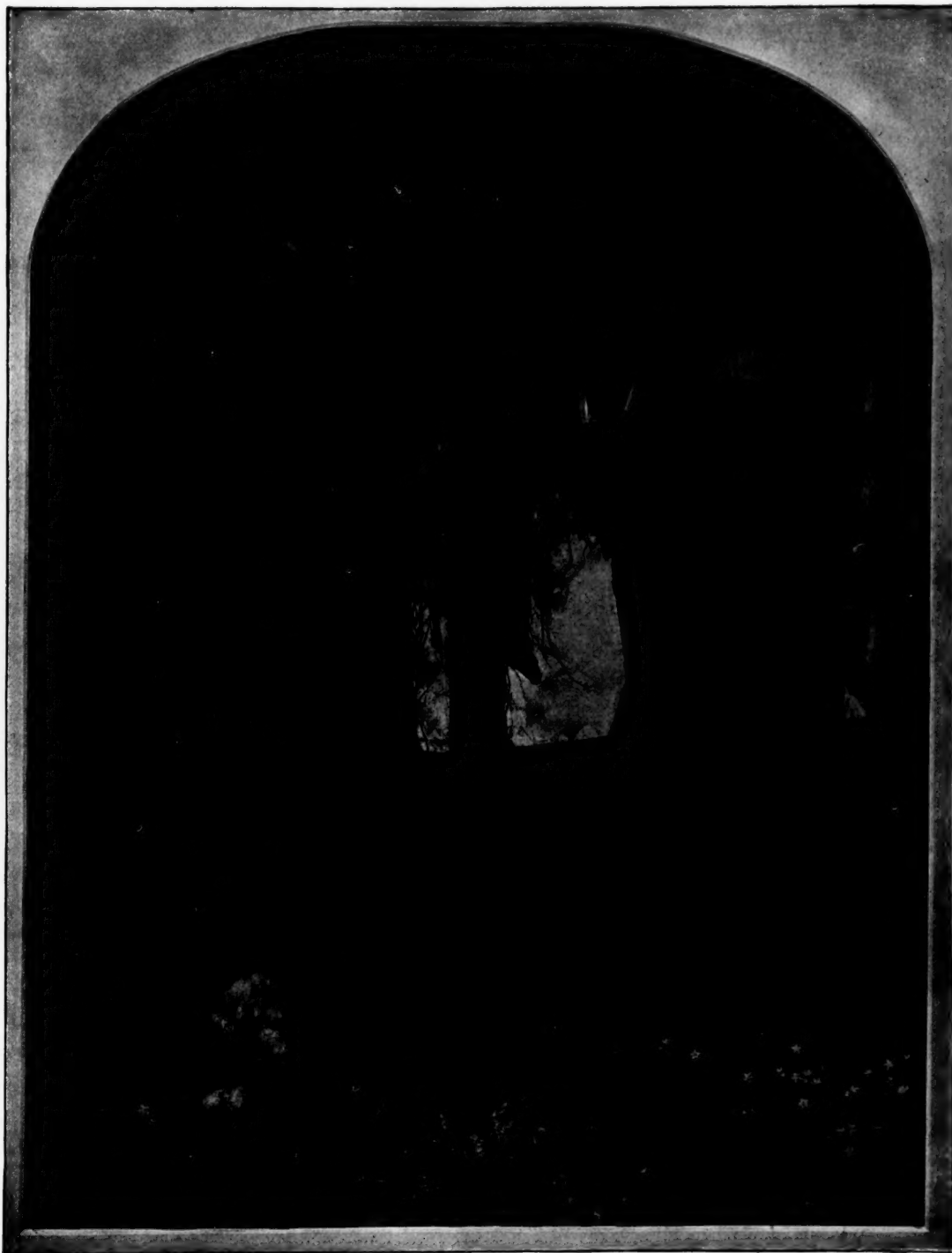


THOUGHT READING.

In "The Leper's Wife" Mr. Harcourt has reached the greatest artistic height to which he has yet attained, for he has succeeded in bringing together in his canvas nobility of thought and expression and deep emotion, and in his realisation of true sentiment of an elevated kind has combined good drawing and fine quality of colour with impressive composition. The idea is of course based on Tennyson's "Happy, or the Leper's Bride," the motive of which is quoted by the poet from Boucher James; but the figures are not intended as Tennyson's individual man and woman—but, as may be seen from the large allegorical treatment adopted by the artist—are intended rather as types of suffering and devotion: the unhappy outcast who starts back in generous horror, unwilling to accept so great a sacrifice, into the gloom of the dark forest; and the wife, at whose feet the flowers spring, throws herself forward in the pure spirit of self-immolation upon the altar of love

emotion is common to all time, and awakens the passion and emotion of the artist not less than other men's; and in the art which would seek to embody them in pigment upon canvas, date and surroundings and costume are of importance only according as they lend themselves to the better expression and interpretation of the idea. Mr. Harcourt has shown that he well understands this principle, and, moreover, that he is master of it; and it is not surprising that in him Mr. Watts has seen the most notable of all the younger men who are not content with the narrow application of the motto of "Art for Art."

Indeed, I do not hesitate to place Mr. Harcourt intellectually in the train of Mr. Watts. Like him he often finds it necessary to relieve his feelings on a large scale; like him, he cares little whether a picture sells or not, so long as he can commit to canvas the conceptions that fill his mind; like him, he is a stalwart—or is fast becoming so—with ideas which,



#### THE LEPER'S WIFE.

[*"The leprosy of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries was supposed to be a legacy of the Crusades. . . . At first there was a doubt whether wives should follow their husbands who had been leprosy, or remain in the world and marry again. The Church decided that the marriage tie was indissoluble, and so bestowed on these unhappy beings this immense source of consolation. With a love stronger than this living death, lepers were followed into banishment from the haunts of men by their faithful wives."*—BOUCHER-JAMES.]



while lending themselves to artistic treatment, are worth painting for themselves. Even in his landscapes, such as "The Duglass, Cockburnspath," shown at the gallery of the Royal Society of British Artists, there is something more than the mere desire to hold the mirror up to nature. Equally with the subject he studies the design; but while the former may be as passionate or as dramatic as he knows how to render it, he paints no picture for the mere sake of decoration on the one hand, nor, on the

artist seeks to combine strong decorative quality with a subject worthy of it.

It is evident that what appeals most strongly to Mr. Harcourt's imagination are the ideas that lend themselves to the fulness of colour and amplitude of line. Indeed, without injustice I may express my belief that where he fails to accept in the fullest sense the example of Mr. Watts is his preference for silhouette over pure form and statuesqueness. For him painting is essentially a colour medium, the greatest



MRS. FAIRFAX-LUCY AND HER SON.

other, does he allow the subject to dominate. With this young painter subject and painting are combined, as thought and language must be, and thoughts may be expressed in paint as legitimately as things. In a master's hands the finest pictorial qualities can exist in a work that has subject—even in such that is story-telling, as, for example, in the "Bacchus and Ariadne" of Titian. The same great quality of repose that is felt in the sculpture of the Parthenon is to be found in this great masterpiece; yet the idea dominates the medium, and at the same time possesses that reserve—or, so to say, remoteness—which gives the enduring quality to the work. So while repudiating the idea of painted anecdote, our young

of all the charms of pictorial art. Therefore in all his pictures he insists upon colour combined with that tone—that subtle something—which is the binding quality in nature, without which colour is not colour, but mere pigment; not colour in the fullest sense, without that vibrating quality or "brokenness"—the brokenness and vibration that belong to light itself.

This quality Mr. Harcourt has equally tried to import into his out-of-door portraits, of which one—that of "Mrs. Fairfax-Lucy and Son"—is here reproduced. The design is not, I am assured, suggested—as at first sight would appear likely—by "The Duchess of Devonshire and Daughter" of Sir Joshua Reynolds;

it was simply an arrangement resulting from accident of pose, and seized upon by the painter as a happy one. The same quality, too, may be seen in his water-colour of boys bathing, in which the elegance of the principal disrobed figure has a good deal of what we admire in Fred Walker's "Bathers;" and similarly do we see it in the oil-sketch of "The Little Foster-Father" trudging along beneath the blossoming hedgerow; and even in some degree in the simple study from nature the artist calls "Head of a Rustic Girl"—different as this frank sketching is from the more set business of picture-making.

As might be imagined from his training under Professor Herkomer, Mr. Harcourt is no adherent of the Academic school—the school of Lord Leighton and Sir Edward Poynter—which demands the making of many preparatory studies and sketches before the canvas itself is attacked. As a matter of fact he

designs on the canvas, finding it easier to evolve his idea and give it shape, than by the more deliberate method. In this manner, like Mr. Watts, he feels his way to his picture, and while observing no particular style of handling save such as appears to grow out of the subject, he aims steadily at Titian's fulness of colour. If methods are to be adapted to temperaments, and not temperaments to methods, there can be no doubt that Mr. Harcourt has marked out his path straight towards his appointed goal. He is no vacillator; he measures his own powers with the same self-confidence as that which has evolved his view of art. This vigour of character is too well marked in his pictures to be doubted; and it is a quality which will carry him over many obstacles and will land him, if fortune favour him, not only high in his profession, but in the front rank of his country's painters—and that in a future neither doubtful nor remote.

## THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN CONSTABLE, R.A.\*



WE have always held Leslie's Life of Constable a masterpiece in its quaint, old-fashioned way—as broad, simple, and refreshing as one of Constable's own landscapes; and the reading of it as part of every artistic education. Its publishers, therefore, have conferred a boon upon the student by issuing a new edition of this interesting work—an edition beautiful in itself—with its value further enhanced by the judicious yet sparing notes and comments provided by the editor, Mr. Robert C. Leslie.

It is fifty-three years since Leslie's work was first put forth, and the skill with which, through the free use of Constable's correspondence, he made it almost into an autobiography has been ever since admitted. Hamerton, it is true, objected that it remained for that reason "in the raw state," merely as material for a biography, and therefore proceeded to tell the simple, pleasing story of Constable's life in his own way, for the benefit of the readers of his "Portfolio Papers." No doubt a few of the letters might have been better omitted and the whole more

completely digested; but that is a view suggested only by the latter-day desire for conciseness. The correspondence serves more thoroughly to portray the character of the man—to accentuate his gentleness, his originality, and his lofty artistic spirit. We might have wished to find in this new edition some definite reply from Mr. Robert C. Leslie to John Linnell's charge, recently made public in the biography of that artist, that it was owing to Constable's jealousy and influence that he was not elected into the Royal Academy. Perhaps it was considered, not without reason, that the book as it stands and the life it records are themselves sufficient answer to the statement.

It is hardly necessary to criticise a work so long and so favourably known as one of the classics of artistic biography. This handsome volume, handsome alike in paper and typography, is a good substitute for that so long out of print; but we are bound to add that the illustrations, collotypes for the most part from Lucas's mezzotints of Constable's principal pictures, are not of equal merit. Those from other works in the South Kensington Museum and in private hands are of better quality. The present issue is apparently intended for persons of means; but until the publishers place an edition within the reach of the art-student they will not have completed the work they have so well begun.

\* "Life and Letters of John Constable, R.A." By R. C. Leslie, R.A. With three portraits of Constable and forty-two illustrations. (Chapman and Hall, Ltd. 1896.)

## FASHION IN ART.

By FERNAND KHNOFF.



UNDER the title of "Unprejudiced" that admirable artist Charles Keene once produced a drawing representing a "swell" at the Royal Academy Exhibition, his catalogue in one hand and his eyeglass in the other, saying, "Haw! 've you any ideaw what fellow's pitchuars we've to admi-ar this ye-ar?"

Herein we have the whole history of fashion—or rather of the fashions—in art.

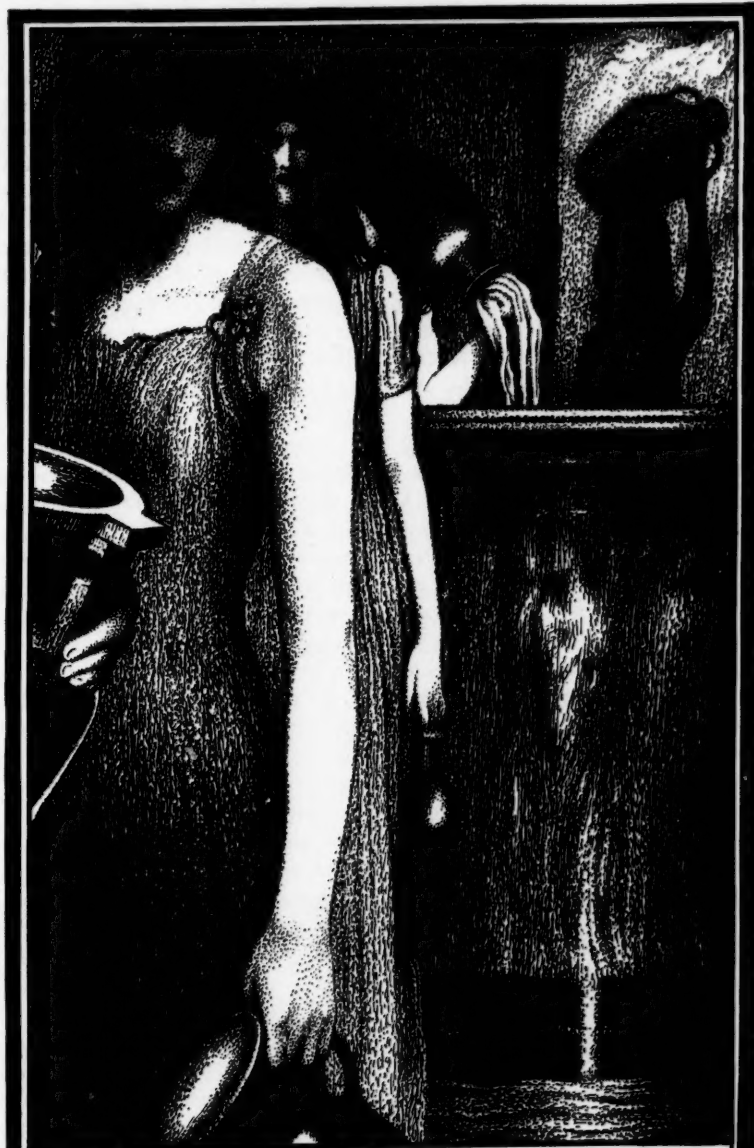
The superfluous and useless man of fashion who is dressed, shod, and shaved by the most eminent specialists, wishes also to apply to a thorough connoisseur for his artistic opinions. But it then inevitably happens that if a real *amateur* of art tells him his sincere opinion, the "swell," in trying to adopt it, makes it appear perfectly ridiculous to his unfortunate instructor, who, to escape the nuisance, finds but one alternative: that of changing his opinion each time they meet. The result is an interminable hide-and-seek of which the result will be the changes of fashion in the narrowest and most superficial sense of the word. This is, no doubt, vexatious, but by way of consolation they both might remind themselves that, to put an end to it, they have only to wait and give themselves time to be sincere and just. Nothing more than that, if only that were possible! For as Eugène Delacroix wrote in his article entitled "Questions sur le Beau," published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in 1854: "In the presence of a really beautiful object a secret instinct tells us of its merit, and compels us to admire it in spite of our prejudices and antipathies. This agreement between persons of honest purpose shows that while all men feel love, hatred, and the other passions in the same way, while they are intoxicated by the same pleasures and racked by the same pains, they are moved in the same way in the presence of beauty, and offended by the sight of ugliness, that is to say, imperfection." But he immediately adds, "It nevertheless happens that when they have had time to reconsider and to get over the first emotion, by discussing it pen in hand, these admirers, for a moment so unanimous, no longer are of one mind, even on the chief points of their admiration. School tradition, educational or national prejudice, rise to the top, and then it would almost seem that the most competent judges are the most contentious; for unpretentious folks are either less easily impressed, or remain faithful to their first enthusiasm."

Under these different categories, Delacroix again says, we must not count what he calls the "cohort" of the envious, who are always in despair over the beautiful; and he does not even mention that other "cohort" who are never in despair over the beautiful, and among whom may be specially noted certain critics whose whole effort has been an attempt to recognise the ideal of beauty, to pursue it everywhere, to study it persistently, and to formulate it in such a way as to render it transmissible from generation to generation like a volume of recipes.

It would be easy to mention a great number of these indefatigable theorists; but the most perfect example of the species was, beyond doubt, a French diplomatist—a painter, too, and a writer—Roger de Piles, who, in 1708, published an octavo volume under the title "A Course of Painting on Principles, with a Dissertation on the Painters' Scale." By this "Scale" he calculates with great gravity the various proportions of colour, of chiaroscuro, and of draughtsmanship, of which the genius of each famous artist is compounded. Indeed, our diplomatist is very severe; for having taken twenty as a maximum, he decides that no one ever reached that pitch of perfection; Michelangelo, for instance, getting only nineteen good marks for drawing, and Raphael no more than eighteen. All this cyphering is most precise, all this chemistry very minute; and it is much to be regretted that after the amusing analysis, which weighs so scrupulously the gifts of genius, the critic cannot recompound them to his mind. Thus, if we could borrow from Michelangelo some of the draughtsmanship of which he has a superabundance, to give it to Rubens, whose qualities as a colourist are really in excess! Or Rembrandt again, often too wholly devoted to problems of light and shade; if only his attention could have been directed to Raphael's purity of outline, for instance, and if he could have benefited by it!

This, on the whole, is the impression left by this elaborate work. The worthy Roger de Piles seems firmly convinced that with a little determination and serious endeavour, each of these great artists would have succeeded in establishing an equilibrium of qualities all equally commendable, and by this means would certainly have attained more nearly what he regards as final and genuine beauty.

But is not the idea of beauty itself liable to many transformations? Have critics, or artists, ever agreed among themselves as to the essential characteristics which constitute it? To go no further



FK

# DANAIDES

(Drawn by Fernand Khnopff.)



back than 1721, in a discussion held at the Royal Academy of Painting in France, Coypel stated that within his own time he had seen everything condemned which was not Poussin; then the Bolognese school had supplanted Poussin in the estimation of painters, Rubens had succeeded to the Bolognese, and Rembrandt, in his turn, after Rubens.

Quite recently the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* published some notes of a tour in Italy by Montesquieu (the author of "L'Esprit des Lois"). The notes were written day by day without any view to publication, and it is interesting to compare them with the letters written ten years later by another statesman on his travels, the Président des Brosses, penned each evening on the corner of an inn-table, and sent to his friends at Dijon.

We find in both certain ideas which to us seem strange enough. On the subject of Gothic architecture Montesquieu expresses himself as follows: "A Gothic building is a sort of riddle to the eye that beholds it; the soul is puzzled as when it is offered an obscure poem." The Président des Brosses, on the other hand, writes: "I know not whether I am in error, but to say *Gothic* is almost infallibly to say bad work." They regard the Pre-Raphaelite painters merely as relics, so to speak, of no artistic value, but interesting from their antiquity alone. This simple and dignified art is to them a sealed book, those faces full of concentrated expression to them seem dead, and what they prefer above all else is "the fire of passion."

So long live the Bolognese! With what enthusiasm do they expatiate on the huge canvases of the Carracci, of Guido, of Domenichino, of Guercino; they at any rate could feel and express the "fire of passion." To des Brosses Bologna is the capital of art. He places it far above Florence; and after a visit to the Uffizi Gallery, he tells his friends that they are "not to be misled by what Vasari says in honour of his Florentine school, the least important of all—at any rate, to his taste."

In the Campo Santo at Pisa, again, he condemns everything without exception. "There," writes Montesquieu, "we find a fine collection of ancient paintings, because the walls of the galleries are painted in fresco, and we see fully displayed all the bad taste of the time."

But then the question occurs, "What is bad taste?"

To this Flaubert replies: "Bad taste? It is invariably the taste of the last past age. In Ronsard's time bad taste meant Marot; in Boileau's it meant Ronsard; in Voltaire's it was Corneille; and it was Voltaire in Chateaubriand's day; while now (in 1847) a good many people are beginning to think him rather poor. O, men of taste of ages to come,

I commend to you the men of taste of our time! You will laugh not a little at their jokes, at their lordly disdain, at their preference for veal and milk puddings, at the grimaces they make over underdone meat and over perfervid verse!"

Can it be true, as sceptics say, that in any work of art there is nothing but what we ourselves find in it; that we admire it, not for its intrinsic merit, but because it answers to certain feelings of our own, and that we seek in it only a reflection of our soul? After all it is quite possible. But this, at any rate, is certain: the study of masterpieces proves that the greatest artists of all ages have expressed themselves simply, deriving inspiration from a deep feeling for all that surrounds them; this inspiration no erudition can ever counterfeit.

Those who have survived took no thought of the taste of the day, of fashionable preferences in colour or drawing; they never stopped to consider these vain distinctions. Colour and drawing were indispensable elements which they had to make use of; they made no effort to give prominence to either. It was their own natural bent which guided them inevitably, and prompted them to emphasize certain peculiar qualities.

It would be impossible to find a masterpiece of painting which does not show in certain proportions a combination of the qualities proper to the art. Every great painter has adopted the colouring and the style of drawing which belonged to his temperament, and by this means gave his work the supreme charm of which schools can tell us nothing, and which they can never teach—the poetry of form and of colour. On this common ground all great painters have met, in spite of systems, and from every school.

In his notes of a journey in Scotland, Paul Bourget has complained more than ever of the odious presence of the swarms of tourists: the ugliness, the commonness of men and women, which struck him more forcibly against those horizons of tranquil waters and green woods; it was a painful effort to appreciate the exquisite beauty of the scenery beyond the travelling-caps, waterproofs, and knickerbockers of his travelling companions. But in spite of all, the visible poetry of those mountains triumphed over the exasperating sense of his immediate surroundings, and mind, as usual, rose superior to nerves. Though there, as everywhere, the tide of modern civilisation effaced almost all else, the bare line of the glorious mountains will still survive and dominate over every civilisation present or to come.

So we, too, may comfort ourselves by reflecting that beyond the empty verbiage of certain too assertive critics, artistic and literary, and the repeated vagaries of too ignorant innovators, the inaccessible "absolute" of art will ever soar supreme.



HORIZONTAL BORDER. GROUPS OF FLOWERS EMBROIDERED IN CREWEL AND SILK ON LINEN.  
(Designed by Leslie.)

## THE ROYAL SCHOOL OF ART NEEDLEWORK.

By AYMER VALLANCE.

IT is not proposed to recapitulate here the history of the Royal School of Art Needlework; how, by whom, and for what objects it was founded in 1872; how it moved, two years later, from Sloane Street to its present quarters in the Exhibition Road, and so on. These facts have ere now become matters of common knowledge, and the public scarcely want reminding of what they have been told over and over again. That which is really to the purpose at this juncture is to consider the present position of the school, and what are its future prospects. The promoters of the Royal School of Art Needlework may with justice claim to have led the van of a much-needed and very admirable reformation, and that, too, by means of their unique organisation, in a systematic manner never before attempted. A certain sum was

existence, circumstances have been undergoing a complete change. On all sides there have arisen technical institutes, polytechnics, and class meetings. There, practical instruction is being supplied in the same subjects, and that too in numberless instances by the very persons who have qualified in the Royal School itself. It is estimated that since its foundation upwards of twenty thousand lessons have been given to private individuals and to classes under its auspices; and now it has come to pass that many of these former pupils are entering into rivalry with it and imparting in Government-aided institutions the knowledge they themselves owe in the first instance to the School of Art Needlework. Herein lies a sufficiently grave disability—one that handicaps heavily the unaided Royal School. Newer classes may spring up, and by the nature of their



HORIZONTAL BORDER. LAID SILK EMBROIDERY ON VELVET.  
(Ancient Design.)

advanced to start the school and provide it with the necessary plant and material. Apart from this it has no sort of endowment, nor has it ever had any. It is in no sense a Government institution; it continues self-supporting to this day. And yet this very fact, which should redound greatly to its credit and honour, is also the cause of the detriment it suffers. So long as the school held, so to speak, a monopoly, it prospered. But during the five-and-twenty years that have passed since it began its

constitution be entitled to apply—do, in fact, apply—for and obtain grants from the public funds to enable them to carry on their work; while the one school which has been the pioneer of the movement, at least as far as concerns the art of needlework, is debarred from seeking the like assistance, because of the mere fact that it does carry on a business and does offer its products for sale. But to what end are the receipts thus accruing employed? Not for the benefit of a commercial firm or capitalist partnership,

but in support of the ladies who form the working body attached to the school, and who are enabled by this agency to turn their talents to account in earning a livelihood. According to the letter of the rules and regulations applicable to such cases it must be admitted frankly that the school has no right to expect pecuniary support from the official purse. But that such a restriction should exist seems in the highest degree anomalous. It is a hard case if the popularity and wide-spread success of the methods of the school are to hinder it from reaping

that the status of the school was quite different from what it is: *e.g.*, that it had the use of its premises rent free, that it had immunity from financial responsibilities, or that in some other ways it enjoyed unfair advantages denied to other institutions. It would not be possible to make a greater mistake than to suppose any such thing. Generous commissions from high quarters have indeed been entrusted to and executed by the school from time to time; but this is very far from its being in a position to draw upon unlimited million-



PANELS OF SCREEN. EMBROIDERED IN CREWELS ON LINEN.

(Designed from Old Tapestry by N. Whicheo.)

the fruits of its labours; if, seeing that it was the body that initiated the reform and has provided the model for like institutions to imitate all the world over, and teachers moreover to put the system into practice, it is now to be supplanted. It is impossible to believe that the provisions of the law were meant to be enforced in a case like this; that no exception can be made in acknowledgment of the great power for good that the school has proved itself to be in the past.

There is another circumstance which has without doubt placed the school at a certain disadvantage in the eyes of the public, *viz.*, that because from the outset it has had an influential roll of names on its committee, and has been favoured with yet more illustrious patronage (in token, whereof, it has been permitted to prefix to its title the distinguishing note of "Royal"), it has been commonly assumed

aire resources for permanent support. As stated before, the school lives by its own earnings alone.

Again, if perhaps it may have been the case that the novelty of its work at the beginning created an exceptional demand for its productions, or if people were induced to patronise the school because they imagined themselves to be thereby acquiring duplicates of embroideries to be found in the Royal palaces, it is quite certain that such custom is no longer available in aid of the school. For it must be borne in mind that the days are over—and none of us, it is to be hoped, would wish them recalled—when the fact of any particular article having won the approbation of royalty weighed with the average purchaser as a more powerful incentive to buy than its own intrinsic merit could afford. On the contrary, at the present time, so fast are we moving in the other direction that it would seem almost as

though we were inclined to make royal favour a criterion of inferiority. The danger lest we should fall into the habit of being influenced by this prejudice is not wholly, perhaps, an imaginary one after all.

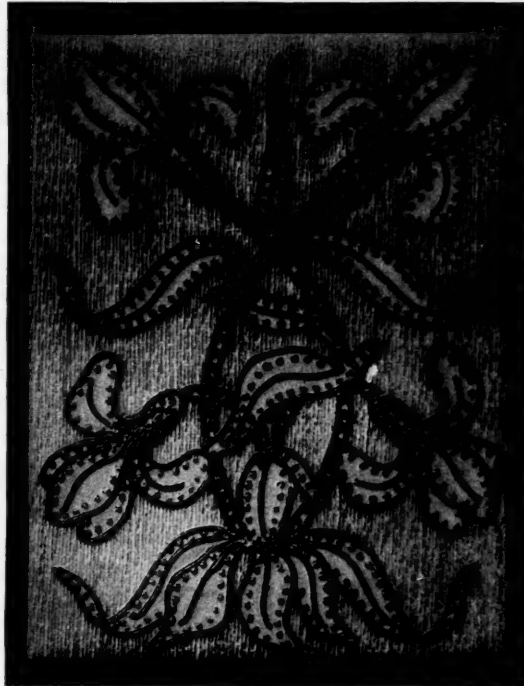
Again, exception has been taken to the so-called Wardour Street transactions of the school. Now this matter is one which admits of the simplest explanation. This department formed certainly no part of the original programme, nor was its adoption brought about directly or indirectly at the instance of the committee. But when the school came to establish itself in its present temporary premises, which occupy the site of the Australian annexe of the Exhibition of 1862, it was obliged to take over more buildings than were re-

quired by it for immediate use. Consequently when Mr. Norman Shaw asked to be allowed to fit up

proposal was accepted by the school. This was the beginning. After his occupancy terminated, certain

other firms, Messrs. Liberty, Messrs. Cooper, and others, offered examples of their furniture as loan exhibits, until, in course of time, the governing body were led to assume this branch of business on their own account. The advantages gained by their so doing are patent, and cannot be set forth more concisely than in the words of the latest annual report by the Executive Committee of the Associates' work. From this document we learn that the "sale of the furniture and *bric-à-brac* enables the authorities to offer the work of the members to the public at a much lower price than formerly, as the profit of the school in that department pays the

rent, taxes, etc., instead of these items being a charge on the work;" a charge which, in these



BOOK COVER. GOLD OUTLINE AND DARNED GROUND IN SILK ON LINEN.  
(Designed by N. Whichelo.)



ALTAR CLOTH. EMBROIDERED IN SILK, CREWELS AND GOLD ON WHITE CLOTH GROUND.  
(Designed by Selwyn Image.)

some of the vacant out-houses as show-rooms for a city firm who carried out his furniture designs, his

days of keen competition and of cheap machine-made imitations, the hand-work of the school could



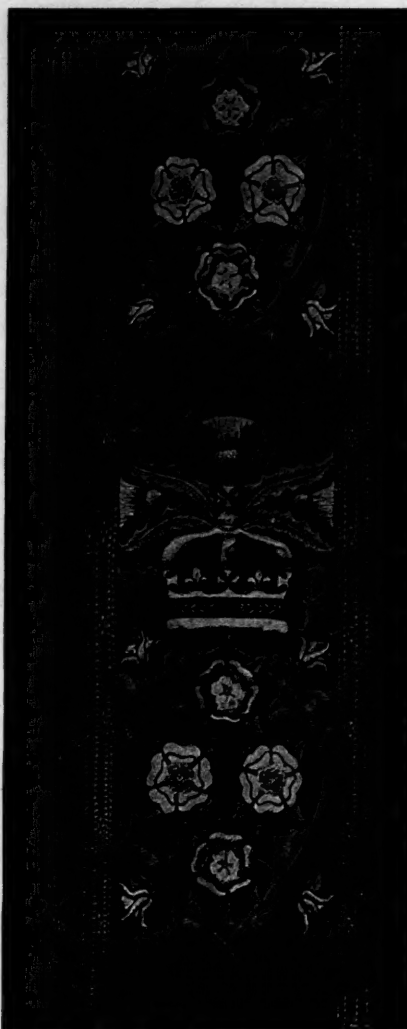
scarcely meet without raising its prices to a prohibitive tariff. The governing body has wisely declined to do this, preferring to supplement its resources in the manner described. Few, under the circumstances, will blame them for so doing; it being always understood that this department forms no integral part of the scheme, and is one that will be abandoned as soon as the exigencies of the situation permit. But as to closing its embroidery supply department, even the casual observer must be struck, on a moment's reflection, with the injustice of such a proceeding. To demand this sacrifice as the price of its obtaining a Government grant means nothing less than requiring it to cast adrift the numbers of ladies who, as qualified workers, are kept by the school in regular employment, and are dependent upon it for their very subsistence. Nevertheless, considerations such as these ought on no account to be urged did the work turned out by the school fall short of the highest standard of excellence. Nowhere else, it is claimed, is the training required to be submitted to of so thorough and systematic a character as at the Royal School of Art Needlework. There the whole grammar of embroidery is taught from the very rudiments upwards, as an inspection of the syllabus, which shows the complete course of the two years' instruction necessary to obtain the certificate of professional embroiderers, and of the further year to obtain the diploma of qualified teacher, should convince even the most sceptical.

The first year's training begins with stitches, crewel on linen, to be worked in the hand; shading in the same materials, to be worked in the frame; drawn-work, linen on linen; appliqué linen on linen, showing various methods of applying and fixing with couching, outlining with cord, etc.;

laid work, crewel on linen, and lastly smocking. The second year comprises shading in crewels on linen, showing the blending of colours in carrying out four distinct types of Early English embroidery. This kind of work, it may be observed, is the same which prevailed in our country through various phases from the time of Queen Elizabeth well into the last century. One of these varieties, of which the school makes a speciality, is named Schneider, after the lady who first brought the work to the notice of the school. It differs from the other kinds in that it employs blocking in separate shades in the working of leaves and other forms, as distinct from shading, where one colour or tone is made to gradate into the adjacent one. The Schneider embroidery also admits of a greater variety of stitches, the centres of flowers being sometimes stuffed and raised convexly, and the scheme of colour, to speak generally, presenting a more variegated effect than in other types of old English work.

The second year's course continues with the embroidering a group of natural flowers in silk upon silk, and of conventional design in the same material, showing the forms of shading applicable to this class of design; drawn-work, silk on linen, to be worked in the frame; appliqué, fine linen on velvet, showing various methods of fixing, with gold, and decorating with fancy

stitches, an exceedingly beautiful and effective treatment; ecclesiastical embroidery; and lastly, tapestry embroidery on canvas. Pupils are required to produce samples of each of these kinds of work to entitle them to the certificate. The additional year for the teacher's diploma commences with a sampler in crewel on linen, to be designed and carried out by the pupil alone, with a view of showing the result of the teaching in the first subject



PERPENDICULAR BORDER. DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY ORDER OF H.M. THE QUEEN, FOR THE TAPESTRY ROOM AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

(Designed by F. B. Wade.)

in each of the foregoing years; and proceeds with conventional design in silk on silk, introducing fine shading and gold work, flat and raised; initials, monograms, and other devices, badges, etc., in white on white, and in coloured silks, raised and flat in both cases; appliqué, of an advanced standard with greater variations than in the preceding instances; ecclesiastical embroidery, methods of treating gold bullion and purl, together with figure work, drapery, faces, hands, etc.; and, in conclusion, conventional design on velvet, introducing raised embroidery in silk and raised gold work. This twofold course, as now systematised, forms the latest development of the operations of the school. The classes began on 1st October, 1895; and are carried on side by side with, and yet wholly apart from, the supply department, where designs and materials, prepared and finished work are to be obtained. They are, in fact,

Imperial Institute. Under the same *régime* are announced to be given, once a week, lessons suited to every taste and requirement for school girls under the age of sixteen. The following subjects among others may there be learnt: plain work, beginning with hemming, patching, darning, button-hole making, plain marking, embroidering letters on handkerchiefs, cutting out and marking garments, as well as the first course of embroidery in crewel, thread, and filcselle. In addition to the above it is proposed this year to start popular evening classes at a nominal fee. In short, the idea is to establish a great training school of embroidery, upon a national basis. But if these projects are to be carried out a suitable building becomes of the first necessity. The site is already secured—a piece of land on which stood the French Court in the 1862 Exhibition—the architect's design accepted, and it only remains



EMBROIDERIES. IN SILK AND GOLD ON SILK.

(Designed by M. F. W.)

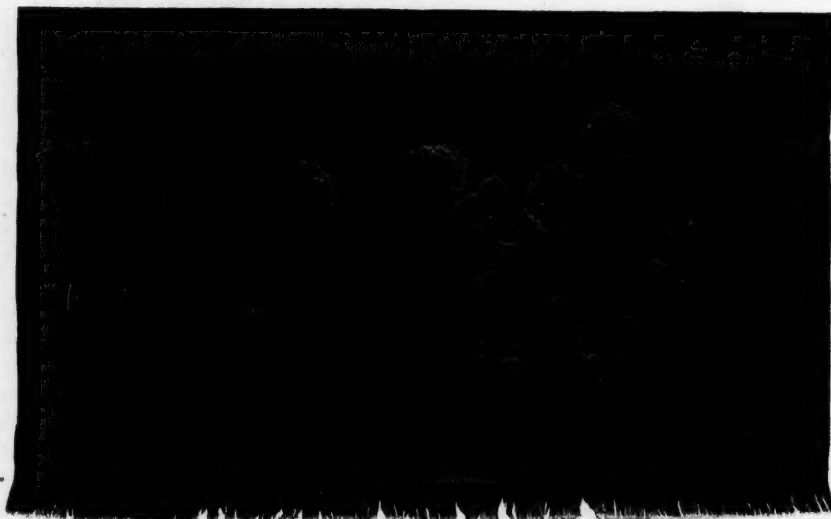
conducted under a different roof, rooms having been secured for the purpose, pending the school being able to provide its own accommodation, in the

now to erect the permanent building as headquarters of the school, which will be commenced as soon as the requisite funds are forthcoming to justify the

committee in taking the initial step, with the prospect also of having some endowment secured for the subsequent maintenance of the school. Yet another scheme, dependent of course on the providing of the afore-mentioned building, is the formation of a women's school of design where they shall be taught by practical teachers to design for various branches of decorative art. It is planned that the course shall begin with good draughtsmanship, in which every student shall pass before proceeding to further studies, and shall include instruction in the various styles of historic ornament. It is intended ultimately to form the nucleus of a library and museum in connection with the school, although, with the South Kensington Museum so close at hand, with its magnificent collection of art objects and its Art Library as well, this seems almost unnecessary.

The School of Art Needlework must be thanked for two contributions to the literature of the art of the needle. In 1880, by authority of the school, was published a "Handbook of Embroidery," by L. Higgin, a work containing not only a summary of technical hints of the utmost value, but also some reproductions of designs of great beauty. Out of this book grew, some years after, the larger and more elaborate volume, "Needlework as Art," by Lady

Marian Alford. The school, it should be remarked, has spared no expense to obtain a collection of excellent examples of old work in addition to working designs by the best contemporary masters, including Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Messrs. William Morris, Walter Crane, Selwyn Image, George Aitchison, Fairfax Wade, and other well-known artists. Of the materials used in the school it is enough to say that they are worthy of the designs in the execution of which they are used. In a word, that which the school proposed at the beginning to do, it has accomplished; and more than that. At a time when the arts had barely begun to rise from the depths of degraded ugliness into which, soon after the opening of the present century, they had fallen—embroidery with the rest—it was no light matter to set up and to persevere in maintaining a high standard of artistic merit in their work. And now the school is called upon to enter upon a sphere of usefulness to an extent not dreamed of by its original promoters when they started it. But that it is in a position, both from its prestige, its long experience, and matured organisation, to fulfil all that may be demanded of it, if only the requisite funds be forthcoming, may be asserted with perfect confidence in view of its magnificent achievements in the past.



HORIZONTAL BORDER. EMBROIDERED IN SILK ON SILK.

(Designed by F. B. Wade.)

## ART AT NANCY.

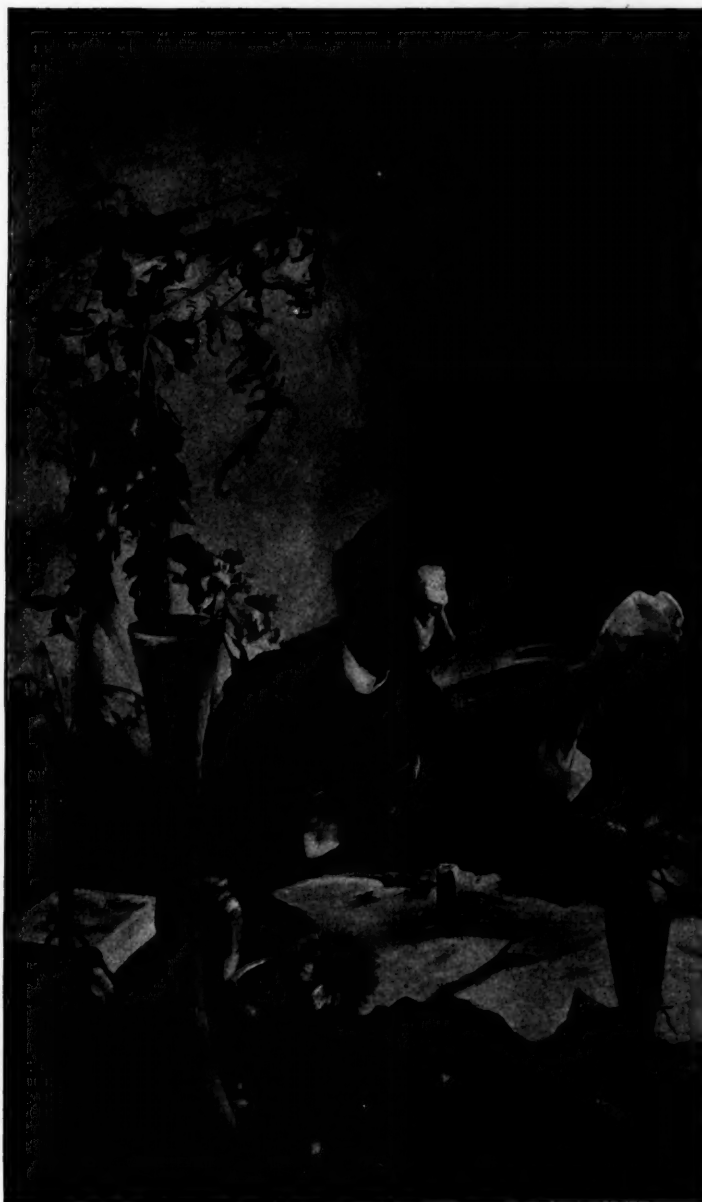
ÉMILE GALLÉ.

By HENRI FRANTZ.

I AM hardly exaggerating when I say that Monsieur Emile Gallé is at this moment, and by every right, the most conspicuous figure in the French world of art, for he is unanimously recognised as a master, and he alone in our day can now claim the honour of having formed a school, of having influenced a whole generation of younger artists, and given rise to a genuine revival of industrial art. But, strange to say, this artist, who has, it cannot be denied, trained many clever men, has voluntarily kept far from Paris, and spent his life at Nancy. This is partly the reason—added to his strong natural individuality—why he has remained untouched by influence, and has worked independently towards the ideal he has himself set up. Monsieur Gallé, alone perhaps among acknowledged artists in France, excels in various branches. We have seen him by turns a fashioner of furniture, a potter, and a glass-worker. To be thus a master in several lines, to stamp on each a distinct and vivid individuality, and thus to revive and reanimate several kinds of art, is not the lot of many artists; it has, however, been that of Monsieur Gallé, so much so that he has come to be thought of as the French William Morris, though his popularity has never equalled that of the great English craftsman.

It is indeed a great revolution that Monsieur Émile Gallé has achieved in the decoration of furniture, by reverting to the plain and simple forms of nature, and entirely discarding the taste of the past. I emphasise this because he here differs widely from many Parisian artists, who insensibly evolve new forms while still adhering to earlier formulæ. He, like the great English innovators,

threw them off with one effort. It was from Japanese art that he derived the general scheme, the fundamental principle of his style; but we must not infer that he imitates it in any servile manner. Nothing



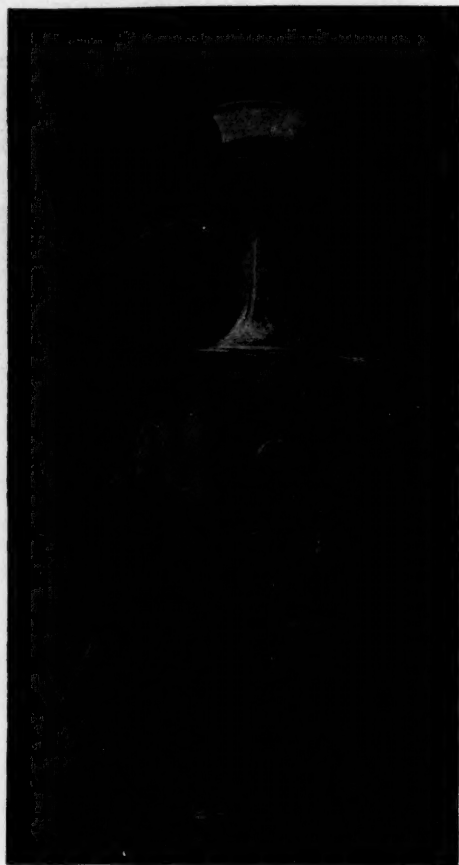
ÉMILE GALLÉ.

(From the Portrait by Victor Proust.)



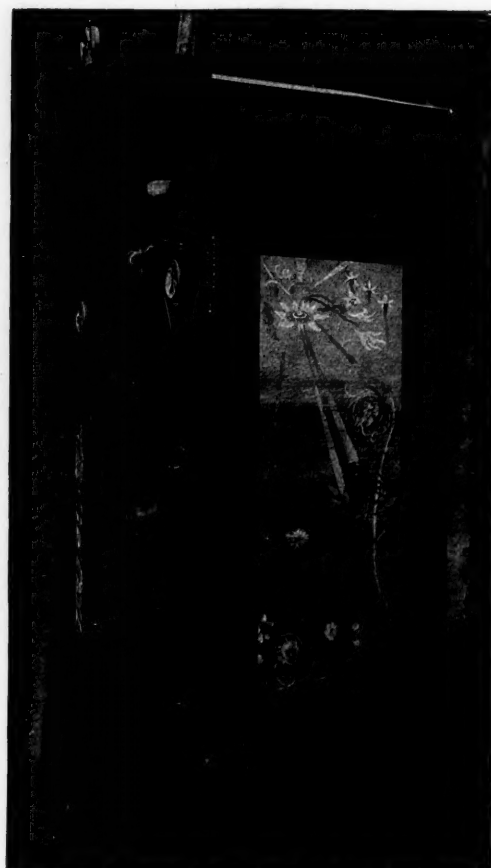
can be more unlike Japanese art than Monsieur Gallé's work, though his critics often blame him on this ground. Only the idea of the Japanese style is also

description is a sort of manifesto in defence of his style:—"It is unnecessary to tell you, my worthy correspondent, that the very simple form of this table was adapted to its purpose, which also suggested the decorative treatment borrowed from garden produce. Though, on the one hand, I intentionally abandoned every time-honoured style, on the other hand I make no claim to having discovered a new one. To me, ye dewy and marrowy cabbages! the temptation was too great to record some fine articulation or happy splash of colour, your noble growth and characteristic expression; to borrow the essence of your unsuspected poetry, ye endive blossoms of heavenly blue! And was it not well, on the other hand, to shake off the bondage of realism as much as possible in drawing and in colour, so as to give an image, more suggestive than any servile imitation, of vegetable types as phantoms floating in flat tints, undefined lines and dreamy, unreal shading? As much as possible! For



THE HOLY GRAIL: BLOOD-RED JASPER CRYSTAL, WITH CABINETWORK CENSER AND BRONZE MOUNTINGS.

his; and given that principle he has worked it out by the light of his own instinct and taste. He finds constant inspiration, nay, even collaboration, in nature. When Monsieur Émile Gallé reproduces plant form he extracts from it its decorative lines and colouring with the most artistic sense. He seems to condense the whole motive of a plant, to give it an attitude, a movement, to draw out its individuality in a very living way, and yet never to lose sight of the use and end of the object he is designing. It seems to the point here that I should give some extracts from a description written by Monsieur Émile Gallé in the form of an open letter to Monsieur Lucien Falize, which was published in the *Revue des Arts Decoratifs*, June, 1892. In speaking of a piece of furniture, "*La table aux herbes potagères*" (a table decorated with edible vegetables), Monsieur Gallé set forth his ideas and principles, and his characteristic



INLAID CABINET: "FRUITS OF THE SPIRIT."

the use of woody materials, which once lived the vegetable life, will always give enough decorative quality to inlaid wood representing living forms.

"Do you think it a fault in this green-wood inlay that I have substituted a glimpse of the outer air for the old sober and monotonous tones of ebony and ivory?"



CHAIR.

But is not the art of inlay an art of colour, as much as mosaic or painting? The natural colours of wood are more various than is generally supposed. Wonderful boldness of effect may be found in them. They lack, however, some of the sharp tones, the high lights and brilliancy which

now fulfil the painter's dream. But how illogical it is to prohibit dyes to wood when they are used in thread, silk, worsted, and ivory!

"One of the most obvious difficulties in my attempt was that of producing in vegetable forms the

tendrils of cucumber clinging to it with thin, greedy clutch. But the real thing to hit upon would be



DETAIL OF A MARQUETRY CABINET: "PERFUMES OF OTHER DAYS."

plastic types of great simplicity and rapid execution if we are not to defy every rational rule of economy.

"To turn to the decorative use of drawing and colour. The top of the table is made of the purple black wood known as labaka, inlaid with vegetable



MOSAIC IN WOOD: "THE FLORA OF LORRAINE"

lines of mouldings in cabinet work. Here, as you see, we have a columnar treatment of the stems of the leguminous plants and the runners of the gourd tribe—the natural creepers of the kitchen garden—twining and overgrowing the rim of the table, the

emblems seen against the twilight background in alternate groups in which the rhythm of the plant fades and sinks in the avenue of line and colour. Parsley, with its jetty seeds and livid lilac leaves, spreading into the suspicious-looking foliage of the

hemlock; panicles of the solanum tribe falling in natural and graceful bunches. . . . The idea of the purpose of the table reappears in vague suggestive shapes on a narrow border of grey bird's-eye maple from Switzerland, blossoming with nasturtiums and

capers; among them little garden gold-beetles and the ichneumon fly that haunts the kitchen garden. In the centre, a dimly-tinted mosaic forms a waving phylactery lined with plain wood tinted heliotrope, harmonising with the colouring of the room. This lilac hue, shaded down to that of a purple stock, is sprinkled with the corollas of cruciferae. In places we have the fading tints of chervil in the later year.

"I would I could have shown this dream of a kitchen garden through the misty veil of morning, with hills dimly seen and a horizon of watery sheen, long streaks of haze made of veined wood defining or clouding the objects in the picture. But you will find here the whole blue clan of winter cabbages, the plummy shoots of asparagus with its berries, the household party of the male and female blossoms of the pumpkin."

In glass vessels especially Monsieur Gallé has made his mark. In that branch of art he has become a classic, a pride to our nation to compare with the great glass-blowers of old in Bohemia or Hungary. For some years Gallé's glass has held a place in the collection at the Luxembourg, and with justice. The decorator's fancy is endless as well as the chemist's science; he

gives his vases, amphoræ, and drinking-glasses the most various and graceful forms, reminding us by turns of some plant, some flower-cup or leaf. He excels in producing colours of which none before him had the secret, and which it had seemed impos-

sible to give to glass. From an oxide of cobalt he derives a moonlight sheen, imitating the effects of agates, of rust, and of the iridescent lights on water and mist alternately in the most mysterious combinations.

Monsieur Émile Gallé is not merely an artist, but a poet who aims at amalgamating poetry and art in an intimate fusion. This was Baudelaire's idea, too, as to the mutual correlation of the arts, and I need not here discuss how far it is to be accepted or rejected. But I may be allowed to say that in Monsieur Gallé it gives rise to the most curious and subtle impressions, as in the fine vase he made for Princess Marguerite d'Orléans, a vase of virgin whiteness decorated with daisies, and wreathed, as it were, with the lines of a poet in praise of the marguerite.

Monsieur Gallé has, however, amused himself by composing the mottoes and emblematic meaning of

several of his vases, and often reveals himself as a genuine poet, giving his ideas some original turn or a quite individual wit. He usually works out the notion suggested by lines he quotes.

This is the case with one of the two vases in cameo glass, mounted by Falize, representing gold and silver



KEYHOLE ORNAMENT.

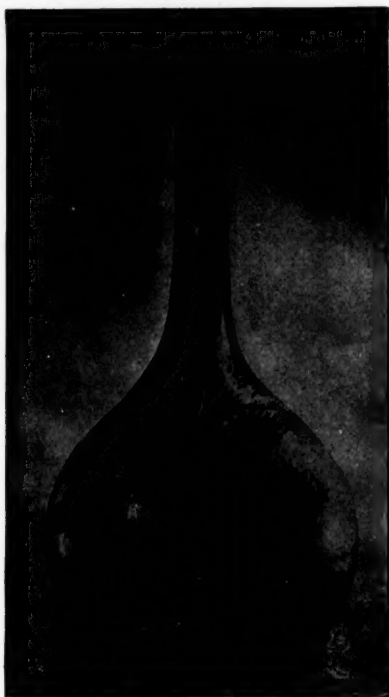


CAMEO VASE: "THE BEAUTY OF THINGS THAT MUST DIE."  
(From a Sketch by É. Gallé.)



KEYHOLE ORNAMENT, IN BRASS AND COPPER, PIERCED AND CHASED.

lizards twining among creeping plants, of which Monsieur Gallé has courteously given the first publication to THE MAGAZINE OF ART. The leading



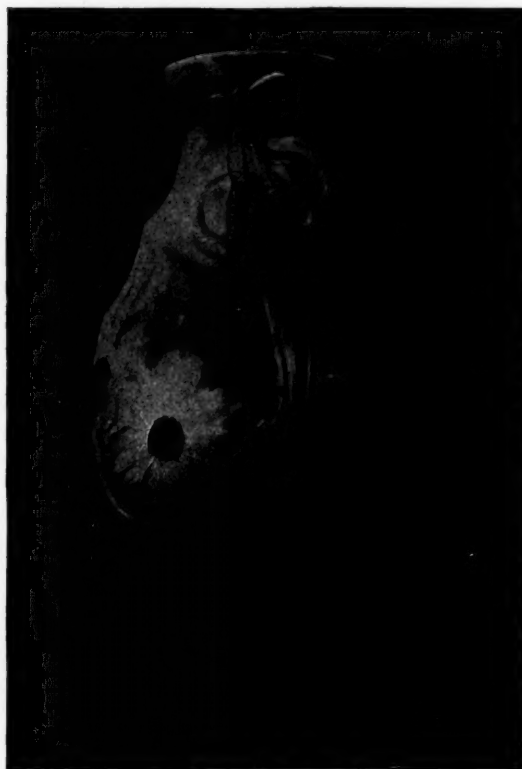
A DESIGN IN WATER-COLOUR FOR A BLACK AND GREY  
AGATE-CRYSTAL CAMEO VASE.

idea was borrowed from a line of poetry by Émile Hinzelin: "The beauty of things that must die," and these are the words in which he describes his development of this idea: "Mists and dews half shroud and half reveal the fine veining and splashing on a grey jade-crystal vase. A thick flushing of rose-tinted glass is carved into a chimera-like flower, half-inflorescent, half-smiling, half-weary, half-orchid half-pansy. A beetle drags its slow length over the rust of the lichens. Side by side with flesh tints and carnations we see bold touches of coral pink. A pale gleam steals through the dull maze of iridium. Vegetable shadows grin at us. Phantoms of bloom are dimly seen. A fossil shell engraved beneath the fragile work contains the glass-worker's signature, with the sad utterance of the Latin poet '*Habitaculum vetus et fragile quam fragilioris animulæ*' (The old and frail abode of a yet more frail little soul). And melancholy, too, in the shadow of the dream of dream-flowers, we read these lines by the poet of Lorraine—

'O beauté des choses qui meurent !  
Les grandes ailes de la mort  
Qui, sans les blesser, les effleurent  
Leur donnent un charme plus fort.'

Other passages from Monsieur Gallé's pen, such as his description of his "Wreck"—the "Missive void of a message, full of mystery, inflated with shadow and silence"—or those of the "Hazel" and the "Balm," are full of searching and subtle charm. The poet has also at various times published interesting pamphlets on the secrets of the art of glass-making, and this is certainly a rare instance of devotion to art, since he thus of his own free will facilitates its ways to others.

It is an exception indeed to see an innovator like Monsieur Gallé so readily recognised by the nation for his brilliant genius, as he has long been; and, judged by the throng round his glass work at the Luxembourg, he is popular too. He was awarded two gold medals at the Palais de L'Industrie—one for glass work and one for pottery; at the Exhibition of 1889 his glass took a first prize and a medal. Since 1892 Monsieur Gallé has kept away from our annual exhibitions, for his great ambition is to produce an impression of unity, to show real progress in his art. We must hope,



CAMEO VASE.

however, to see him again before long at the Salon. Men of his calibre are scarce in our day, and it would not be fair that we should be deprived, except at wide intervals, of seeing such work as his.





THE SKIRTS OF THE FOREST.

(From the Painting by David Cox.)

## THE COLLECTION OF MR. W. CUTHBERT QUILTER, M.P. THE MODERN ENGLISH MASTERS.—III.

By F. G. STEPHENS,

**B**EFORE us, in a very clear and satisfactory engraving, is a capital example of what composition can do in making a design acceptable, without being in the least able to conceal itself, as, in a masterpiece, it ought to do. This much is distinct in the late Mr. Pinwell's *chef-d'œuvre*, "The Village Cross," every element of which is as manifestly "composed" with regard to its neighbours as any of the statues in a pediment. It is a charming picture, quite a triumph of a sort, and lacks not the dignity and harmonised masses of a sculptor's design. We see without difficulty that the spindling tree on our right was put there to balance the shattered stem of the ancient memorial, and we must needs notice something of the same sort in the but too obvious balancing of the figures, and even in the introduction of the iron rod surmounting the shaft and cutting sharply against the glowing sky. It is easy to see, too, that the graceful and expressive design which gives so much value to this important

example may have been, and probably was, suggested to the painter—his artistic sense being stirred by the charm of the landscape and its accessories—by the sufficiently obvious facilities which the steps of the cross offered to him for posing the figures as we see them. It has always appeared to me that just what F. Walker owed to Millais, Pinwell was indebted for to Walker and Millais combined. Having already, and at some length, commented on the technical qualities and choice art of Walker's "Bathers" as an epoch-marking picture in the career of that charming member of the English school, and having selected it as one of a triad of "foundation" pictures in Mr. Quilter's collection, I may now refer to the illustration which distinguishes p. 128 of this volume, and regret that black and white fail to render the fulness of the beauty of this delightful work's almost Titianesque coloration; to the justness of grading of water and air. A great artist of Venice might, so to say, have painted flesh better than that of this picture,

but none of her masters treated with more delicacy and subtlety the vanishing levels of the water or the light-saturated expanse of the atmosphere. This is, in my opinion, the truth, notwithstanding the fact that Titian was not only the greatest Venetian artist, but the first to paint a landscape in the modern manner. Besides "Bathers," Mr. Quilter possesses a small version of Walker's picture of "The Wayfarers."

To no one of the modern school of landscape painters here referred to does the art of their order owe so much as to David Cox, who to great brilliancy of colour and light added admirable draughtsmanship, a rare sense of the gradations of the atmosphere, consummate knowledge of the influence of that atmosphere upon the tints and tones of nature, and almost incomparable power in dealing with the masses of his subjects. Accordingly—while they are perfectly composed—in none of his pictures that I have seen is it easy to detect those almost sculpturesque artifices too artificial to which the above paragraph refers in dealing with Pinwell's really excellent *chef-d'œuvre*, the only work of his which seems to me to approach the standard of F. Walker at his best (which, by the way, Walker himself did not attain in "The Wayfarers"). To the last-named work I may refer with some regret, because to its rare merits and happy veracities—combined as are these fine qualities with considerable weaknesses and inanities such as Walker, till he painted it, had not committed himself—seem to be due the excessive flimsiness, feeble drawing, and want of solidity which degrade the more pretentious and "flashy" productions of some of those followers. Such they dare to call themselves, who seem bent on suicide in those deadly bathotic pools, where solid and learned art is unknown; for their pictures are transparencies in comparison with Cox's standard.

David Cox (1783—1859) himself, a masterpiece of whose making is before us in the extremely fine "Skirts of the Forest," a renowned work of 1840, was already nearly sixty years old when he painted this "English" and sincere example. Its brightness, sweetness, and veracity surpass anything Hobbema, Ruysdael, Waterloo, or the Norwich School, John Crome

included, ever produced. It is one of Cox's best works, and, by artists, greatly preferred to the finest of his "blots," which picture-dealers greatly delight in. These so-called "blots" are really productions of the age of the powerful, faithful, and nature-loving master, due, in fact, as it seems to me, to the partial failure of his sight, and the decreasing firmness of his original exquisitely firm touch. It is so hard to think that the sincere, wholesome, and stalwart artist of Birmingham cared much for the money the swifter "blot-painting" secured to him on comparatively easy terms, that I prefer to accept those late pieces as indications of decline, rather than as proofs of mastery and attainment which, according to the picture-doctrines, they are. In the composition of the work before us the finest art conceals its exquisite fulness of art, and nothing is more truly "rustic" and simple. In the picture the



DEVOTION.

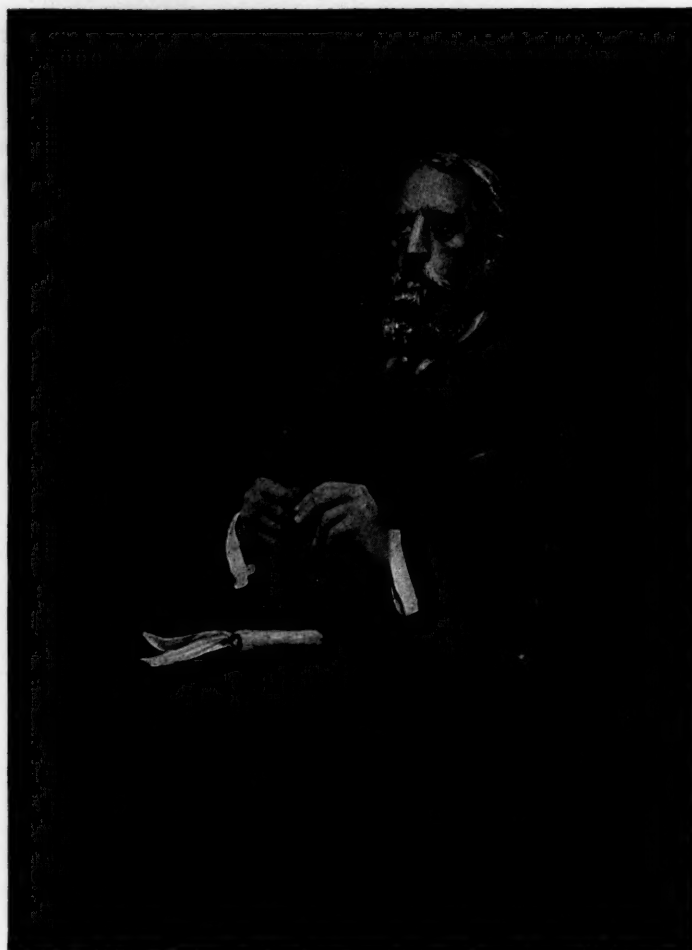
(From the Drawing by William Hunt.)

unengraved colour is of nature, natural, and in these respects it may be compared with Linnell's most poetic "Summer Eve by Haunted Stream," and Millais' most pathetic "Murthly Moss," which have been already noticed as in Mr. Quilter's gallery. But, as was mostly the case in Cox's work, it has

A.D. 1865, when the work was at the Academy with the future President's "Romans leaving Britain." We are not called on to inquire too closely as to the date of the costume of the figures whose passionate energy gives a potency to the design of Madox Brown's "Jacopô Foscari visited by his Wife in the

Dungeon of the Council of Ten," a work which owes its existence to a commission given in 1869 by Mr. Moxon to the artist to illustrate a then contemplated edition of Byron's poems—an edition which, considering the genius of the men who were to have taken part in it, would have been most truly "adorned with cuts." The instance here in question, touching and sincere as it is, is a better example of Brown's power as a colourist than as a specimen of his prodigious merit as a designer of passionate and pathetic themes. Of these the best are "Romeo taking leave of Juliet in her Balcony," "The Last of England," which is at Birmingham, and "Christ washing Peter's Feet," now in the National Gallery. Brown had a way of telling his stories, that is of illustrating the motives of his subjects, in a very direct and positive manner, as is shown in the design before us. Here the stalwart lady draws her somewhat less vigorous husband to her breast and kisses him with an energy which his reduced condition and enfeebled state more than justify. We notice, too, the spirited design of her moving draperies, without caring, as in Millais' case, to inquire closely into the chronology of the costumes of the figures.

At the same time we are quite sure the dresses in Brown's picture approximate correctness, while we know Joan of Arc was dead long before the suit of fluted armour which encloses her was "made in Germany." Good as is "The Young Foscari," it is, as a design, by no means the best of his works in that respect, and must be ranked with such specimens of his art as a designer with "The Prisoner of Chillon," though much finer than the unlucky "Haidee and Don Juan," a large version of which, unfortunately for Brown's fame in France, has found, it is said, a place in the Luxembourg of all galleries in

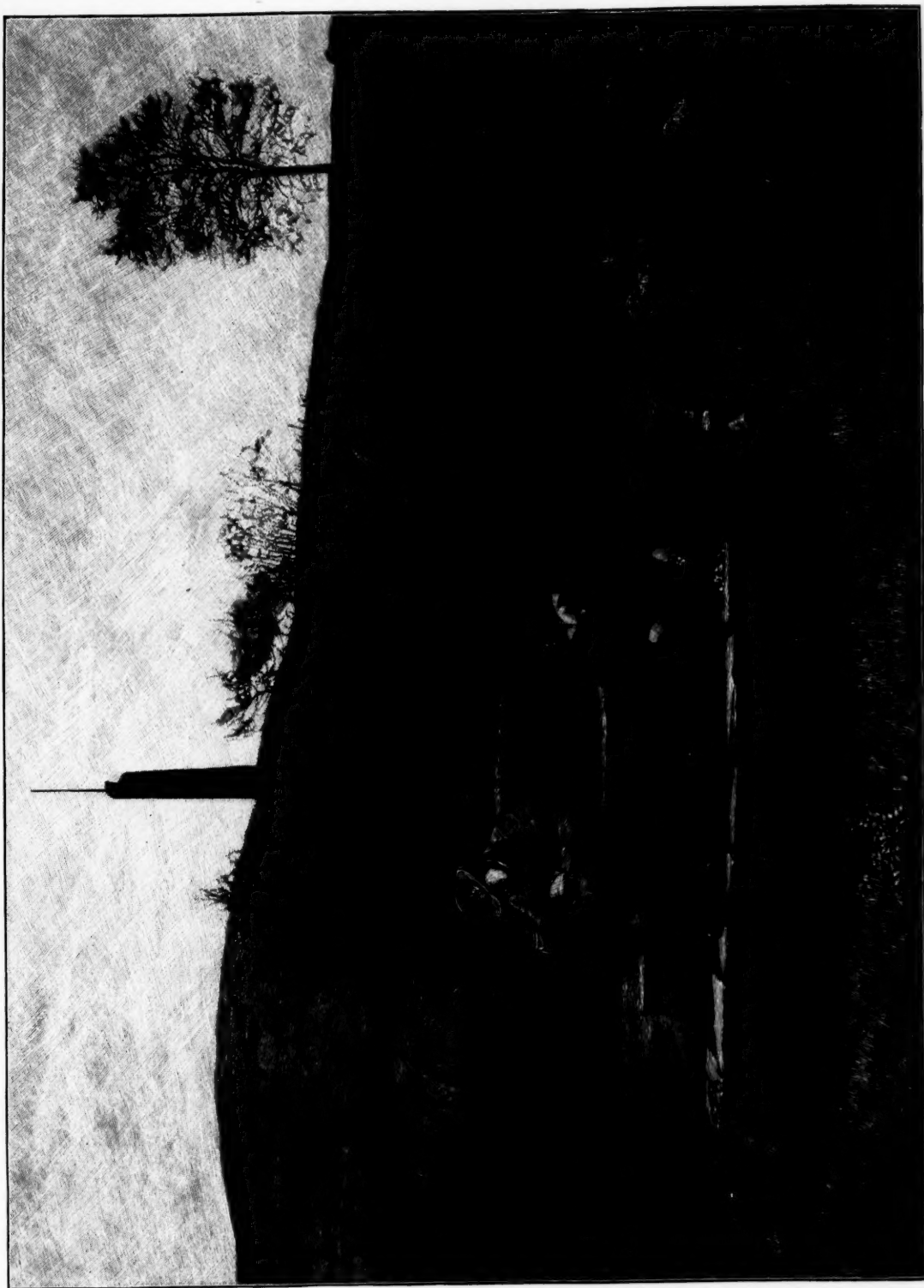


THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.  
(From the Painting by H. Herkimer, R.A.)

but little of the poetry or the pathos with which those great gems of art enchant us.

We come to the figure pictures proper when Millais' "Joan of Arc" is, as is here shown, seen kneeling before the shrine at which she is said to have vowed herself to France, clad in armour, and in a patriotic rapture looking up. The beauty of the picture is, of course, discoverable in the painting of the flesh, not in the expression of the face, and in the wonderfully happy and powerful treatment of the armour. Of course the armour, as costume, is as much an anachronism as the face, which is of

sure the dresses in Brown's picture approximate correctness, while we know Joan of Arc was dead long before the suit of fluted armour which encloses her was "made in Germany." Good as is "The Young Foscari," it is, as a design, by no means the best of his works in that respect, and must be ranked with such specimens of his art as a designer with "The Prisoner of Chillon," though much finer than the unlucky "Haidee and Don Juan," a large version of which, unfortunately for Brown's fame in France, has found, it is said, a place in the Luxembourg of all galleries in



THE VILLAGE CROSS.  
(From the Painting by George Pinwell. Engraved by J. M. Johnston.)



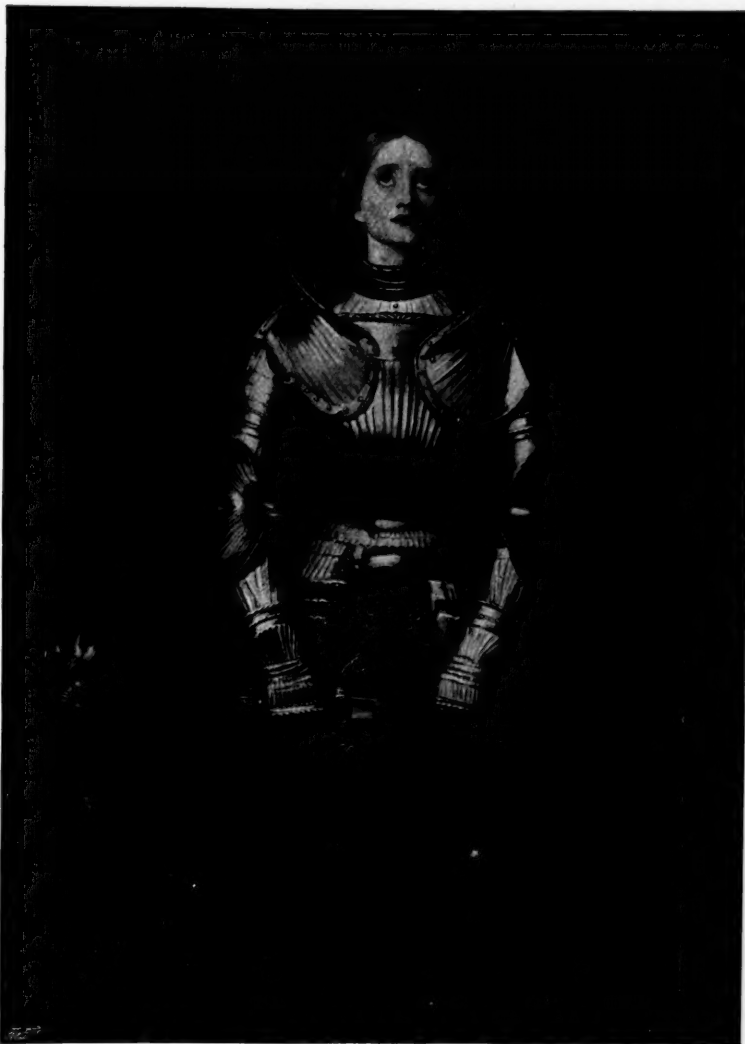


the world, and where, his above-named masterpieces not being available, we should have been content to see, not this feeble thing, but his stupendous "Entombment of Christ," his masculine "Sardanapalus," or that transcendent "Elijah and the Widow's Son" which is now at South Kensington. If not by these examples, Brown would be well seen in Paris by means of his "Death of Lear," his "King René's Honeymoon," one of the most delightful of love-making romances, or that noble cartoon of his (one of the few relics of the great gathering in Westminster Hall in 1844, and now in the South London Gallery, the gift of the painter's admirers, among whom Leighton, Millais, and Armitage must be numbered), representing "The Body of Harold brought to the Conqueror."

Tardy as are the honours that, after his death, have been paid to the genius, resources, and skill of this great, though unequal master, at least those honours are not unworthy of him which include the admission of his productions to the National Gallery, the Luxembourg, Manchester—where he painted in the Town Hall, and where his most ambitious "Work" has found a home—South London, and Birmingham.

More truly representative of its author than "Jacopô Foscari" is "Devotion" (see p. 255) by that "great master in small, William Hunt," who has depicted a comely country lad, one of those who passed their lives in the neighbourhood of Bramley, near Basingstoke—where the artist often sojourned at a farmhouse, and where, apart from Cassiobury and Hastings, haunts of his earlier years, he lived when "out of town." At one time Hunt painted many works of this class, single and homely figures of old men, girls, boys (such as this one), and negro-lads, such as we saw in Mr. Humphrey Roberts's collection. No master delineated them with more tenderness, humour, and veracity,

nor with greater and more consummate skill, than Hunt, John Varley's and Mulready's pupil, the little and sickly japanner's son, who was born in what is now Endell Street, Long Acre. By the same hand Mr. Quilter possesses an admirable and earlier example of what may be called still-life, the soft and faithful drawing of "A Dead Snipe." Both these specimens are in water-colours, and both excel in the beauty, finish, and delicacy of their execution. Their technique is exactly what is now associated with the works of such masters as Millais, who alone of modern artists combined the richness of tone, brilliance of lighting, and wealth of colour which charm us in pictures with themes so humble and so entirely void of hysteria as are those of "Devotion" and "A Dead Snipe." As it is they



JOAN OF ARC

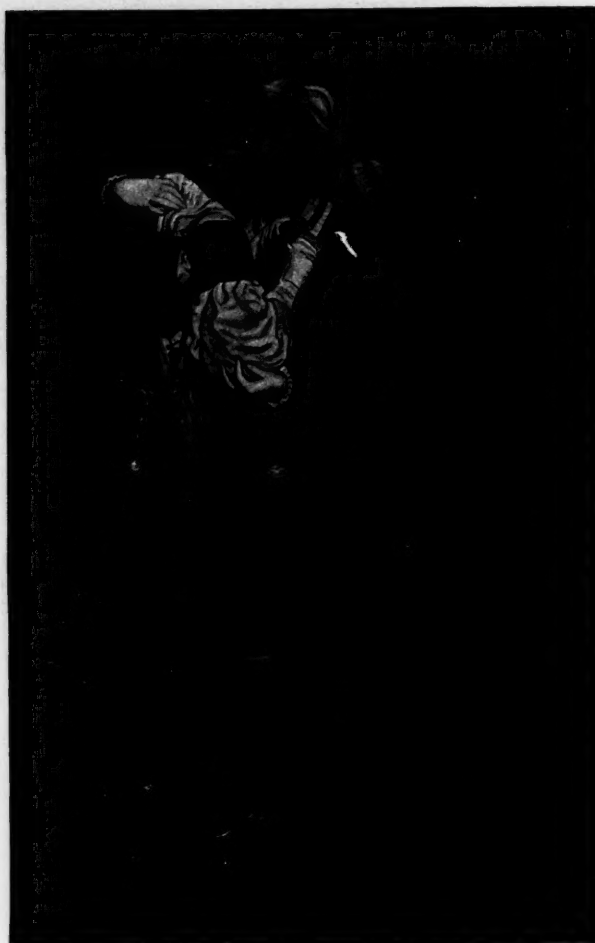
(From the Painting by Sir J. E. Millais, P.R.A.)

are, like that to which we now come, anything but "impressions" in the current sense of that ridiculous term. It must not be supposed that Hunt, though he painted dead snipe, pigeons, and even a group of mussel-shells, as well as, to please Mr. Ruskin, a smoked herring, a few mushrooms, and a pile of stones, was incapable of subjects such as Titian

age when he produced it, and who was already in declining health. Lewis died four years after he astonished and delighted the world by his achievement of 1872. As with regard to a very large proportion of Lewis's pictures in oil and drawings in water-colour, it illustrates no story and is possessed of no passion; its subject is the beauty and

brilliance of nature set forth by means of the most exquisite execution. Lewis, who lived in Cairo from 1843 till 1851, already a consummate draughtsman and painter, studied the Eastern character, costumes, and climate with all-powerful care, and gave us this garden full of oriental flowers resplendent in light. The lovely girl who bears the vase, itself a rare piece of Persian craftsmanship, is as distinctly of Circassian descent as her darker and very comely attendant is of Moorish blood. The elder damsel is moving gently to our left and carrying the vase of roses and lilies on her way to the harem it is intended to decorate. Nothing could be simpler than the incident, nothing more graceful and undemonstrative than the design of "Lilium Auratum," and yet its charm is irresistible, so that the art-lover returns again and again to look at it, and never lets it pass out of his memory. To me at least, if not to others, "Lilium Auratum" has charms which may compete with those of Lewis's much larger and more ambitious "Frank Encampment in the Desert," which all the world has acknowledged to be his masterpiece. Next to it come Mrs. Woolner's "Interior of the Bezestein Bazaar, Cairo," and its rival, the "Interior of a Harem." The "Bazaar" was painted in the same year as the work before us.

The remaining English works I have to notice of the category now in question are Millais' admirable picture and perfect likeness of "Mr. John Bright," of which the reproduction on p. 122 shows how simple are the means of Millais' achievement, and how wise he was in refusing to make his subject look like a "hero," although he failed not in depicting all his sterling qualities. In the same group may be placed the capital portrait of our collector's father, seated with a book in his lap, his cheek on one hand, and in the act of speaking. Mr. Herkomer's portrait of Mr. Cuthbert Quilter is good, but hardly "energised" and solid enough. The Duke of Devonshire was, as the illustration shows, more fortunate at Mr. Herkomer's hands, and yet the likeness is not quite satisfactory.



THE YOUNG FOSCARI.

(From the Painting by Ford Madox Brown.)

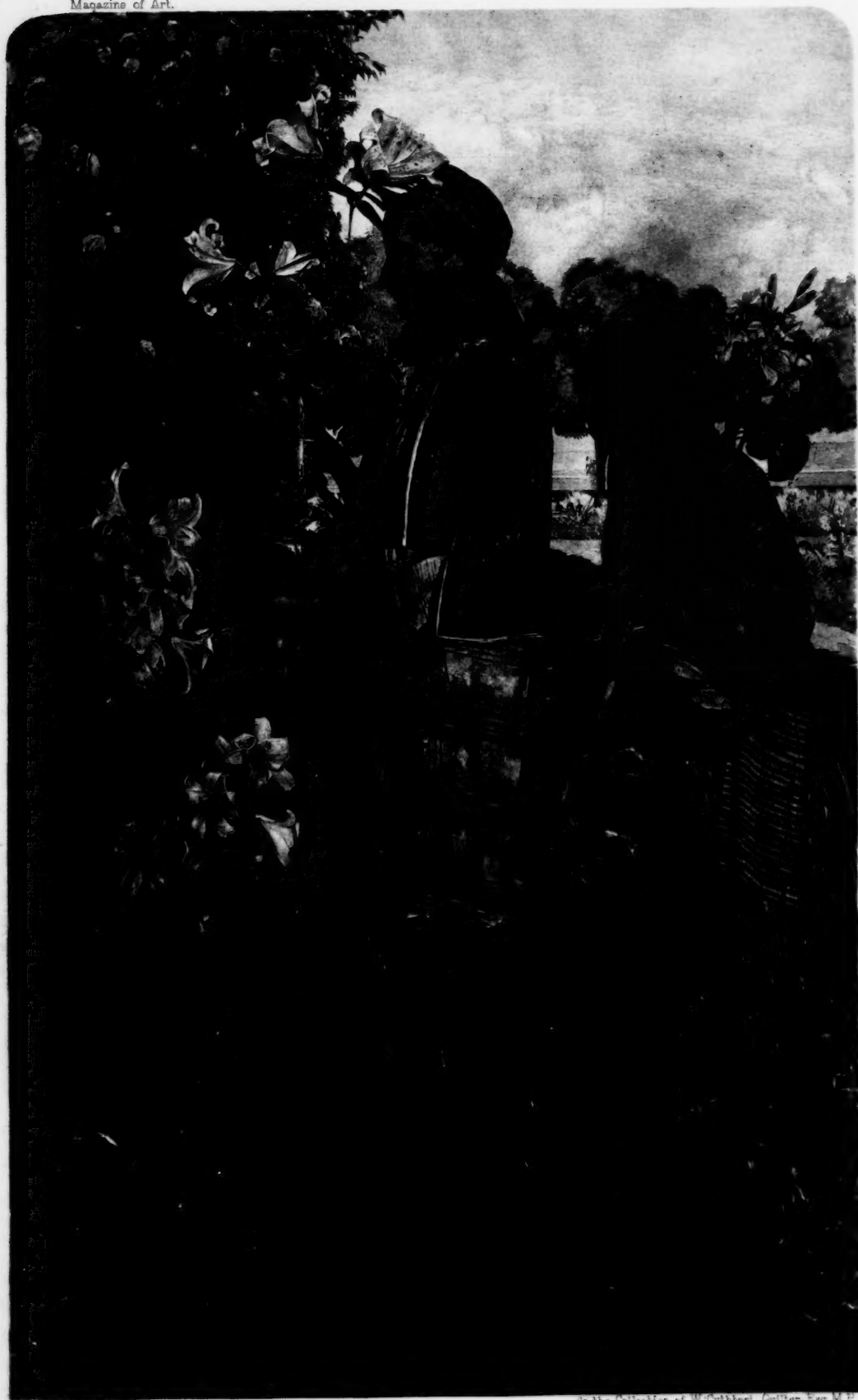
might have essayed with joy. Hunt painted life-size and full length a peacock in all the glory of his plumage, and he did so in a Titianesque manner, and as splendid as Nature herself.

"Lilium Auratum," one of the masterpieces of John Frederick Lewis, a translation of which forms the frontispiece to these notes, was painted in 1871, and, as No. 645, was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1873, about which time it came into the possession of Mr. Quilter's father. It is the latest of Lewis's works of the first class, and shows no sign of failure in the powers of a man who was sixty-six years of









J. F. Lewis, R.A. Paint.

In the Collection of W. Guthbert Gaiter, Esq., M.P.

LILIUM AURATUM.





THE MUNICIPAL THEATRE, AMSTERDAM.

(Reduced from "Modern Opera-houses and Theatres.")

## ILLUSTRATED REVIEWS.

"MODERN Opera-houses and Theatres" is the title of a comprehensive work by Messrs. E. O. Sachs and E. A. E. Woodrow (published by Mr. Batsford) on play-houses recently erected in Europe, illustrated by plans, sections, elevations, and general views, accompanied by a descriptive text on theatre planning and construction, and supplements on stage machinery, theatre fires, and protective legislation. Only the first of the three folio volumes promised has appeared, illustrating splendidly the principal theatres and opera-houses in Austria and Hungary, Germany, England, Holland and Belgium, Norway and Sweden, and Russia. Those of France, Italy, and Spain are reserved for the second volume; this is unfortunate in one respect, because in any attempt to establish a parallel of the theatres of Europe, and to draw comparisons between them from the art point of view, it would have been of advantage to include, at all events, those of Paris which are the best known, and probably the most remarkable examples.

Mr. Sachs in his introduction divides the theatres into five categories: court, national and government, municipal, subscription, and private theatres; and lays stress on the fact that the last of these, the "private theatre," though common to all countries, is primarily an English and American institution, and is built "to pay" only; that is to say, it is regarded as an investment, and is conducted purely as a business speculation. The other categories originate not with a commercial object, but for the qualification of

luxury and for educational purposes. It follows, therefore, that in the four first classes, and especially in the court theatre, there is virtually no restriction as regards cost, and its design is entrusted as a rule to the most capable architect the country can boast of. It is not only a theatre the architect is called upon to erect, but a national and historical monument, a building which in future years may be looked upon as a gauge of the artistic qualities of the nation at the particular time of its erection. In England, on the contrary, Mr. Sachs suggests that "it is of no importance that the architect should have a true feeling for art if only he can secure the latest trick of the plaster-manufacturer to catch the vulgar taste." This statement is, however, qualified by another which states "the building of English theatres has hitherto been put into the hands of architects who are merely good planners, good constructors, and good business men," with the qualification of being able to provide for a maximum audience at a minimum outlay. The latter concerns the speculation only, but the former requisition probably meets that which, on the whole, the Englishman cares most for. The good construction assures him of the safety of the structure, the good planning enables him to see the stage properly wherever he may be placed, and as this is not always the case even in court theatres, it is possible that the English theatre, inartistic though it may be, has in the eye of the Englishman many great advantages. This is looking



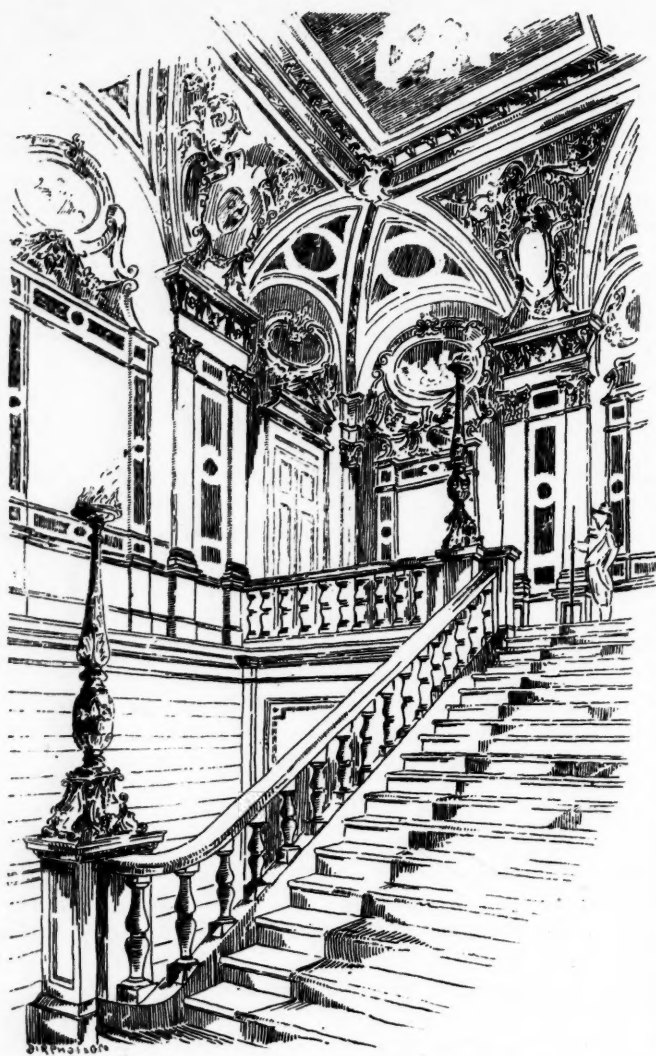
on the worst side so far as the English theatre is concerned, but is it altogether borne out by the facts, and may there not be some shortcomings in the court theatres of the Continent?

Let us take one example, the Court Theatre at Vienna, of which Mr. Sachs says, "as an example of technical skill in theatre building brought to high perfection, it may serve as a model for future enterprise of a similar nature, whilst from the artist's point of view it conclusively proves to what great excellence the much abused German and Austrian architecture of the last decades can attain when full scope and ample time are allowed," and compare it with D'Oyley Carte's Opera-house in Shaftesbury Avenue which Mr. Sachs gives as the frontispiece to his first volume, and of which he says that "it is the

most perfectly equipped building of its class ever seen in England, and in every way architecturally suited for its purposes." If, further, we take into account also the peculiar difficulties with which its architect, Mr. Colcutt, had to contend, a comparison of the two examples suggests that we have in the latter a brilliant design full of character and displaying a progress in style, qualities in which the former is quite devoid. The difficulties referred to in the D'Oyley Carte Opera-house were two-fold: first, that the arrangement and construction were entrusted to one whom Mr. Sachs describes as "a master-builder" in theatre construction, and Mr. Colcutt had to accept the block subject to certain constructional features in the disposal of which an artistic arrangement had never been thought of; and, secondly, the

opera-house was greatly handicapped by the shape of the site on which it stands, no boundary being at right angles to any other. Except in the vestibule, the ceiling of which is deplorable owing to its shape and the unsightly irregularly-planned girders which cross it, and in the scheme for the structural design of the interior, in which there are no apparent supports either to the galleries or the ceiling, there can be no doubt that Mr. Colcutt's design is in its artistic conception far ahead of any other theatre, either in England or the Continent.

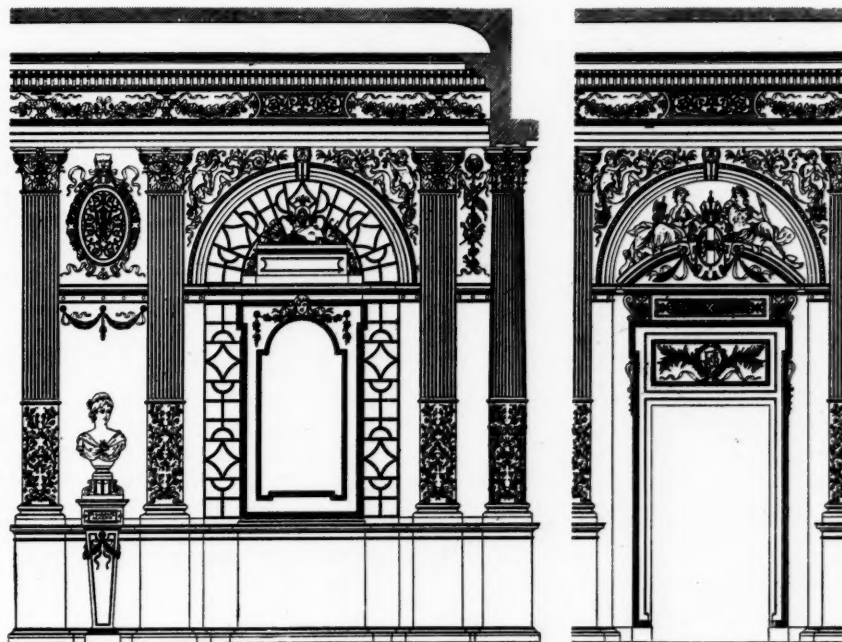
Returning to the Vienna Court Theatre, it is possible that, from its position and extent, the monumental character of the principal front, and the wealth in material and sculpture, it is an imposing building; but Mr. Sachs goes further than this in his description. He claims that the theatres published in the first volume (referring only probably to the Continental examples) "have been going through an evolutionary process," "until the lines of the Vienna Court Theatre were reached;" in other words, that this structure shows the greatest perfection which has been attained in theatre design. Let us analyse its composition. The centre portion of the main front forms a segment on plan, always a fine feature on account of the play of light and shade it gives; instead, however, of accentuating this feature by wings, the architect destroys it by affixing a frontispiece in the centre. To the right and left of this centre are two enormous wings containing staircases. The principle beauty of a plan is its compactness,



THE STAIRCASE, COURT OPERA-HOUSE, STOCKHOLM  
(From "Modern Opera-houses and Theatres.")

and however imposing these projecting wings may be in elevation when viewing the building at a distance, in execution, and when seen *en passant*, they look like excrescences added afterwards. Perhaps, however, they may present some compensation inside. On the contrary, the view of the interior on page 13, apart from the richness of the decoration of painting and sculpture, is about as ugly as it is possible to conceive. Internally the ceiling of the

and to produce a picturesque effect. The architects of the Vienna Court Theatre have elected to go back to the old stock-in-trade in the employment of pilasters, columns, and arcades. It cannot be said that they have improved in any way on the earlier examples of Palladio or Michelangelo. They have lost the simplicity of the one, and the vigorous though sometimes coarse detail of the other. Can this be called progress: to return to the features of a



DETAILS OF LOUNGE AND FOYER, COURT THEATRE, VIENNA

(Reduced from "Modern Opera-houses and Theatres.")

theatre is fine, but it has no apparent support on the side of the proscenium or the gallery. The design of the gallery front is very commonplace, and the decoration of the balcony-front of the second and third tiers is in defiance of the laws which should govern the treatment of curved surfaces.

Coming now to the decorative treatment of the exterior, the comparison which we have instituted between the Vienna Court Theatre and the D'Oyley Carte Opera-house comes to our aid in showing two principles of design absolutely divergent one from the other. The problem in both, however, is the same, viz., the decorative treatment in the breaking up of wall surfaces. Mr. Colcutt flanks his main front with octagonal turrets, doubtless to mark the absence of right angles in the plan, and he continues these features on the winding front facing Shaftesbury Avenue. Smaller octagonal projecting turrets are found on both fronts, the primary object of these features being to break up the main lines of front,

bygone age, and attempt with new combination of large pilasters and small columns with arcades between—all features which have nothing to do with constructional requirements—to evoke something new? There is no doubt the architects were well equipped with all the paraphernalia of Italian architecture, here and there enhanced by the introduction of some of the more elegant forms of the cinque-cento period, but seeing that, as Mr. Sachs says, "they had full scope and ample time," was it worth while trying to bring life again into a skeleton?

The worst features in the Vienna Court Theatre are the huge pilasters running through two floors and stilted on high pedestals; the intrusion of these features is much more objectionable by their being square instead of circular, whilst they throw out of scale the smaller orders of the ground and first floor. In this respect the two opera-houses at Dresden, the Municipal Theatre at Odessa, and the proposed Court

Opera-house at St. Petersburg are all superior in design, and the rusticated ground floor of the latter enhances and gives scale and value to the arcade and column decoration of the first floor. In each of these cases the peculiar value of the curved portion of the front has been destroyed by a central frontispiece, but it is better supported by the wings than in the Vienna Theatre. In the Municipal Theatre at Halle, the superposition of the Ionic order on the first floor with columns half as high again as those of the Doric order on the ground floor is an anachronism in Italian architecture which suggests that its architect was not acquainted with the elementary principles of its design: a plain rusticated treatment on the ground storey would have given value to the order above. The vestibule and staircase of the Linden Variety Theatre in the Louis XIV. style is well designed, judged from the perspective sketch on page 28, and is the most picturesque example in the volume. There is no attempt at architectural propriety either in the Wagner Opera-house at Bayreuth or the People's Palace at Worms. The best feature in the Alhambra in Leicester Square is the satisfactory support of the ceiling on arcades carried by slender shafts to the floor of the hall. The Municipal Theatre at Amsterdam is designed on the same principle as the exterior of the D'Oyley Carte Opera-house. The breaking up of the wall surface is obtained by the

projection of the angle bays, and the orders are only employed as necessary features, and on a small scale, to give a rich, decorative character to the windows. It is unfortunate that Mr. Sachs should have omitted to give plans and elevation of the New Opera-house at Vienna, designed by Siccartsburg and completed about 1866, this building partaking somewhat of the same character as the two theatres just named, and suggesting a real progress in architectural design when compared with the Vienna Court Theatre.

R. PHENÉ SPIERS.



VIEW OF PROSCENIUM BOXES, COURT THEATRE, VIENNA

(From "Modern Opera-houses and Theatres.")

MR. RUDOLF LEHMANN'S happy passion for reproducing from life the features of all the most eminent men and women into contact with whom he has come, has resulted, after a long and fortunate career, in a collection of pencil portraits which for extent and general interest has been surpassed by few artists, if any, who ever lived. Church and State, Literature and Drama, Science and Music, Painting and Sculpture, all have their representatives here, and eminent ones, too—in the remarkable gallery which has been published, with biographical notes, by Messrs. George Bell.\* In these four score portraits—reproduced with remarkable success considering the

technical difficulty of the task—we have clever art

\* "Men and Women of the Century:" being a Collection of Portraits and Sketches by Mr. Rudolf Lehmann. Edited by H. C. Marillier. (George Bell and Sons, 1896.)





ADOLPH MENZEL.

(Drawn by Rudolph Lehmann. From "Men and Women of the Century.")

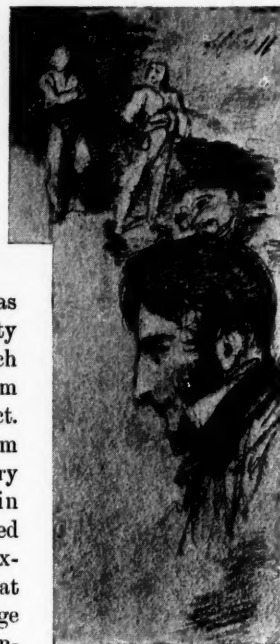


allied to skilful portraiture. These are historical documents of real value, present and future, and though at times a little weak in touch, they bear their truth upon their face. In several cases, indeed, they are the only portraits of the sitters we know of, so that the volume makes direct appeal to the general reader, the historian, as well as to the student of physiognomy and the lover of art. Judged as the side occupation, so to say, of an active artistic life, this volume must be pronounced as remarkable for its enterprise as for its interest and success.

HAD we not the assurance of Mr. Felix Moscheles that his subject not only approved of, but actually assisted in, the publication of this book we should have been inclined to deplore, for the sake of the eminent draughtsman's reputation, the publication of the numerous sketches which illustrate "In Bohemia with du Maurier" (T. Fisher Unwin). Mr. Moscheles and du Maurier were chums and studio companions in Antwerp, and continued their bachelor intimacy up to the time of the artist's marriage. During that period du Maurier was a constant correspondent of his friend, and made a host of sketches illustrative of incidents,

reminiscences which are promised us. The book is one which every reader of *Murger* will rejoice in.

THE amiable weakness of George Cruikshank in introducing his portrait, more or less furtively, into his etched and drawn work has supplied Mr. George S. Layard with the subject for a delightful monograph, which he has treated with a vivacity and charm from which not even the enthusiasm of an expert can detract. We think we may claim familiarity with every autograph portrait in Cruikshank's published work; and we must express our surprise that Mr. Layard's knowledge



GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

(Drawn by Himself)



IN THE ATELIER GLEYRE.

(From "In Bohemia with du Maurier.")

real or fancied, in their student life. They are jovial, delightful, and as full of spirits as Mr. Moscheles' text, and contain about an equal amount of artistic excellence. Some very few of these recall the du Maurier we know of *Punch* and the *Cornhill*; but as an illustration of artistic Bohemia the book is so brightly and charmingly irresponsible that we look forward to the further series of Mr. Moscheles'

not only includes them all without omission, but that he has also been able to present to his readers hitherto unknown *remarque* portraits on trial plates—afterwards cleaned off before printing the issue—and many portraits besides not intended for publication. The value and interest of this beautifully produced little volume—"George Cruikshank's Portraits of Himself" (W. T. Spencer)—is not to be gauged by the title. It is full of information, of gossip and solid knowledge, which together form a psychological study of no mean order, and, enabling us to understand better the character, the work, and the associations of the great caricaturist, constitute an important chapter in the artist's life as valuable as it is pleasing. The illustrative matter is in itself sufficient to show the extreme limitations of the master—the highest point at which his draughtsmanship reached, and the most playful of the liberties which he took with the human figure. The reproductions of the portraits referred to—and all are here—could not be bettered.

## THE ROYAL ACADEMY ELECTIONS.

IN view of the unusual importance of these elections, we think it of some historic interest to place on record the principal details of the voting.

MR. J. S. SARGENT'S ELECTION. *First "Scratching."* Mr. Sargent, 10; Mr. Leader, 10; Mr. Gregory, 8; Mr. Seymour Lucas, 6; Mr. Colin Hunter, 6; Mr. Waterlow, 5; Mr. Storey, 3; Mr. Stanhope Forbes, 2.

*Second "Scratching."* Mr. Sargent, 16; Mr. Leader, 14; Mr. Gregory, 9; Mr. Seymour Lucas, 6; Mr. Colin Hunter, 5; Mr. Waterlow, 3.

*Final Ballot.* Mr. Sargent, 32; Mr. Leader, 20.

MR. ALFRED PARSONS' ELECTION. *First "Scratching."* Mr. Alfred East, 9; Mr. H. H. La Thangue, 8; Mr. Shannon, 7; Mr. Parsons, 5; Mr. A. S. Cope, 5. Mr. Belcher, Mr. M. R. Corbet, Mr. Aston Webb, Mr. Mark Fisher, Mr. T. C. Gotch, Mr. J. H. Lorimer, Mr. Napier Hemy, Mr. Lionel P. Smythe, Mr. H. S. Tuke, Mr. Caton Woodville, Mr. Adrian Stokes, and Mr. E. U. Eddis also received support.

*Second "Scratching."* Mr. Parsons, 14; Mr. La Thangue, 14; Mr. Shannon, 10; Mr. A. East, 10; Mr. Cope, 5.

*Final Ballot.* Mr. Parsons, 29; Mr. La Thangue, 25.

MR. J. J. SHANNON'S ELECTION. *First "Scratching."* Mr. Shannon, 15; Mr. La Thangue, 13; Mr. East, 7; Mr. Corbet, 4. Mr. Cope, Mr. Belcher, Mr. Aston Webb, Mr. Joseph Farquharson, Mr. Mark Fisher, Mr. Lorimer, Mr. H. S. Tuke, Mr. Caton Woodville, and Mr. Adrian Stokes also received support.

*Second "Scratching."* Mr. Shannon, 20; Mr. La Thangue, 19; Mr. East, 10; Mr. Corbet, 5.

*Final Ballot.* Mr. Shannon, 29; Mr. La Thangue, 25.

It is hardly necessary to dwell upon the achievements of Mr. Sargent. The innovation, both in subject and treatment, that first marked "Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose," was quickly appreciated by the Academy, and, under Lord Leighton's influence, this manifesto, so to call it, of the Florentine-born, Paris-taught young American was quickly acquired for the Chantrey Bequest collection. "La Carmencita," not less for its daring and *bravura* than for its accomplished technique and masterly handling, proved that we had amongst us a craftsman of the highest rank, and from that time forward the brilliant series of female portraits presenting the very essence of life, and the forceful portraits of men—such as Mr. Coventry Patmore, Mr. Graham Robertson, and Mr. Chamberlain—showed a continuous increase of power and painter-like knowledge. So dexterous, so brilliant, so facile in effects, so genuinely "impressionist" in the higher sense of the word, were his pictures, that the work of all but the

very strongest paled near his. Nor will he stoop to flattery either of man or woman; his likenesses are remorselessly true, and all that he adds of grace is of his own painter's self. Of sentiment there is not much; of outside thought, less; his art is painter's craftsmanship, and the highest of its kind. In his decoration, however, he has let us see that he has a soul and an intellectual force of an elevated order. Beneath the splendid invention and gorgeous scheme of colour and design in his decoration for the Boston Library, Mr. Sargent showed how lofty a conception he could take of human thought and human aspiration. His first exhibit was in the Academy of 1882, but not for some years did he come to reside in London. He was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1894, and not more than three years were to pass before the Academy set the final seal of its appreciation upon his genius.

A year before Mr. Sargent introduced his work to the English public, Mr. James Jebusa Shannon sent his first portrait to a London exhibition. Since that time in the exhibitions of the Royal Society of British Artists, of which he was once a member, and at the Institute of Painters in Oil-Colours, to which he still belongs, as well also as of the Society of Portrait Painters, Mr. Shannon has proved in a hundred canvases how excellent a painter of portraits he is. He lacks in fire and brilliancy, as well as in spontaneity, much of what goes to make up the genius of Mr. Sargent; but there is about his work a measure of reticence and grace, and originality as well, that for a long while past have been carrying him steadily into the favour of the appreciative public. Mr. Shannon has a distinct sense of beauty, a daintiness of handling, a subtle charm of colour which are extremely agreeable in themselves to the spectator, and most of all, no doubt, to the sitter, while entirely in accordance with the precepts and traditions of sound art. Mr. Shannon, hardly less than his countryman, Mr. Sargent, is an acquisition of whom the Academy may well be proud.

Mr. Alfred Parsons' green fields, flowering gardens, blossoming orchards, undulating uplands, all brightness and sunshine, have had their admirers for many years past. A lover of robust colour, he is nevertheless supreme in pen-draughtsmanship of flowers and landscape—a master of black-and-white, who is able to show the delicacy and fragility of plants, each in its own degree of intensity, as none before in England has ever done. Mr. Parsons has earned his distinction, and will doubtless justify still further the good opinion of Burlington House.

## THE ART MOVEMENT (PARIS).

### I.—DOOR FURNITURE. II.—STAINED GLASS.

THE man who shall write the history of the art of the latter part of this century, when the lapse of years enables him to judge of men and things at a distance which sets them in a true light, cannot fail to assign a place of honour to Monsieur S. Bing, who has really been one of

the pioneers of an important movement in art. M. Bing has brought together, in an exhibition called *L'Art Nouveau*, works of great variety in arts and crafts. And by admitting contributions from English decorators and designers, he affords young French artists a wide field for study and observation. He has at the same time invited the best known of the French craftsmen to exhibit, and we here see side by side frescoes by Besnard, glass vessels by Koepping, pictures by Carrière, pottery by Bigot, earthenware by Delaherche, glass by Gallé and Daum, bindings by Vallgren, and furniture by Serrurier.

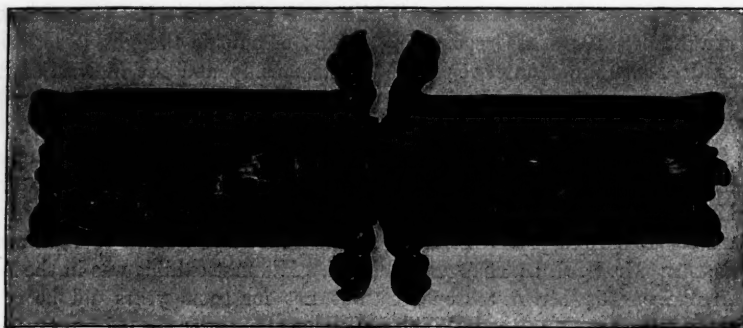
M. Bing has lately added to his show another class of work which is interesting, and, above all, new to the French public. I speak of fittings for doors, most of them the work of M. Gustave Charpentier, the clever sculptor. To the praise of this young artist it must be said that, not satisfied with his early-won laurels, he perseveringly seeks new ornamental forms with no less skill than virile energy. His four locks are effective and elegant, and very boldly imagined. He has striven to represent Music, Poetry, Painting, and Sculpture, and in the last he displays in the modelling a touch of amazing lightness. His finger-plates are also charming, though less marked with his strong individuality.

Next to his works must also be mentioned a pleasing medallion, extremely Parisian in style, by M. Chéret.

M. Erikson, a Danish sculptor, as yet but little known to the Parisian public, sends some window-

fittings of a curious type. The style is somewhat more elaborate and less marked by decorative quality than M. Charpentier's, but M. Erikson has, nevertheless, started in a happy vein

of innovation by trying to replace the commonplace handles, devoid of all style and individuality,



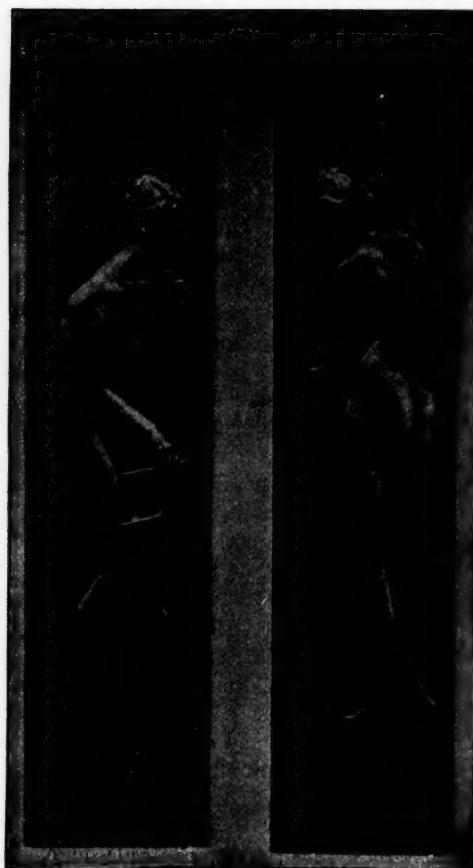
DOOR-PLATE.

(Designed by Erikson. Executed by the Maison Fontaine.)



WINDOW FASTENING.

(Designed by Erikson. Executed by the Maison Fontaine.)



DOOR-PLATES.

(Designed by Gustave Charpentier. Executed by the Maison Fontaine.)

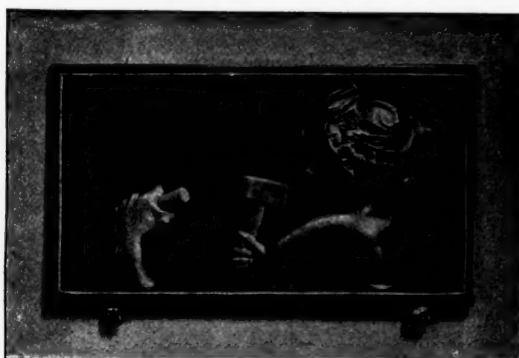
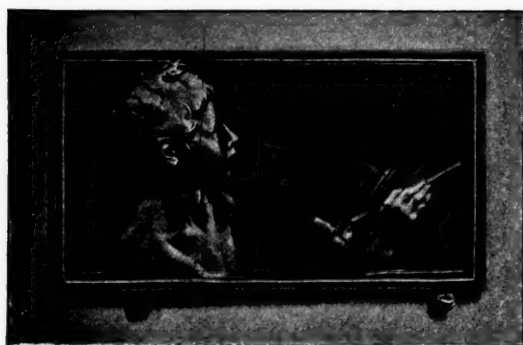
by an elegant and appropriate piece of ornamental design, novel alike in form and treatment. ages or by trying to follow out a new road. However, a group of painters whose efforts deserve to be



DOOR-PLATE.

(Designed by Gustave Charpentier. Executed by the Maison Fontaine.)

The art of stained or painted glass has for long years ceased to be practised in France. While in noticed, though their results are not yet perfection, are endeavouring to reinstate the art of glass-



DOOR-PLATES.

(Designed by Gustave Charpentier. Executed by the Maison Fontaine.)

England, under the splendid stimulus given by William Morris, this art has gone through a triumph painting in its former dignity. The painted glass of M. Ibels, M. Bonnard, M. Roussel, and M. Ranson

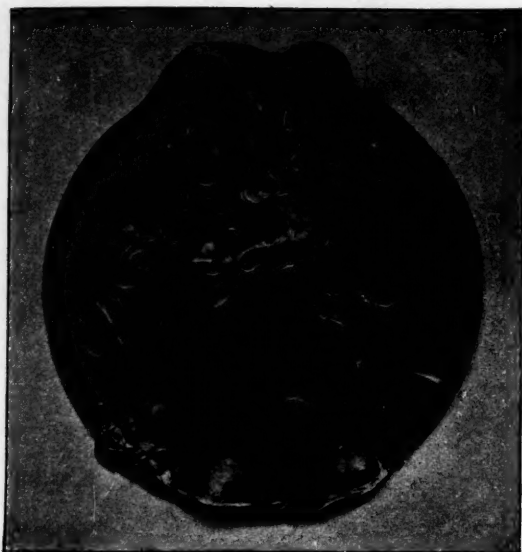


DOOR-PLATE.

(Designed by Gustave Charpentier. Executed by the Maison Fontaine.)

phant renaissance, here no one thought of rescuing it from oblivion, either by imitating the work of past shows very marked advance both in scheme and in drawing. With regard to the execution, these artists





DECORATIVE PLAQUE.  
(Designed by Jules Chéret.)

found themselves in serious difficulties, for it would have been almost impossible in France to realise their conceptions with any approach to perfection.

Here it is that M. Bing has been so great a help to these artists. Having been commissioned by the Director of the "Beaux Arts" to report on the position of art in America, M. Bing was enabled to appreciate the perfection attained by certain American craftsmen in the making of glass, and it occurred to him to have recourse to them to lend their aid to the inexperience of French painters such as MM. Bonnard and Ibels. The first point was to shake off the traditional but faulty style still adhered to by some decorators, as, for instance, M. Galland, whose windows show small skill in the use of the material, though the feeling of the composition, and the inventive powers of the artist, are often extremely interesting.

Thus M. Bing has been, in fact, a connecting link between French designers and American manufacturers, bringing them together to supplement each other. For, while MM. Bonnard, Ibels, and Ranson would not have had their works efficiently carried out in France, neither could Mr. Louis C. Tiffany, who has executed these fine windows, have dispensed with the individuality of style which characterises the young Frenchmen.

It is interesting, in this connection, to make some allusion to this class of decorative work in America. John La Farge, after seeing in England certain painted windows from designs by Madox Brown, Rossetti, and Burne-Jones, was the first American to contemplate the possibility of restoring coloured glass to its ancient importance as an element in general decoration; and he perceived that in this direction a line of distinct advance lay open to him.

Louis C. Tiffany, after him, went further on the scientific side, striving to discover the rich-hued glass of the Gothic period. But he was not content



WINDOW.  
(Designed by Bonnard. Executed by L. C. Tiffany.)

to tread a beaten path. The first thing to be done was to find the secret of the sumptuous material, the whole diapason of lost harmonies, and the craft

our forefathers. M. Ranson's glass window may be regarded as a typical instance.

At the same time the glass-workers who exhibit at *L'Art Nouveau* are open to one critical remark, namely, that they do not strictly confine themselves to the true character and aim of the material they work in. Glass-painting to us is an essentially sacred form of decoration, and it is a misapprehension—or, at least, a serious modification of its uses—to alter its character to so great an extent. In the writer's opinion it can never have its full significance or produce its full effect elsewhere than in the solemn setting of a church or a cathedral. And certainly it is in no such setting that the painful designs of one young artist can find a place, for they are essentially secular in character. Hence we must pause before passing final judgment on the ultimate outcome of these efforts. We must here rest content with pointing out the glass-work at *L'Art Nouveau* as a



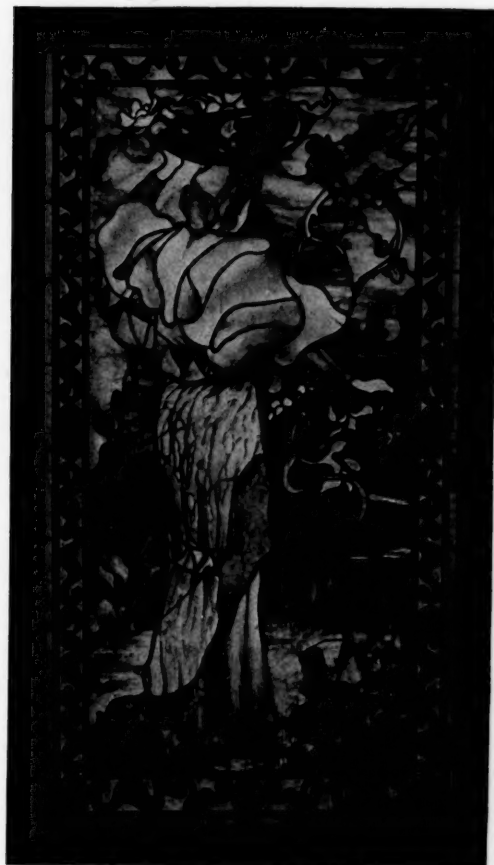
WINDOW.

(Designed by Ibels. Executed by L. C. Tiffany.)

of pictorial simplicity, without the intervention of the painter. Time, again, has constantly added to the splendour of early coloured glass; those slow effects must be brought about by some new process.

Thus Mr. Louis C. Tiffany's efforts had a double aim, he endeavoured both to produce glass of equal quality with the early manufacture, as we see it softened by time, and to discover new methods, and produce new results such as might satisfy modern requirements, while faithful still to the old strict simplicity of style.

Later still he aimed at increasing the splendid combinations he had hit upon. Not content with having invented the rarest colours in glass itself, he proceeded to introduce fragments of various natural materials, transparent slices of pebbles or precious crystals. These split, cut, and polished, give singular beauty to his work, with effects undreamed of by



WINDOW.

(Designed by Ranson. Executed by L. C. Tiffany.)

highly interesting experiment, justifying us in looking for yet better work from these young decorators.

## MR. GRAHAM ROBERTSON'S NEW DRESSING OF "AS YOU LIKE IT."



ORLANDO.

THERE is too much inclination just now on the part of most managers of theatres to aim in their mounting of plays at arresting the public attention by extravagance of outlay and excess of detail rather than by judicious attention to sound artistic principles. The charm of well-designed and properly balanced effect is, more often than not, entirely lost in a mistaken effort to

gain attractiveness by mere glitter and spectacular display. Everything else is usually sacrificed to the desire to satisfy the uneducated craving for profusion and elaboration without regard for the more valuable qualities which come from careful reticence and intelligent use of material. Mr. Alexander's production of *As You Like It* at the end of last year deserves, therefore, to be recorded, and is entitled to sincere praise, because in it the manager steered an excellent middle course between concession to popular lack of taste, and regard for those extreme developments of artistic expression which appeal to the expert few. In the mounting of the play he had left undone nothing which would give to it a real atmosphere of aesthetic intention. He had made it elaborate without profusion, complete without over-insistence upon detail; and he had succeeded throughout in impressing upon it the stamp of consideration and attention to a dominating scheme of arrangement. This is to be reckoned no small achievement, for it



AUDREY.

implies that Mr. Alexander's design was to depend in the production upon something of higher value than the mere convention which habitually influences most of his fellow-managers. He deserves credit for having departed so intelligently from a theatrical tradition which is none the less vicious because it is in most quarters accepted.

Not a little of the credit must, however, be given to Mr. Graham Robertson, who, as designer of the costumes,



CUPIDS IN MASQUE OF HYMEN.

and generally as the artistic adviser throughout the whole production, was able to impart to the mounting of the play the right touch of pictorial effect. His influence made itself felt in the manner in which every opportunity of emphasising the picturesque quality of the scenes and the optical attractiveness of the groups and situations was turned to account. By careful attention to juxtapositions of colour, by judgment in lighting, and by correct observation of the connection between dramatic action and artistic suggestion, he secured that general consistency without which any scheme of treatment would be impossible of realisation. His colour motives nearly all through were expressed undemonstratively, and without the use of vivid combinations. He preferred to use arrangements which were gentle and persuasive rather than loudly insistent; and to gain his effects by quiet harmonies in preference to animated contrasts. With a commendable sense of pictorial climax he reserved his fuller tones for the moment in the play when the clearing away of the complications by which the characters are affected makes possible the happy ending. In the opening scenes there was a well-judged distinction preserved between the glitter of the court and the quieter dress of Rosalind, the daughter of the banished duke.

In the forest, where gay trappings and gorgeous accessories would be incongruous, the exiled lords wore garments that assorted with their surroundings;

Fortunately the period to which, historically, *As You Like It* belongs is one which admits of picturesque treatment, and therefore observance of



CELIA.

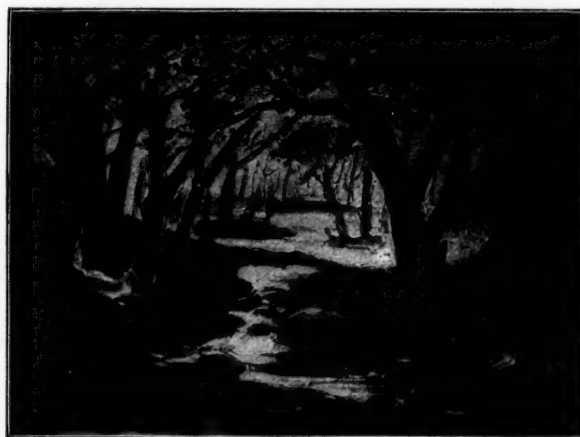


HYMEN.



SHEPHERD AND SHEPHERDESS IN MASQUE OF HYMEN.

and Rosalind herself, in her boyish disguise of green and brown, was appropriately in keeping with the landscape in which she takes her place as a fascinating foreground figure. But, at the end, the nuptial festivities which mark the rounding off of the story gave occasion for much more display. Hymen and her train took part in a masque, a pretty piece of symbolism of which the meaning was made not less clear by the colour progression than by the stages of the action. The country youths and maidens in greys and browns, the bridal nymphs in white draperies, the quaint woodland sprites dressed in skins and wreathed with greenery, served as a foil to the imposing figure of Hymen herself in robes of white and orange, and surrounded by attendant cupids, flower-crowned, and gorgeous in tunics of bright rosy red. The whole scene served as an excellent finish to the play, an ending as happy in its appeal to the eye as dramatically it was satisfactory to the emotions.



SKETCH FOR FOREST SCENE.

(By H. P. Hall.)

archaeological exactness did not obviously limit the artistic intention in the St. James's production. The correctness of the costumes was complete enough to satisfy the student of history, and yet the designer was not denied latitude sufficient to enable him to please the eyes of the average inexperienced lover of pretty effects. The scenery of the play is subject to even less limitations, for, with the exception of the palace court-yard in the first act, it need only express that air of nature which is not affected by any of the dictates of fashion. Mr. H. P. Hall and Mr. W. Hann, who were responsible for the forest scenes, had

only to paint attractive backgrounds, and did so with excellent discretion, suggesting agreeably the mystery and variety of the woodland subjects. Mr. Ryan treated the architectural setting of the palace scene without exaggeration, and avoided the far too common mistake of over-emphasising details which should be kept in proper artistic subjection.



## NEW STENCILTINGS.

WE referred at some length in our November issue to Messrs. Aldam Heaton's stencilled stuffs for wall decoration; we now draw

attention to two special designs which have been executed and applied to the adornment of two houses in Collingham Gardens. Excellent in design and rich in colour, the effect is far in advance of anything that can be obtained from ordinary wall-paper.

The "Fisken" stencil is used on the staircase wall, and is designed on the model of an old English tapestry. By a method of underprinting an entirely different degree of absorption is imparted to the rest of the ground, with the result that all that is printed on it becomes light and dark with a considerable tendency

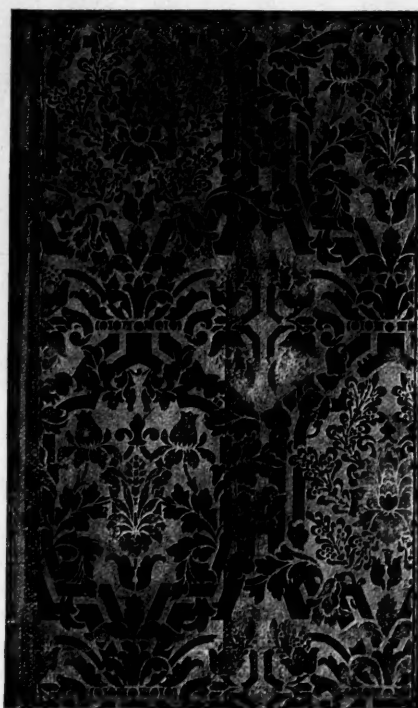
to variations, lending special charm of colour. moderate gradation of colour it has the rich and sober effect pertaining to an antique velvet on similar woven fabrics, rendering it specially suit-



THE "CALAVAS" PATTERN.

to variations, lending special charm of colour.

The "Calavas" pattern is based upon the design of an old Venetian damask, the stencilling being in oil upon a lacquered and metal ground. Owing to the



THE "FISKEN" PATTERN.

able for the purpose to which it has been adapted in this case—the decoration of a dining-room. Both designs are on a good scale, being 4 ft. 6 in. or more in length, and of proportionate width.

## JOHN LA FARGE.

TO the many-sided genius of "John La Farge" (Seeley and Co.) Mrs. Cecilia Waern has devoted an excellent number of the *Portfolio*. Few artists are more interesting than Mr. La Farge, justly celebrated in America as painter and wood-draughtsman, as decorator and religious designer, as modeller and writer, and, above all, to our mind, as designer in glass. There is not only originality in whatever branch of work he undertakes, but beauty and passion, too. As we have said, it is especially as a designer in glass that he rises to his fullest height. In this realm he is a creator with a high sense of decoration and, perhaps, a still higher sense of colour; rightly preferring the inherent beauties of

glass itself to mere surface-paintings and patterns drawn upon its surface. "Stained glass" to him means something more than pictures of saints and heroes. Flowers, or even mere spots of colour, are sufficient motives for him to build up an exquisite pattern more beautiful to look upon than most of the glass-pictures in our churches and cathedrals. How he obtains his beautiful effects with glass-moulding and "plating," and, indeed, how he has risen to the eminence which undoubtedly is his, should be learnt from this most interesting volume. It is rare to find an artist gifted at once with so poetic a spirit allied to the more vigorous and original power of design.



FROM A PEN DRAWING.  
(By R. Spence.)

## THE DECORATION OF THE PRINTED BOOK.

THERE would seem to be two notable periods in the history of almost every one of the applied arts: the one when the new method is exploited for the first time and its limitations have not been overcome; the other when craftsmen again recognise, and this time consciously, the importance of those limitations which it had been the object of their immediate predecessors to combat. The results of the first period show a happy instinct due more to lack of technique than to intentional simplicity; the second, when the danger of mere technical extravagance is felt, and when it is recognised that to surmount certain limitations defeats its own end, has conscious simplicity renewed.

Of course such renaissance may, and often does, occur more than once, with broad intervals of time and locality separating each manifestation. But a certain aspect of unconscious rectitude or distinctly

loyal obedience to the conditions of the material mark all such periods. In stained-glass, mosaic, and many other branches of the arts, this theory might be applied successfully, especially so to the art of "book-building" (as modern art-slang has it). For, as we all know, in the very first days of the making of books, in missals, and other illuminated manuscripts, the whole page was a panel of consistent decoration, the letters playing a part no less important than the devices. So in the earlier printed



ITALIAN SCHOOL (FIFTEENTH CENTURY).  
"The Discovery of the Indies" (Florence, 1493).



GERMAN SCHOOL (SIXTEENTH CENTURY).

("Pomerium de Tempore." By Johann Othmar. Augsburg, 1502.)

books, the same principle was obeyed more or less. But from the end of the fifteenth century until the middle of this there seems to have been no important attempt to construct books on these lines. We find, indeed, admirable type, with, at times, admirable decoration and often really fine pictures; but all apparently unrelated to each other, and the result of the page seems to be due to at least two—or possibly three—persons, all holding distinctly divergent ideals. Taste has been bestowed plentifully enough; nor is it by any means "mostly bad;" but the art of producing a consistent entity is usually ignored. We find bound portfolios of engravings, interspersed with pages of text, and still later pages of not particularly elegant type plastered with pictures, wherein by wood-engraving or process the aim has been to imitate a wash-drawing, but a harmonious page rarely, if ever.

The decorative illustration of books has been the subject of many lectures and many occasional articles, and in the history of early-printed books

this aspect of the subject has naturally taken a prominent place. But a volume wholly devoted to it was not in existence until Mr. Walter Crane, an artist peculiarly fitted for the task, remodelled certain "Cantor" lectures delivered before the Society of Arts, and extended them to include the latest recruits to the new school of book-building. This volume in the familiar "Ex Libris" series "Of the Decorative Illustration of Books Old and New" (George Bell and Sons), is itself a fair specimen of the ideal set forth in its argument. As every one of its hundred and fifty illustrations has been reproduced, nearly always in its original size, the book cannot be regarded as an ideally consistent attempt; for it is of the first importance in a really beautiful volume, that every device, picture, or other decoration should have been designed for its particular position, upon a scale planned with close attention to the "face" of the type employed.

This may be regarded as the commonplace of the subject—a statement that the youngest student of Birmingham, or the oldest disciple of Mr. William Morris, has at his fingers' end. But so far, if you wanted to refer to the argument, no convenient book was at hand; and Mr. Crane has done much more than reiterate the bald statement here set down. He has shown his sympathy with very different ideals—with the purely Gothic style of the Kelmscott Press, naturally, but without prejudice to the movement based on the English Renaissance which "the Century Guild" revived, or to the ideal based more directly on the Florentine Renaissance which the Vale Press has re-instituted. Even Mr. Beardsley, of the *Morte d'Arthur* period, and Mr. W. H. Bradley, the young American, both receive appreciation. It is also interesting to note certain early pictures by Charles Keene, Rossetti, Sandys, and Lawless, which deliberately renewed the manner of Dürer or Burgmair. One or two unfamiliar names occur, Calvert and Bateman for instance, which prove that Mr. Crane has not skimmed his subject, but explored it thoroughly. Even Mr. Howard Pyle in America, and certain younger Frenchmen and Belgians, receive a due share of his notice and their rightful appreciation.

But perhaps the most valuable of the illustrations he has included are those which are taken from the late William Morris's unique collection of early printed books and MSS. Many of these have not been reproduced before; and although we may not



discover anything surpassingly above woodcuts of the same period which are familiar enough, yet because they are new they impress one more keenly, and enforce more directly the lesson Mr. Crane has set himself to teach. But it is folly to expect that an ideal which belongs to the far past can ever supply the average wants of the average reader to-day. We do not expect or wish to see every volume that leaves the press made into a work of decorative art. As good furniture or fabrics may exist without ornament, and become beautiful by the simplicity with which the usefulness of the object is achieved, so all we can ask of modern fact or fiction is that it shall not be meanly printed or made hideous by superfluous decoration. Books of real beauty can be found at all periods, which do not contain an atom of decoration. Some may not agree with Mr. Walter Crane's standard in a single particular; but on the other hand every style is liable to be made unattractive by lack of care. For a book is a product of so many hands; the responsibility for its production is, as a rule, divided between three people at least—author, printer, and publisher—and in days when few volumes are not illustrated we must add artist and engraver to the essential trio. Nor does this exhaust the total of those in whose hands the book is shaped. Printers' readers have their ideas of dividing words and breaking up paragraphs. The title page may or may not be left to a compositor of florid taste, whose effort is to include as many varieties of type as its lines permit. So, too, the binder with his "guillotine" may, and unluckily often does, "finish" a book with a vengeance. In fact, the perils which beset a volume from its MS. to the critic's table are more than an outsider dreams of, and the wonder is rather that any books approach an ideal standard of perfection, than that most fall short.

Mr. Walter Crane, starting with early MSS., traces the progress of the book until its decline towards the close of the sixteenth century. This he does with much insight and appreciation, and perhaps from a more purely decorative standpoint than that which any of the many historians of the period have adopted. But it is possibly in the later chapters, where he formulates certain principles, and illustrates his meaning with examples freely borrowed from contemporary work, that he will be found to be most in-

structive. For not merely the proportions of the page and its margin, the face of the type and the various matters which concern the designer and the printer, come under notice, but other items, such as title-pages, and head and tail pieces, are discussed freely. Even end papers do not escape notice. The examples he quotes are not confined to British produce, but range from Japan to San Francisco. In laying stress upon the importance of proportion and upon orthodox well-planned lettering, he advances arguments which seem entirely unassailable, and should have effect upon the vast army of illustrators, some of whom are peculiarly unmindful of these two most important factors. The following passage will show how lightly Mr. Crane has treated the subject, and yet how very seriously he has studied his theme. It is the charm of the book, that although didactic it never preaches, but gives advice and hints of great practical value in a readable and non-controversial manner.



GERMAN SCHOOL (SIXTEENTH CENTURY).

"Der Weiss König." By Hans Burgkmair (1512-1514).



After discussing the importance of acknowledging frankly the necessarily rectangular character of the type-page, Mr. Crane goes on to say:—

"But first, if one may, paradoxically, begin with 'end paper' as it is curiously called, there is the lining of the book. Here the problem is to cover two leaves entirely in a suggestive and

potential book borrower to piously return) may appear hereon—the book-plate.

"If we are to be playful and lavish, if the book is for Christmastide or for children, we may catch a sort of fleeting butterfly idea on the fly-leaves before we are brought with becoming, though dignified curiosity to a short pause at the half-title. Having read this, we are supposed to pass on with somewhat

bated breath until we come to the double doors, and the front and full title are disclosed in all their splendour.

"Even here, though, the whole secret of the book should not be let out, but rather played with or suggested in a symbolic way, especially in any ornament on the title-page, in which the lettering should be the chief ornamental feature. A frontispiece may be more pictorial in treatment if desired, and it is reasonable to occupy the whole of the type page both for the lettering of title and the picture in the front; then, if richness of effect is desired, the margin may be covered also almost to the edge of the paper by inclosing borders, the width of these borders varying according to the varying width of the paper margin, and in the same proportions, *recto* and *verso* as the case may be, the broad side turning outwards to the edge of the book each way."

It seemed best to quote a rather long passage in full, rather than to attempt to condense the argument of the whole book in a few paragraphs.

For if Mr. Crane has no new secrets to divulge and hardly any novel truths to proclaim, he has formulated the theory which both he and Mr. Morris have put in practice in a most intelligent fashion, and shows his loyalty by example and precept on every page of this comely book.

The construction of a really perfect book is far more likely to be achieved by avoiding blemishes than by including merely decorative adjuncts. The creed of splendid simplicity is never a popular one, and in the days of cheap blocks and ambitious young designers, the danger of over-doing ornament is more than ever one which lurks close at hand. But if designers and publishers will study the sound principles here laid down, the result cannot but be good, for herein no eccentricity, no wilful following of exploded theories is advised. Common sense with good taste sums up nearly all that makes for art, in a book, or any other object of craftsmanship. It is this which the author of "Decorative Illustration" urges and insists upon, directly and indirectly; and because his reasoning is sound the principles he advances can be applied to books treated in quite another fashion than the one which he favours most.

E. B. S.



FROM A PEN DRAWING.

(By Patten Wilson.)

agreeable, but not obtrusive way. One way is to design a repeating pattern much on the principle of a small printed textile, or miniature wall-paper, in one or more colours. Something delicately suggestive of the character and contents of the book is in place here, but nothing that competes with the illustrations proper. It may be considered as a kind of quadrangle, forecourt, or even a garden or grass plot before the door.

"We are not intended to linger long here, but ought to get some hint or encouragement to go on into the book. The arms of the owner (if he is fond of heraldry, and wants to remind the

## NOTES AND QUERIES.

[For "Regulations," see THE MAGAZINE OF ART for November.]

[25] **PORTRAITS BY HOLBEIN.**—Among the Holbein portraits in the Imperial Art Museum at Vienna are those of Queen Jane Seymour and of John Chambers, physician to Henry VIII, in his eighty-eighth year. These portraits were painted when Holbein was installed as painter to the Court. Besides these there are five other portraits by this master, painted when he was in England; of these two are round canvases, eleven centimetres in diameter, representing

monogram exactly similar was adopted by Hans Bol, who lived 1534–83. Is it possible that Doyle deliberately copied this mark?—D.

\*\*\* It is not at all probable, inasmuch as "HB" is in reality I.D. twice repeated, one beneath the other. As regards the question of originality, the matter would be a difficult one to set at rest, for many artists, painters, and engravers have used this sign-manual, either



PORTRAITS OF—WHOM?

(By Holbein. In the Imperial Art Museum at Vienna.)

a gentleman and a lady—probably his wife—that are evidently companion portraits. These portraits are anonymous, but the initials of Henricus Rex, embroidered upon the scarlet robes of the gentleman, indicate that he was also attached to the Court. The inscription upon the portrait of the gentleman is—"Etatis Suae 30, Anno 1534," and that upon the other canvas is "Etatis Suae 28, Anno 1534." The query is, whom do these portraits represent? The valuable opportunity herewith generously afforded by THE MAGAZINE OF ART inspires the hope that the accompanying reproductions of photographs from the originals may interest some of its readers to institute such comparisons with other portraits of the same individuals, if now extant, as shall lead to their identification.—J. H. D. (Vienna).

[26] **JOHN DOYLE'S MONOGRAM.**—I always understood that the familiar monogram "HB" was peculiarly that of John Doyle, the draughtsman of the numerous political satires. I now find that a

as it stands, or with some slight addition. Of these may be mentioned—J. Behan, H. Bloemart, J. de Bry, Hans Baldung Grün, Jakob Binck, H. van Balen, Horace Borgiam, Jan Bockhorst, Sigismund Holbein, Jan van Hugtenborg, Hans Brosamer, Isaac Brunn, and Leopold Hugo Büreknier. This list might possibly be extended.—S.

[27] **EARLIEST TREATISES ON MINIATURE PAINTING.**—We know with fair accuracy the age of the earliest miniatures from those which have come down to us. But was any literary notice given to the art by contemporary writers? What was the first treatise written upon the art?—J. HENRY.

\*\*\* If we exclude as uncertain "The School of Miniatures," published in London in 1733, and said to be printed "from an old MS.," of which a copy is in the British Museum, and if, for the same reason, we also put aside the "Escole de la Mignature," of which the *second*

edition was published at Lyons in 1679, the earliest treatise I know of is to be found in "The Excellency of the Pen and Pencil" [the latter word being used in the old sense of "brush"] by an anonymous author, and printed by Thomas Ratcliff and Thomas Daniel, and sold by them at the Chyrurgeons Arms and at the Golden Lyon. It is dated 1668. This book, which is based in part upon the writings of Dürer and Holbein, is described as "A Work very useful for all Gentlemen, and other Ingenious Spirits, either Artificers or others;" and it is to be noted—a fact which will be appreciated by all bibliophiles—that it is entirely unknown to Lowndes. Eight pages are devoted to "Miniture," and how to finish a head in three sittings—the first, of two hours; the second, of four or five; and the last, of three hours. The directions are interesting for the indications both for each separate stage in the execution, and for the colours to be used: "lake and white mingled," red-lead for the face, "indico blew," umber, ivory-black, "*English-oker*," with cherry-stone, silver, and "bise." "Landskip" is also dealt with. It is interesting to observe how, while urging high finish, the author insists on the maintaining of breadth throughout the whole operation.—S.

[28] **MILLAIS' "EVE OF ST. AGNES."**—Will you inform me if Sir John Millais ever executed another version of "The Eve of St. Agnes," now in the possession of Mr. Val Prinsep, R.A.?—at least, in black and white.—J. L.

\* \* Our correspondent evidently refers to the drawing on wood made by Millais in 1857 to illustrate Tennyson's poem, now the property of Messrs. Macmillan. In this exquisite little work the heroine is standing by the turret window, candle in hand, her breath showing in the cold air, as she looks out over the brilliant moonlit church buildings under snow. There is another version of the same idea—a wood-block, engraved from a pen-and-ink drawing made in 1854 (in the possession of Messrs. Cramer), for Leslie's "Songs for Little Folks," published by Messrs. Cassell and Co. In this block the position is reversed; at least, it is more likely that it was the design in the first engraving that was necessarily reversed through being drawn direct on wood instead of being photographed on to it in a contrary sense, so that it should print the right way.

#### NOTES.

**THE LAYARD COLLECTION.**—In accordance with a suggestion received from a correspondent we publish herewith, by the courtesy of Lady Layard,

a complete list of pictures at Ca' Capello, Venice, collected by the late Sir Henry Layard, which will in due course become the property of the nation:—

Montagna, "St. John Baptist and Two Saints."	Gentile Bellini, "Portrait of Mohamet II."
B. Licinio, "Holy Family."	Filippino Lippi, Portrait.
Flemish School, "Christ Nailed to the Cross."	Ercole Grande, "Virgin and Saints."
Buonconsiglio or Montagna, "Head of St. John the Baptist."	Boccacino, "Virgin and Child and Angels."
Girolamo dai Libri (attributed to), "Ascension of the Virgin."	Lorenzo Costa, "Nativity."
G. Bellini, "Virgin and Child."	Bonifazio, Sketch for "Dives and Lazarus" in the Accademia.
Palma Vecchio, "St. George."	Cima, "Virgin and Child and Saints."
Vandyck, Portrait.	Bonifazio, "Solomon and the Queen of Sheba."
Borgognone, "Two Saints."	Masolino, "Nativity."
Sandro Botticelli, School of.	Patenier, "The Flight into Egypt."
Lorenzetti, A., "Two Heads" (fresco).	Flemish School, "The Magdalen."
Bissolo, "Virgin and Child, Saints," etc.	Cosimo Tura, "Spring."
Sebastian del Piombo, "Dead Christ."	Garofalo, Two Portraits.
Bramantino, "Adoration of Magi."	Ercole Grande, Two Subjects from the History of Moses.
Carpaccio, "Landing of St. Ursula."	Giulio Clovio, "The Tree of Jesse."
Previtali, "Head of Christ."	Moretto, "St. John the Baptist."
Jacopo de' Barbari, "A Falcon."	Marco Zoppo, "Christ Bound."
Memmi (attributed to), Initial Letter.	Garofalo, "St. Catherine."
Buonsignori, "Virgin and Child and Four Saints."	Antonello da Messina, Portrait.
G. Ferrari, "Annunciation."	Paris Bordone, "Christ Baptising St. John of Alexandria."
Savoldo, "St. Jerome."	Carpaccio, "Virgin appearing to a Devotee."
Romanino, "The Muses."	Bonifazio, "A Battle."
Moretto, "Virgin and Child and Saints."	Morone, "Allegorical Figure of Chastity."
Moretto, Portrait.	Bazzi or Sodoma, "Virgin and Child."
Moroni, Portrait.	Titian (attributed to), A Portrait.
Moroni, Portrait.	Gentile Bellini, (attributed to), "Portrait of Doge Marcello."
Gianpedrino, "Christ Bearing the Cross."	Rosalba, Portrait.
Gentile Bellini, "Adoration of the Magi."	Longhi, "Portrait of Rosalba."

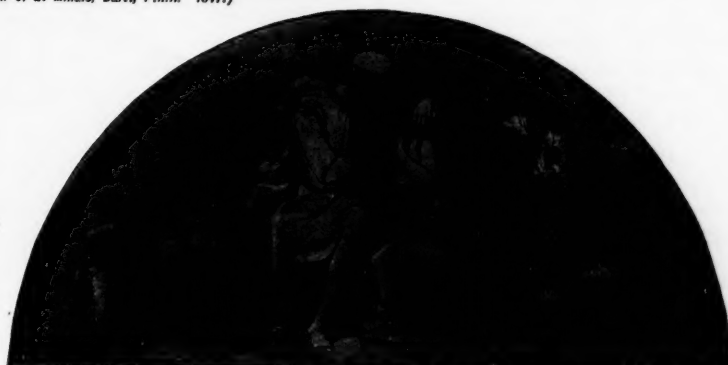
**THE MILLAIS PANELS AT LEEDS.**—We have received the following interesting communication respecting the monochrome sketches by Millais, recently removed from the house now known as the Judges' Lodgings in Leeds to the City Art Gallery there:—"As a son of Mr. Atkinson, solicitor, for whom they were originally painted, I am perhaps better acquainted with their history than anyone else. It was in 1847 that my father, having recently added a wing to the house, containing a circular hall and staircase, had the hall laid with a tessellated pavement designed by Owen Jones, who also supplied a design for the decoration of the walls and dome, to harmonise in colour with the pavement. Over the doors opening on to the hall below, four in number, were lunettes which were left blank for artistic decoration; and over two other doors on the landing above. Writing to his old friend Charles Cope, R.A., my father asked if





CHILDHOOD. (Panel by Sir J. E. Millais, Bart., P.R.A. 1847.)

he could recommend to him a student of the Academy who could design and paint groups of figures for these spaces. Accordingly young Millais, then eighteen years of age, was named and invited to stay at our house for a part of the long vacation—to the best of my belief in July and August, 1847. During the five or six weeks he lived with us as one



YOUTH. (Panel by Sir J. E. Millais, Bart., P.R.A. 1847.)



MANHOOD. (Panel by Sir J. E. Millais, Bart., P.R.A. 1847.)

of the family. The six sketches were executed in oils on semi-circular canvases and affixed, without frames, to the plaster in the lunettes. They are drawn in sepia with a blue background, the tones harmonising with the walls and pavement. The subjects of the four pictures in the hall were the following:—

"1. 'Childhood.' A female figure seated, holding an infant,

with two other children, right and left, playing with lambs.

"2. 'Youth.' A pair of lovers seated on a flowery bank, and two greyhounds in attendance.

"3. 'Manhood.' A warrior, kneeling on one knee, is being armed for battle by three boys, who bear helmet, sword, spear, etc. A bloodhound lies at one side.

"4. 'Age.' An old philo-

sopher instructing youth in the sciences.

"The two upstairs were:—

"5. 'Music.' Three female figures, one of whom is seated at an organ and attended on one side by a singer and on the other by an angel.

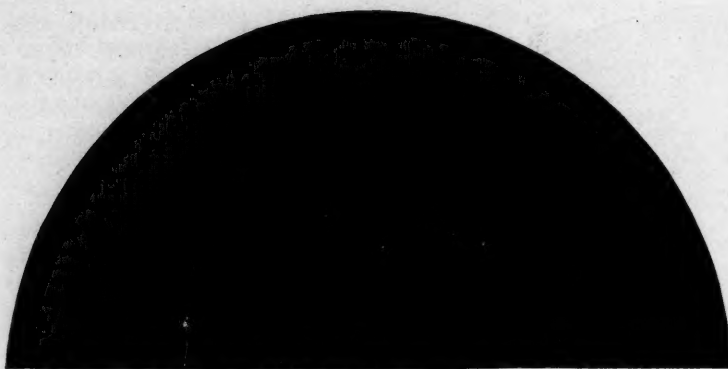
"6. 'Art.' Also represented by three female figures—Poetry, Painting, and the Drama.

"The eminence to which



AGE. (Panel by Sir J. E. Millais, Bart., P.R.A. 1847.)





MUSIC. (Panel by Sir J. E. Millais, Bart., P.R.A. 1947.)

Sir J. E. Millais eventually rose has, of course, greatly enhanced the interest in and value of this early and slight work of his, and it was felt that in their original position they were hidden from all but the favoured few who had access to the Judges' Lodgings.

"It was resolved, therefore, to remove them to the Art Gallery; and though the work

of detaching them from the plaster was a delicate and difficult one, it has been effected with tolerable success. They have been remounted or backed, and are now tentatively placed in similar lunette-shaped panels in the Central Hall.—EDWARD ATKINSON."

[These reproductions are made by the courteous permission of the committee of the City Art Gallery, Leeds.—ED.]



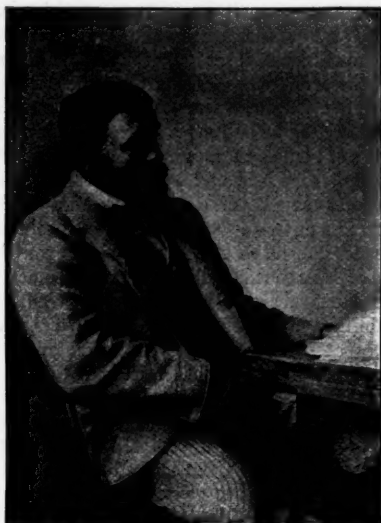
ART. (Panel by Sir J. E. Millais, Bart., P.R.A. 1947.)

## THE CHRONICLE OF ART.—MARCH.

**Art in the Theatre.** THE Drury Lane pantomime, "*Aladdin*," is a veritable *édition de luxe*, published—to keep up the simile—by Mr. OSCAR BARRETT, and illustrated by Mr. WILHELM in a series of living pictures that display once again his remarkable resource in colour and design. The story unfortunately runs so much in the one groove of Chinese convention throughout that it affords fewer legitimate chances for variety than many other subjects; so much the more creditable is the pictorial success accomplished. After witnessing the Egyptian prologue, with its ingenious animated Sphinx properties, we come to a revel of characteristic colour—heliotrope and chocolate, vermillion, slate grey, indigo, sulphur, and white—in the city of Por-se-lin, the keynote of the scene being a bodyguard of state non-descripts in progressive tones of canary, amber, orange, scarlet, crimson, and mulberry, treated in a bold original fashion that arrests attention. A dainty effect of willow pattern blue and white is cool and restful in the laundry scene, and an interlude of Badroulbador and her ladies in blossom brocades brings us to perhaps the most charming scene in the pantomime. Aladdin, dreaming of his Princess in the grove of the temple adjoining the royal palace, sees her in the magic mirror in a vision of beauty (suggestive of the *cloisonné* enamel colouring), surrounded by groups of dancers whose azure robes are embroidered with purple iris, rose-tinted lotus, and silver cranes; the background a

fantasy of bronze and turquoise framed in delicate gold tracery. The "cave" scene ends with a novel tableau—the Genii of the Sun and Moon—who, as embodied in the Lamp and the Ring of the story respectively, are happily made typical of the powers of Wealth and Love, and shower their gifts on Aladdin in place of the more hackneyed jewel ballet. Down a starry stairway comes a phalanx of priests, warriors, and dancers in a finely contrasted scheme of golden maize and silver grey—an instance of Mr. Wilhelm's success in restrained colour. An excellent idea may be traced in the scene, but the actual set of Mr. EMDEN is conspicuously lacking in the true decorative instinct. An interval gives us welcome pause, and presently in the celebration of Aladdin's wedding we find an orange-flower retinue of green and white and gold in various tones, with a ballet that admirably illustrates a quartette of precious white values—ivory, silver, crystal, and pearl. Groups of pages in costumes based on the *Lilium auratum*, of singers in robes all a-shimmer with meandering silver water lines and ruddy gold carp, and maids of honour in delightfully harmonised chrysanthemum raiment, call for special notice in this scene. Here again unfortunately the opportunities afforded to the scenic artist are frittered away, and it says much for the costumes that they emerge triumphant from the conflict with crudely illumined transparencies and an ill-devised and unsympathetic environment. It is pleasant

to be able to add that with the magical disappearance of the Palace a backcloth of distant country shows Mr. Emden in a much more successful light, but on the whole his work claims notice rather by its quantity than its quality. He is



ALFRED PARSONS, A.R.A.  
(From a Photograph by J. H. Roller.)

seen to far greater advantage in landscape "cloths" (the backing of the laundry scene, and the river distance of the market-place, for example), which have a breadth and repose absent from his more ambitious sets already alluded to. Mr. HARKER's scene of the vision in the Palace garden is admirable in construction and design, but less happily handled than is his wont. Mr. CANEY contributes a capital opening scene, and Mr. TELBIN a refined transformation picture.

**A Munificent Gift to Bury.** THE town of Bury has been presented with an important collection of works of art by Miss WRIGLEY and Messrs. OSWALD and FREDERIC WRIGLEY. The following are the works comprised in the gift:—

**OIL PAINTINGS.**—"The Infant Samuel" and "The Child Timothy," Mr. J. Sant, R.A.; "Snowballing," Edouard Frère; "The Fall of Clarendon," E. M. Ward, R.A.; "Listeners ne'er hear any good of themselves," Mr. Thomas Faed, R.A.; "The Minnow Catchers" and "The Cherry Sellers," W. Collins, R.A.; "Calais Sands," J. M. W. Turner, R.A.; "Sheep," Mr. T. Sidney Cooper, R.A.; "The Old Mill at Bettws-y-Coed" and "A Breezy Day," David Cox; "The Novice," A. Elmore, R.A.; "Ringwood" and "View on the Forth," Patrick Nasmyth; "Venus and Cupid," W. Hilton, R.A.; "The Slave Market" and "Venice," W. Müller, A.R.A.; "The Boy with many Friends," T. Webster, R.A.; "The Madrigal," Mr. J. C. Horsley, R.A.; "The Happier Days of Charles I.," Mr. Frederick Goodall, R.A.; "On the Coast of Brittany" and "On the River Texel," Clarkson Stansfield, R.A.; "Dante's Dream," Sir Noel Paton, R.S.A.; "The First Voyage," W. Mulready, R.A.; "Drawing for the Militia," John Phillip, R.A.; "A Landscape," Old Crome; "Coblentz and Ehrenbreitstein," J. B. Pyne; "St. Michael's Mount," Geo. Chambers; "The Student," D. MacIise, R.A.; "Diana at the Chase," Sir A. W. Callcott, R.A.; "Apollo," Mr. Briton Riviere, R.A.; "The Rising of the River" and "Crossing the Brook," John Linnell; "The Random Shot," Sir E. Landseer, R.A.; "Going to the Spring" and "Crossing the Brook," P. F. Poole, R.A.; "A Showery Day," Thomas Creswick, R.A.; and "The Cruel Sister," John Faed, R.S.A.

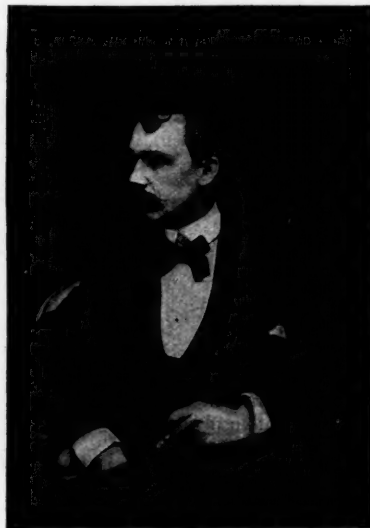
The WATER COLOURS consist of drawings by the following artists:

David Cox, George Barret, J. M. W. Turner, Madame Rosa Bonheur, S. Prout, Sir E. Landseer, R.A., Mr. T. S. Cooper, R.A., Fred Tayler, W. Hunt, E. Duncan, George Cattermole, Sir John Gilbert, R.A., D. Roberts, R.A., C. Stansfield, R.A., P. de Wint, Copley Fielding, and F. W. Topham.

**STATUARY.**—"Hagar and Ishmael," by Marin (Rome), "Egeria," by J. H. Foley, R.A., and "Hebe and Bacchante," by Canova.

The works remain at present at Timberhurst, Bury, the residence of Miss Wrigley, and it is to be hoped that an effort will be made to build a fitting gallery for their permanent housing. An offer of 1,000 guineas has already been made by Mr. JAMES KENYON towards this object.

**Acquisitions at Birmingham.** MR. WHITWORTH WALLIS has recently purchased in Berlin for the city of Birmingham Art Gallery some interesting specimens of old German ironwork and modern goldsmithery. We are enabled to publish reproductions of photographs of these. The wrought iron bracket on p. 286 is nearly 7 ft. in length, and 3 ft. 3 in. wide, and, what is rarely seen, is worked on both sides. It dates from the beginning of the seventeenth century, and formerly carried the sign of an inn in the Jacobstrasse, Augsburg. The knockers on p. 287 are of chiselled iron, and date from the seventeenth century. There is, in addition, a small circular sign, painted and partially gilt, also of South German origin; and a waterspout, made of bronze, which came from the Bishop's Palace at Augsburg, dating from the eighteenth century. The specimens of jewellery are the work of a Berlin goldsmith, and form beautiful examples of the combination of gold and enamel work. The most important of these purchases is a necklace of gold and a pendant, the latter consisting of an opal heart surrounded with diamonds, and surmounted by a ring, the whole being set in a floriated scroll border of translucent enamels. The chain is also decorated with enamels. The two pendants illustrated on p. 286 are also beautiful specimens of work, one being set with diamonds and pearls, with a rose branch in enamel. The enamels



J. J. SHANNON, A.R.A.  
(From a Photograph by J. C. Hughes.)

are of extraordinary delicacy, and the whole of the work exhibits the development of German goldsmithery, and should serve as excellent object-lessons to English craftsmen.

**Exhibitions.** MORE than a hundred drawings—most of them in water-colour, but a few in sepia—attest, at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, the range of ALFRED HUNT's subjects, and, it may be, the limitations of his method. Those who were familiar chiefly with his later work, or those who in considering his earlier had jumped to the conclusion that he was always painting Whitby when he was not painting Durham, had feared the result of assembling within the four walls of a single gallery the



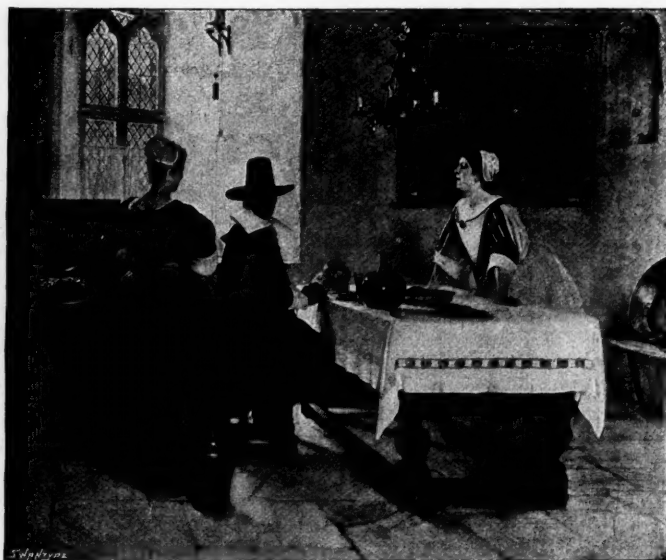
VASE BY A. DALPAYRAT.  
(From a Sketch by the Artist.)

adequate representation of his life-work—or all of his life-work that was not concerned with practice in oils. Their fears have not been justified, or, if justified at all, only by reason of the absence of large decorative effect on walls devoted necessarily to the exhibition of water-colours minutely wrought. Of course there are certain water-colours—water-colours of another school—which would have been far more decorative. Alfred Hunt's work was not massive; and gaining a visible finish, not so much in fashion just now, it lost breadth and an obvious decisiveness. But how subtle it was, and how eminently studious, and how continuously refined! Of pure sketching there is very little to be seen in the gallery of the Burlington Club, whose Committee have obtained for exhibition, with wonderfully few exceptions, the things on which Alfred Hunt, in his modest and reticent way, would most have prided himself. Even the sepias are no exception whatever to the rule of finish. The interior of Durham is, in its illumination, almost as elaborate as a Turnerian water-colour of the middle period; and when we come to colour itself the elaboration shows itself not, fortunately indeed, in the merely patient Pre-Raphaelite imitation of this or that natural object, but rather in the subtlety and complexity of atmospheric effect—the thing to which, more than to problems of colour or problems of draughtsmanship, Alfred Hunt devoted himself during arduous years. If his success was not invariable, think of the difficulties of his attempts! Remember that from the range of his vision he deliberately banished the easy. It is really because of the frequency of the concentration of his attention on atmospheric effect that we can suffer gladly in Alfred Hunt—what we can suffer gladly also

in Albert Goodwin—the repeated dealing with the same place. The same place is not always the same theme. The hour is a different one: the light has changed; another and quite different sky hangs over the town, the harbour, and the hill-side. The result, of course, is a different picture. Besides, Mr. Hunt looks at his Whitby, looks at his Windsor, looks at his Durham from every kind of point of view. What was background in one drawing has become foreground in another; only the arch-Philistine could aver that the artist was painting the same scene. Alfred Hunt laboured for forty years, and the years cannot be divided into "periods." That is to say, his maturity knew no periods; of course, there was a time before he became a master of his method, and a time during which he, in consequence it may be of enfeebled health, worked not quite so successfully as of yore. In our own columns there is the less need to insist at greater length upon the characteristics of his refined and tender art, inasmuch as these have been discussed sympathetically by Mr. Wedmore in an article published in this Magazine but a few years ago.

Latterly, at the Petit Gallery, in Paris, an interesting exhibition of ceramic ware has been held by the sculptor M. DALPAYRAT. The artist excels in his *grès flammés*, in which he has succeeded in obtaining some very fine effects. The forms of his vases are, perhaps, less perfect than the paste itself; nor does the artist succeed in divesting himself altogether of the influence of Jean Carriès, who was the master *par excellence* of this style of art.

At the 25 Gallery, Soho Square, is to be seen a collection of original drawings, lithographs, and etchings by representative artists of the advanced schools of England and the Continent. Among others there are works by Messrs. EDGAR WILSON, RAVEN-HILL, A. S.



BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

(By F. D. Millet. See Notice of Royal Institute Art Union, p. 288.)

HARTRICK, MM. WILLETTE, ROPS, C. MAURIN, and LOUIS LEGRAND.

**Reviews.** To Mrs. HENRY ADY (whom many of our readers will better recognise under her name of "JULIA CARTWRIGHT," a valuable contributor to these pages) we



owe the important volume "*Jean François Millet: His Life and Letters*" (Swan Sonnenschein). For this book we have little but praise. Mrs. Ady in her devout admiration of the great peasant painter, moved by the knowledge that the numerous Lives and Memoirs hitherto published have been incomplete, though inter-complementary, took upon herself the task of bringing them all together, harmonising mis-statements, collating, arranging, and correcting, and in the result has set before us a biography which is in many respects an autobiography and a critical estimate which tell us all we need to know of Millet. It may be thought that the treatment of the book is a little emotional, and that Millet's disappointment at his non-appreciation a little exaggerated. We do not think so. Millet was a man himself so sensitive, and of an artistic temperament so nervous, that the picture strikes us as complete. Certainly the tone of his character, as of his life and work, is skilfully maintained throughout the book; his letters have been well selected, and the whole well edited and compiled. His career naturally fell into three parts—that spent at Gréville from 1814 to 1837, that at Paris from 1837 to 1849, and that at Barbizon from 1849 to 1875. Within these sectional divisions Mrs. Ady has dealt with the artist's life and work, and has added a post-scriptive criticism not only of the artist's work, but of the estimation, artistic and commercial, in which they have since been held. It constitutes a grave indictment against his countrymen, who could no more appreciate his greatness than they could the greatness of more than one of their most masterly musicians, and who as a nation yet pose as the *arbiter elegantiarum* in matters of artistic merit. We are apt to deplore the non-appreciation of our own Alfred Stevens, but his fate was the happier of the two; for if, like Millet, he was to a great extent ignored, he was not attacked and even hounded as Millet was by his critics and his countrymen. On a few minor points we may quarrel with the author. It is hardly possible that Rossetti could come back fired with Millet's example in 1863, and with it influence the Pre-Raphaelite school. We do not see why "*La Nuée de Corbeaux*" should be translated "*The Flight of Birds*;" nor is it correct to suggest that "M." Ionides owns only two of Millet's oil-paintings; as a matter of fact, he has four. These, however, are small points. Acknowledgment should be made of the excellent little photographs which illustrate the book; we only regret that it has been found impossible to add a greater number and a greater variety of reproductions from the master's works.

The volume issued by Messrs. Cassell of "*The Works of Charles Burton Barber*," with an introduction by Mr. HARRY FURNESS, is intended as a tribute to the memory of a most sympathetic animal painter and an amiable man. Mr. Barber was highly esteemed by the Queen, for whom he executed numerous pictures of Her Majesty's

pets, and a certain number as well of the Sovereign herself and of her grandchildren. The animal pictures will doubtless be the most popular—not the portraits alone, but the canvases in which the subject or the story appeals to the public as unerringly as Sir Edwin Landseer's or Mr. Briton Riviere's. Among the forty-one plates are several already in high favour with the public; many others in this admirably-printed book will be hardly less appreciated—especially those in which child-life is happily associated with animal drawing. How well Barber's animals are drawn, and how justly observed, the peruser of this pleasing book will be quick to appreciate.



THE APPROACH TO VENICE.

(By J. M. W. Turner, R.A. See Notice of Royal Institute Art Union, p. 268.)

In "*Modern French Masters*" (T. Fisher Unwin) Mr. JOHN VAN DYKE, the editor, has made a bold and successful experiment. Under the enterprise of the *Century Magazine* he has brought together a series of critical and biographical reviews of a score of the leading painters of France of the present and the immediate past, written by the hand of American artists especially familiar with the masters with whom they deal. We find plenty of minor points on which we might challenge the writers, such as the astonishing statement that Bouguereau will be considered by posterity one of the greatest factors in art which the nineteenth century has produced. But of the intelligence, the originality, and freshness of these essays there can be no doubt, and were the book unillustrated it would still be of unusual interest and value. As a matter of fact, however, the engravings take precedence in point of importance. These are specimens equally divided between wood-engraving and half-tone "process," each the finest of its kind that America can produce. Of the blocks by Mr. Timothy Cole, Mr. T. Johnson, and one or two others, we can say no more in praise than we have already expressed on other occasions. The technical excellence of the craftsman can hardly further go; but when (as in the case of Mr. Elbridge Kingsley) methods are adopted which, from the classic point of view, are scarcely legitimate and are certainly tricky, and when others become such slaves of tone as to set up the appearance of a photograph as the end and aim of wood-engraving,



we are bound to deplore the loss of art in the triumph of skill. Among the marvels of purely imitative engraving, that by Mr. Wolf after "The Lovers" of Diaz stands among the first. It is not even surpassed by M. Haider's rendering of the "Study for the Love of Gold" by Couture, and "On Cape Martin near Mentone" by Monnet. The tone blocks are just as surely masterpieces in their way of the modern art of retouching them so as to relieve them from what is often their uninterestingness of surface. We would point to the "Friedland—1807" by Meissonier as being one of the most successful that have been executed. These pages are full of interest, and indeed deserve longer notice at our hands; but we have said enough to claim for the book the attention it merits.

One of the best samples of the work of Mr. AUBREY

BEARDSLEY which we have seen is to be found in "*The Rape of the Lock*," a new edition of Pope's poem (Leonard Smithers). There are traces, of course, of the disease under which the imagination of this artist labours, but they are less offensive. We have lived under the impression that embroidery was needlework. We understand that a book may be illustrated or decorated or embellished by drawings; but this book is said to be "embroidered with nine drawings"—an affectation, if not an actual absurdity, but affectation is the keynote to Beardsleyism, and we are not for denying that it may have

brought forth none more delightful than that edited by Mr. JAMES A. MANSON and published by Clement Wilson, with an excellent arrangement in the classification of the poems, with luminous notes, glossary, index, and biographical sketch. To the scholarship of this edition we bear

willing witness, nor do not think the editor's claim over-strong — that it is "produced in a style of supreme typographical excellence," although published at a popular price. Indeed, we know of no edition more likely to please any true lover of Burns. A special word should be said for Mr. Manson's estimate and defence of the poet against hostile critics.

With the "*Winter Book*," the fourth number of "*The Evergreen*"

(T. Fisher Unwin) completes its cycle of "seasonal" volumes. In general aspect it resembles the other three; there is a distinct intention in the volume and not a little bold originality, especially

in the text, but we are made to feel that this extremely black-and-white art is being somewhat overdone, and that grace and elegance are too obtrusively flouted. Threeladies are allowed to run riot in head and tail pieces of a more or less elemental character, and there is hardly a picture among them which rises in dignity or artistic excellence to the level of some of the articles. Nevertheless, there is a certain clever power of suggestion here and there, as in the "Cottage in a Wood" by Mr. CADENHEAD; and many will be found who will appreciate the delicate feeling

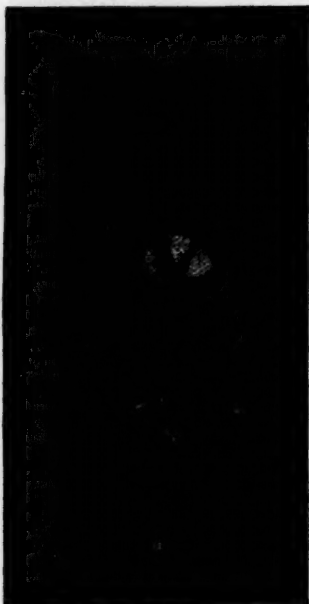
of Miss CATHERINE TYNAN, the charming study by M. ELIE RECLUS, and "The Megalithic Builders" (of Edinburgh) by Professor PATRICK GEDDES.

With "*The Parade*" (Henry and Co.), Mr. GLEESON



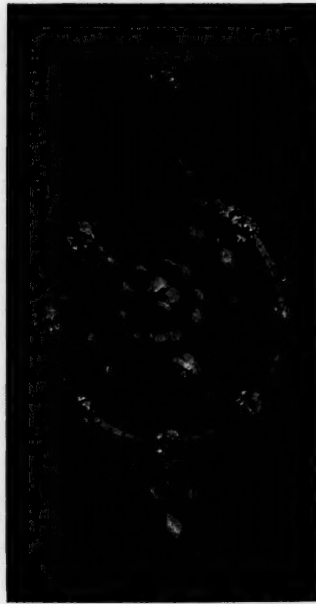
WROUGHT-IRON BRACKET. (GERMAN, SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.)

(Recently acquired by the City Art Gallery, Birmingham. See p. 283.)



GOLD AND ENAMEL PENDANT.

(Recently acquired by the City Art Gallery, Birmingham. See p. 283.)



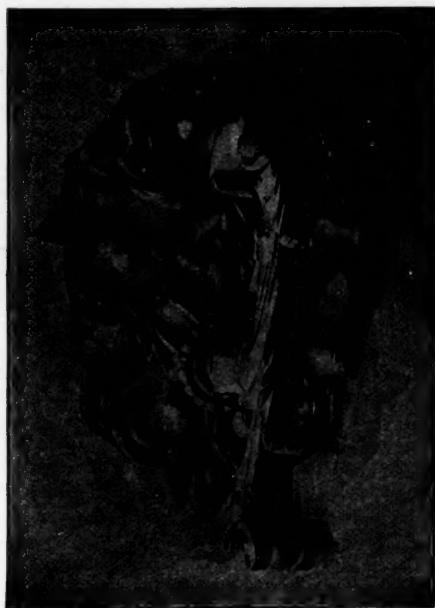
GOLD AND ENAMEL PENDANT.

(Recently acquired by the City Art Gallery, Birmingham. See p. 283.)

its value. The book is beautifully printed at the Chiswick Press, and its whole get-up very tasteful.

The Centenary of ROBERT BURNS, which has been celebrated by more than one new edition of his poems, has

WHITE, as editor, has aimed at producing an illustrated gift-book for boys and girls out of the ordinary style. For persons like ourselves, interested in all modern developments of art, the experiment is a successful one, but it is



CHISELLED IRON KNOCKER. (GERMAN.)

(Recently acquired by the City Art Gallery, Birmingham. See p. 283.)

doubtful whether young people will fully appreciate the beauty of Mr. Laurence Housman's Houghton-like "Noodle and Fire-eaters" or its more original companion picture; or will be more attracted by the severity of Mr. Alfred Jones than by the more realistic treatment to which he has hitherto been accustomed. There is a good deal of artistic originality and interest about the work, and prettiness too in Mr. Yungman's touch and fancy. Mr. Housman alone renders the book worth keeping by grown-up persons, and Mr. Solon's decorations add to its interest. But why "Parade"?

The new number of "*Phil May's Illustrated Winter Annual*" (Neville Beeman) is a masterpiece of art, and hardly less of humour. The printing is not all that could be desired, but Mr. May's work is so admirably adapted to the exigencies of ill-printing that it is pre-insured against failure on this account. The drawings are not all humorous; and a few are studies of very high achievement and interest.

The mystery attaching to the "*hinterland*" of North Western Africa has been largely dispersed in the volume "*Timbuctoo: the Mysterious*," by FELIX DUBOIS (William Heinemann), which has been translated into English by Mrs. DIANA WHITE. While M. Dubois' account of his journeyings through this portion of the Dark Continent annexed by the French, with glimpses into its wonderful history, is fascinating reading matter, the one hundred and fifty-three illustrations are sadly disappointing. Had the photographs been well reproduced just as they were taken they might have been successful as illustrations, but many have been indifferently drawn in pen and ink, and nearly all are poorly reproduced. Many have been reduced by merely chopping away the edges without any effort being made to vignette them properly. The book should

prove of interest to all lovers of travels, and especially to students of African geography and mythology.

The illustrated "*Catalogue of the Loan Collection of Paintings by William J. Müller*" (W. H. Ward and Co., London) reflects great credit on its compilers, Mr. WHITWORTH WALLIS and Mr. A. BENSLEY CHAMBERLAIN. The illustrations consist of twenty-four reproductions of paintings and drawings, well executed. Being printed in the very best manner, the volume forms not only a beautiful record of the exhibition at the Birmingham Art Galleries, but a history, so far as it goes, of the art of Müller. The only matter of regret is that a complete list of the artist's works and their whereabouts was not added, thus making the book an authoritative one on the subject.

The intention of the convenient handbook called "*Figure Drawing and Composition*," by RICHARD G. HATTON (London: Chapman and Hall, Limited), as declared in the prefatory chapter, is "to assist the student and designer in their study of the human figure." The author expressly disclaims any idea of offering a guide to figure drawing which might pretend to enable the student to dispense with a proper course of drawing from the living model. His aim is rather to give in a systematic and comprehensible manner hints and suggestions that would incite the young beginner to observe closely and aid him to assimilate properly whatever knowledge he might acquire by such observation. Judged from this standpoint, the book is undoubtedly a useful one, well arranged and intelligently treated. It contains an indefinite amount of important detail of the type that every would-be artist must study. About two-thirds of its space is occupied with a description of the manner in which the various muscular and bony forms in the human anatomy affect the surfaces of the body and the lines of the figure; and the remainder deals with the drawing and casting of draperies, and with the rudiments of figure composition, decorative and pictorial. Many appropriate illustrations emphasise the points made in the text.

A batch of books for young people comes from Messrs. Blackie and Son—excellent in tone, exciting, instructive, and healthy in character, such as we are used to from Mr. Henty and others. The illustrators are among the best draughtsmen in black-and-white of the day, including Mr. W. H. MARGETSON, Mr. VICTOR PERARD, and Miss G. DEMAIN HAMMOND.



CHISELLED IRON KNOCKER. (GERMAN.)

(Recently acquired by the City Art Gallery, Birmingham. See p. 283.)

A beautiful photograph of the west front of Peterborough Cathedral has just been published by the Autotype

gift includes the services of an attendant. This curious form of prize should be most acceptable to its recipients.

The scheme to purchase HOLBEIN's picture of Henry VIII. presenting the Charter to the Barber-Surgeons' Company for the Guildhall has fallen through from lack of support. As we understand that an offer was made for the picture by a foreign art gallery, the opportunity is now presented for accepting it. We hope it will be.

In our advertisement pages will be found particulars of an Art Union arranged by the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, and we draw attention to it because of the unique value of the prizes. These are to include three drawings by Mr. RUSKIN; fifty by the great masters of the English school of water-colour painting, and many others by present members of the Royal Institute. Subscribers will be entitled to a choice of two presentation plates, of which small reproductions are on pp. 284 and 285; "Between Two Fires," by Mr. F. D. MILLET, is a photogravure of the picture in the Chantrey Bequest collection—the trustees having afforded facilities for its reproduction—and is 14½ by 18 in. TURNER's "Approach to Venice" is a successful line engraving by ROBERT WALLIS (15½ by 23 in.). A special feature of the Art Union is that the number of prizes will not be dependent upon the number of tickets sold, but all will be distributed under any circumstances.

**Obituary.** M. PAUL DE KATOW, a water-colour painter of some note, has died at Asnières (Seine).

Born in Strasburg, in 1870 he served as war correspondent of the *Gaulois*. He studied art under Delacroix.



THE HOLL MEMORIAL IN ST. PAUL'S.  
(Drawn by E. Evelyn.)

Company, and in view of the discussion concerning the building should prove of great interest. We are enabled to give a small reproduction of the print, the size of which is 17½ by 14½ in. The negative was taken by Mr. R. G. SCRIVEN, F.S.I.

**Miscellaneous.** MR. HOLMAN HUNT's well-known picture, "The Hireling Shepherd," has been purchased for the Manchester City Art Gallery.

A new society, of which the programme is not announced, has been formed under the title of THE SOCIETY OF ENGLISH PAINTERS.

The following have been elected Associates of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers:—Messrs. C. COPEMAN, C. E. HAYES, B. SCHUMACHER, and R. SPENCE.

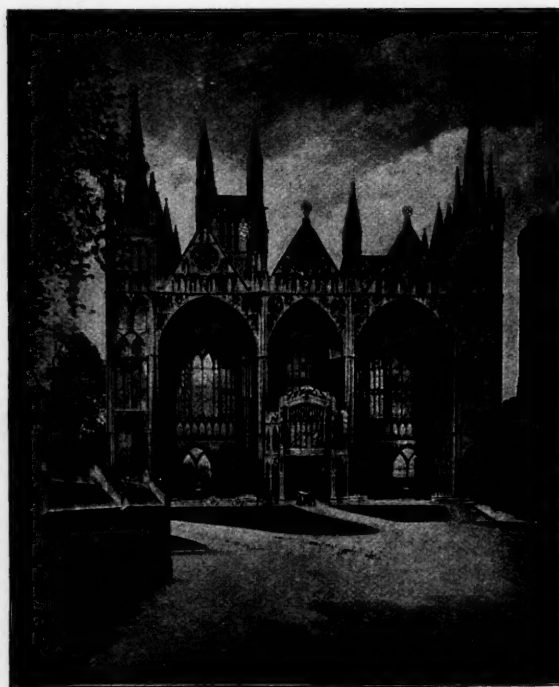
The Emperor of Russia has conferred upon ANTONSKY, the Jewish sculptor, the position of Councillor of State, which gives the right to the title of "Excellency."

Mr. WALTER CRANE points out, in connection with the remarks in the article on "Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A.," last month, concerning the picture "Neptune's Horses," that his version of the subject was exhibited at the Royal Water Colour Society's Winter Exhibition, 1892-3. It was therefore before the public some months earlier than Mr. Watts's picture.

The memorial to FRANK HOLL, R.A., in the crypt of St. Paul's, has been in position for some little time, but having been unveiled without any public ceremony little attention has been attracted to it. Our illustration of it may therefore prove of interest.

The dispute between Prince Sciarra and the Italian Government has now been settled. Under the agreement the Prince presents certain of the principal paintings to the nation, and is left free to dispose of the others as he pleases.

An anonymous donor has offered to the École des Beaux-Arts, for the use of the three most deserving students without private means, three rooms in a villa at Neuilly. The apartments are suitably furnished, and the



PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL.  
(By permission of the Autotype Company.)

From Naples the death is announced of Signor SAVERIO ALTAMURA, a popular painter in Italy.



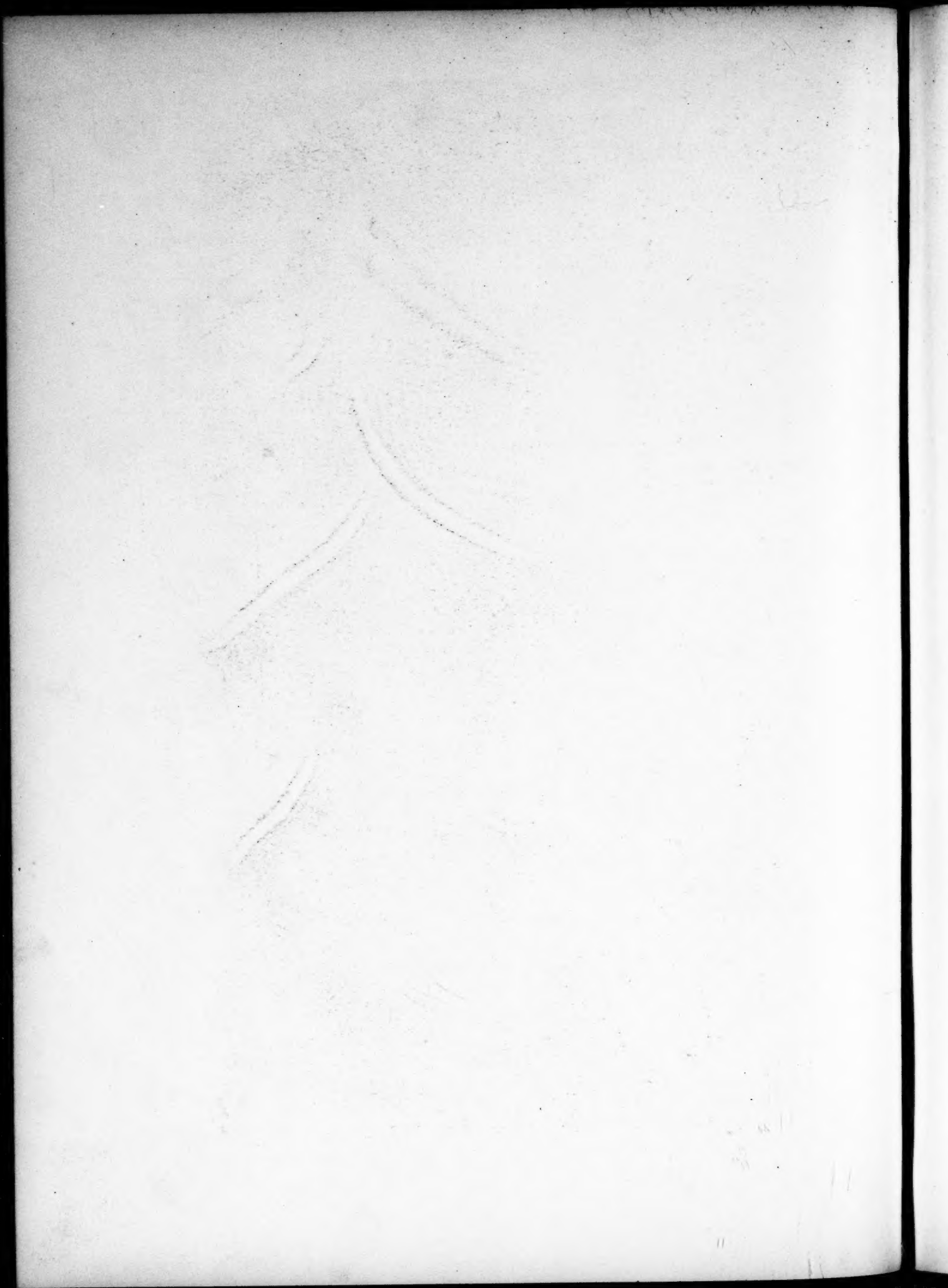






*The Harvest Moon*

*George Colman 1896.*



## ORIGINAL LITHOGRAPHY. THE PRESENT REVIVAL IN ENGLAND.

BY M. H. SPIELMANN.

NEARLY half a century went by before lithography was to be regarded in England as an original and spontaneous method for recording artistic impression. Mr. Whistler began in 1877 to work upon the stone, and joined his efforts to those of M. Fantin-Latour and others in Paris to use and awaken interest in lithography for the sake of its own inherent qualities. His "Early Morning" appeared in Mr. Theodore Watts's paper, *Piccadilly*, in 1878, and other drawings such as the "Lime-house" and "Nocturne"—exquisite studies in wash gradation—which, though executed in 1877, were only issued nine years later, in portfolio form. Then came amongst many others the "Little Model Reading," and afterwards the "Brittany" and the Luxembourg series, in all of which the draughtsman's artistic taste as well as his artistic views are daintily and firmly recorded. Generally speaking, Mr. Whistler

prefers to use the chalk for line work only, and wash for tint work, reserving the latter, rather than stumping, for the covering of spaces; while the modern dodges have, so far as I am aware, been entirely neglected by him. It should be observed that all Mr. Whistler's earlier work was executed direct upon the stone, the rest for convenience sake upon transfer-paper; and it may be added that he has attempted in a limited sense chromo-lithography by touches of colour here and there upon the design. Slight though these are,

they of course have necessitated a separate printing for each colour.

In due time Mr. Way—who, with the Messrs. Hanhart, and Vincent Brooks, Day and Sons, had by his admirable printing rendered artistic lithography possible in this country—persuaded a number of artists to experiment in the method, believing that an acquaintance with its qualities would not only ensure its adoption, but would develop such enthusiasm as would ensure the triumph of the art. Several members of the Hogarth Club willingly responded, and the results were collectively issued. Among the chief of these was an admirable figure by Sir James Linton; and Messrs. C. E. Holloway, E. J. Gregory, Charles Green, Buxton Knight, Thorne Waite, and Edwin Hayes, with a few more, were included in the band. The work was of course experimental, consisting of one-hour sketches; and they were executed at Mr.



LOVE SONG

(By Professor Herkimer, R.A. By Permission of Novello, Ewer and Co.)

Way's own house; but although twenty years have passed, and though every draughtsman expressed his pleasure in the work and process, none of these artists save Mr. Holloway cared to pursue it. In 1893 a similar effort was made by the Art-Workers' Guild, when Messrs. Frank Short, Lethaby, H. Paget, A. Mackworth, J. Pennell, and G. McCulloch met to produce twenty-minutes' drawings on the stone. The result was in this case more satisfactory, and must be counted for something in the development of the new taste. Then others continued the





BACK COURT, ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S.

(By T. R. Way.)

experiment; Mr. Robert Macbeth on a large scale, and Mr. Mortimer Meupes and Mr. Anning Bell more tentatively. But, for the most part, they have left the field free for men more constant and appreciative than themselves; and when considering those who are really identified with the English school, we must eliminate the names of those who have merely coquetted with the art.

Among the earlier men to whom lithography came naturally is Professor Herkomer. When the process was still spurned by those who did not understand it, or whose judgment had been prejudiced by the miserable productions of commercial lithographers—uttered and passed into currency for the most part from abroad—he produced many plates of Bavarian life, of which a few have been known to the greater public as subjects of several of the most dramatic pictures of his earlier period. For minor purposes too, he made use alike of stone and transfer-paper, employing brush, stump, chalk, and pen; but although, even in these later days, he has produced a series of plates for his "Violin Pieces," and has shown power and delicacy, and a sympathetic

and dainty touch in these drawings upon the stone, he is one of the few, notwithstanding, who is not enamoured of the process. "However artistic," he tells me, "however well done, there remains the cheap work." Not necessarily, I think: as the exquisite results produced by many men have proved—results which not only could not have been better obtained, but could not have been obtained at all, by any other method.

The most prominent of the younger school of lithographers is unquestionably Mr. Charles Shannon. Since 1889 he has with admirable persistence produced some two score lithographs, all, with scarce an exception, drawn direct upon the stone, and printed with his own hand and press. The charm of his work is distinctly that proper to lithography itself, with an added daintiness and delicacy of the artist's own temperament. He can, as the French say, "make the stone sing." His work is not without faults, though tenderness is its chief note; his compositions are sometimes detracted from through the proportions, occasionally peccable, of his figures. But with such drawings as his portrait of "Mr. Van Wisselingh," his "Linen Bleachers," "The Sisters," and "Sea and Breeze," he will always be remembered for



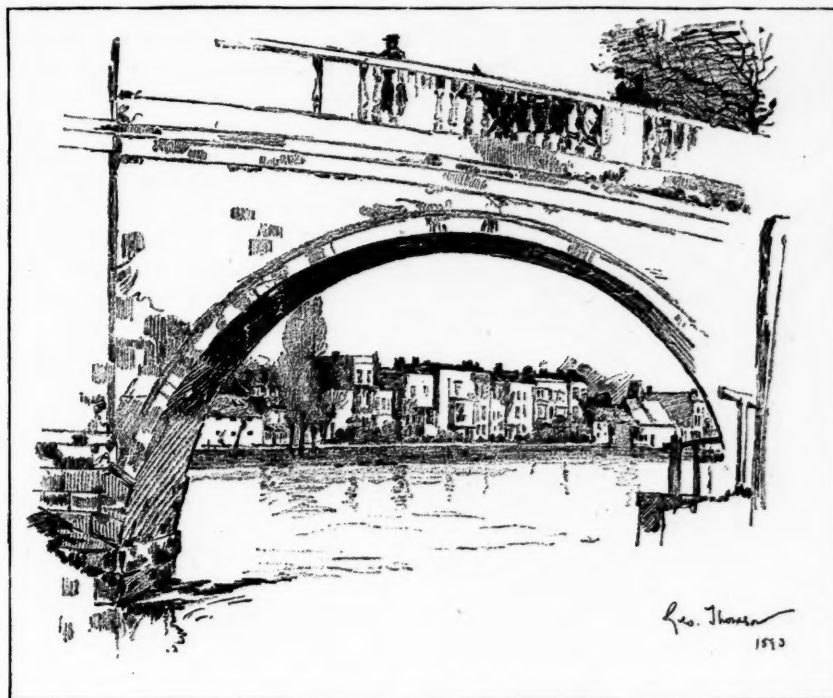
LORD ST. CYRES.

(By Will Rothenstein. By Permission of Mr. John Lane.)

the exquisite and perfect quality of his work. The public, moreover, are beginning to find this out. I am informed that in 1891 the artist issued eight portfolios of his lithographs; of these not one was sold. But when a year later their merit was suddenly discovered, they were bought up within the space of two months. That the purchasers were for the most part artists does not matter; or perhaps,

especially in freedom; but they might well be studied in comparison with them.

Like Mr. Shannon, Mr. George Thomson is a lithographer inspired with sufficient enthusiasm to have a press of his own and to take his own impressions. Delicacy and daintiness of touch are his, whether in head or figure drawing, or in representation of riverside landscape or Thames township. In



UNDER KEW BRIDGE.

(By George Thomson.)

indeed, it matters very much, for it shows a professional appreciation of fine workmanship, as in the plates already mentioned; or of fine design, as in the "Ministrants."

Mr. T. R. Way himself has contributed not a little to the success of his art, less in the direction of portraiture, than in his townscapes drawn with pencil, stump, or brush. "Sea-gulls at Charing Cross" is not less interesting as an example of tint work than of the rare event it records, and his "Disappearing London," of which "Back Court, St. Bartholomew's," is an interesting specimen, shows him in the artistic character peculiarly his own—that of the classicist. In conjunction with him Mr. C. E. Holloway has worked. This draughtsman's contributions to the "Ten Auto-lithographs of the Lower Thames," drawn direct on the stone, for the most part in pure chalk, are achievements not perhaps the equals of those of M. Storm van Gravesande—

the "Strand on the Green," or in "Under Kew Bridge," texture of grain, silveriness of quality, and precision of touch are alike charming; and in his "Brentford Eyot" he renders for us a misty atmospheric effect with a success more often sought by lithographers than obtained.

The spirit of French lithography pervades the work of Mr. Will Rothenstein, whose work, essentially unacademic, successfully aims at being at once artistic in feeling and *amusant* in design. His "Milla-mant" is a skilful rendering of a seventeenth century lady with powdered hair and face, and his portraits of Sir Henry Acland, Mr. Robinson Ellis, Viscount St. Cyres, and other Oxford scholars and athletes, as well as those of De Goncourt and Zola, show a power of rendering character apart from the artist's appreciation of the stone. Mr. Raven-Hill, like Mr. Phil May, on the other hand, prefers to use the surface of the transfer-paper as though it were a surface for

ordinary drawing purposes; and the former, with the studies of his infant daughter, and the latter with



STUDY OF A CHILD.  
(By L. Raven-Hill.)

"We're a rare old, fair old, rickety, racketty crew," present us with lithographs which to all intents and purposes are chalk drawings of well calculated, masterly touch—artists' sketches thrown rapidly but with unerring effect upon the stone. Again, the portrait of Mr. Le Gallienne by Mr. Wilson Steer reveals the hand that may achieve sensitive and notable work in the process here used with some indecision.

The latest movement in lithography—an original movement, too—belongs exclusively to England. If the adherents of the older classic method show some tendency to scoff at innovations of the more modern school as *nouveau jeu*, not for a moment to be tolerated or acknowledged, they combine at least in protesting against, or at least in criticising with some hostility, this heterodox departure, introduced by Mr. Goulding, the celebrated printer of etchings.

This craftsman, hardly less an artist than those to whose works he ministers, has not long since combined with his brother, Mr. Charles Goulding, to introduce a new method of printing lithographs which shall do for the lithographic stone or transfer-paper,

when it leaves the artist's hand, what he does for the etcher's copper-plate. That is to say, by stumping and manipulation to smooth down in the proof what was left bald upon the stone—to impart the tone and quality demanded by the artist: to humour and, in short, *interpret*. To those who applaud lithography as an absolutely autographic method, Mr. Goulding's innovation must appear to some degree revolutionary; but judged by results, the impressions when they leave his hands have qualities and beauties which we might look for in vain elsewhere. The process, indeed, enables even a beginner in lithography, through his printer's assistance, to produce work in which lack of experience is little evident, and for which effects, painter-like and pleasing, need not be wanting. What the result of experience on the part of both artist and printer cannot yet be foretold.

Mr. Goulding has gone further. In the first place he has invented a new transfer-paper which possesses a surface free from the ordinary mechanical grain hitherto identified with lithography. Whether or not this is an improvement as the new



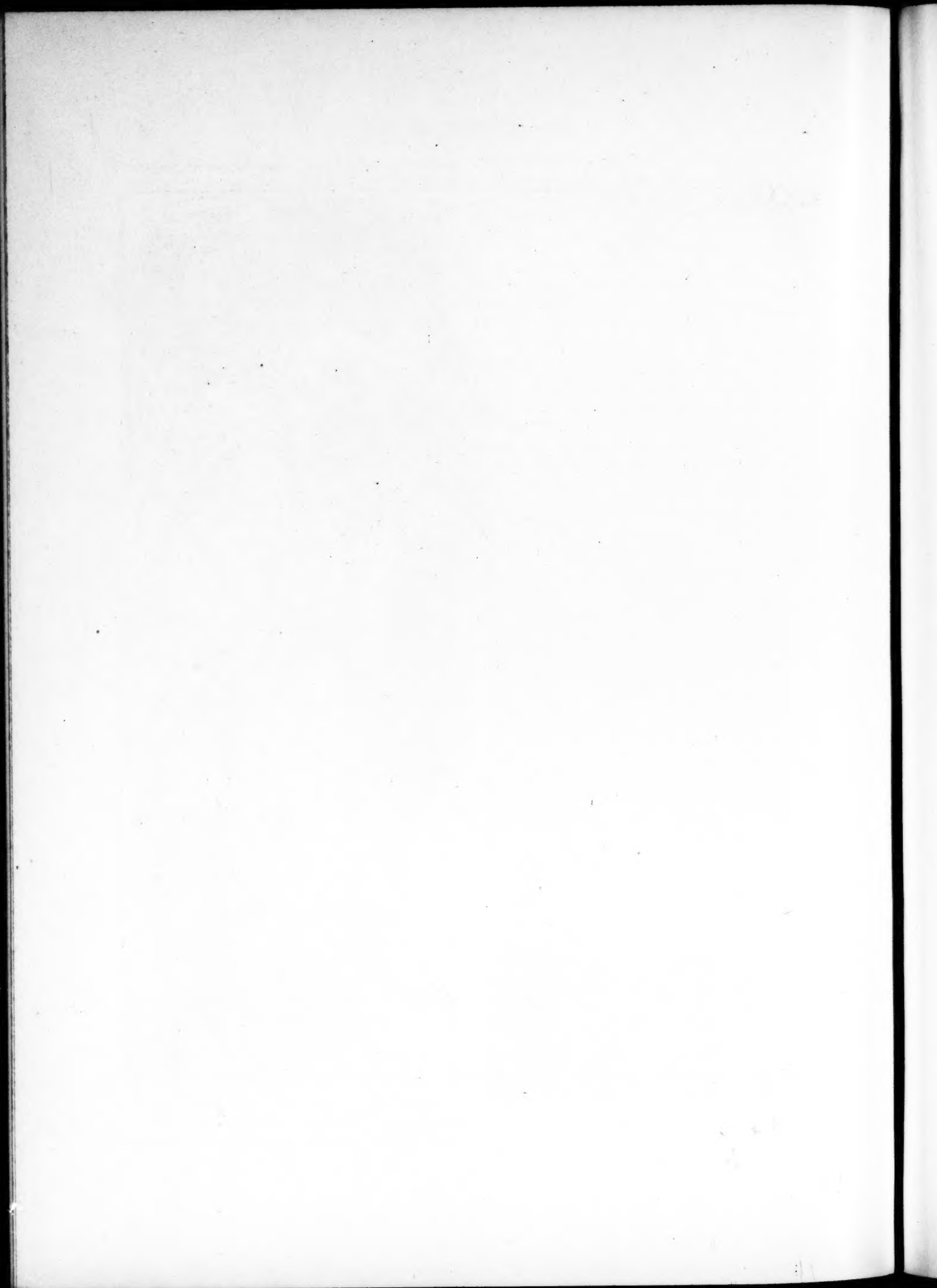
THE WATER SPRITE  
(By C. Sainton.)





THE SISTERS.  
(By Charles Shannon.)

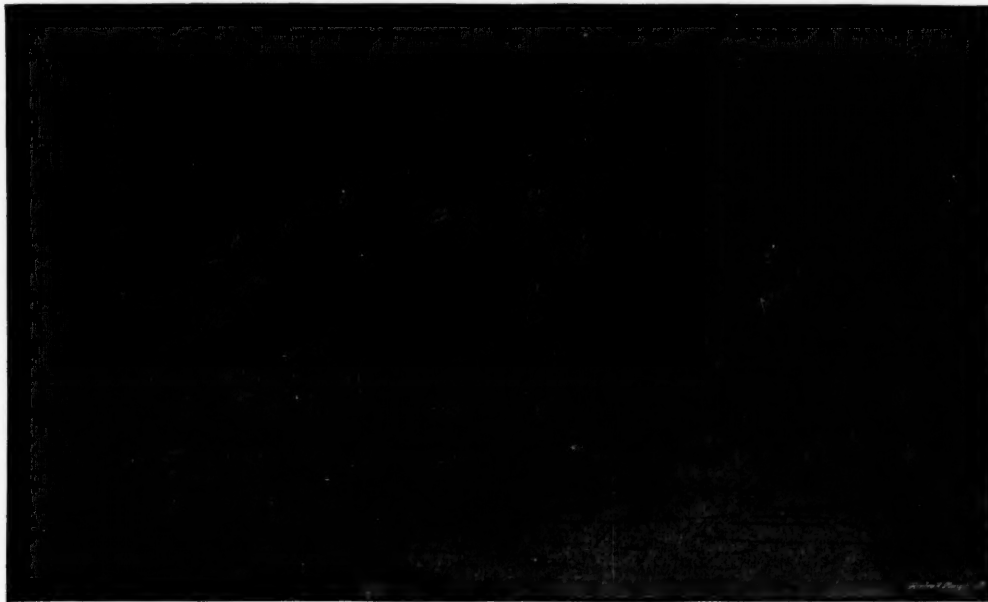




adherents declare, or a sacrilegious innovation robbing the stone of its characteristic quality, as may be maintained by the rival school, I need not stop to discuss. Furthermore, Mr. Goulding obtains extraordinary painterlike effects by a first printing of a tint upon the paper, gradating it with the utmost care and feeling in relation to the subject to be super-printed upon it in black or coloured ink—all the while avoiding the unsympathetic flat “tints” of the school of Haghe and Harding, in which the

among the most charming works ever printed from the stone. I may here remark that between these works and Mr. Watts's previous essay with lithography, more than sixty years had elapsed; for as a boy, he privately practised his hand and made youthful attempts at composition by designing illustrations on a stone of his own to one of the romances of Sir Walter Scott.

So, bitten by Mr. Goulding's mezzotint-ground-transfer-paper and tempted by his delightful print-



TIGER.

(By Herbert Dicksee.)

colours were cold and conventionally used, and the lights cut out with sudden and often with jarring effect—generally artificial and wholly out of tone. Not a few of our leading artists have tried the method; and to many of them it has so strongly appealed, that in the near future we may assuredly look forward to the execution by them of numerous works of the highest charm and of great artistic importance.

Among the first to try it was Lord Leighton, who, as late as August 14th, 1895, wrote to me: “I have just lithographed for the forthcoming *Centenaire de la Lithographie* to be held in Paris, a small female head, in order to show my interest in and to help the British section. It is the first time that I have touched lithographic chalk and paper.” About the same time, Mr. Watts executed his beautiful “Study of a Boy's Head,” and followed it up with a similar work which, whether Mr. Goulding's method be heterodox or not, will certainly be remembered as

ing, many of our most reputable artists have produced plates, the beauty and charm of which are indisputable. Those who form the list include Messrs. Frank Dicksee, Frank Short, J. W. North, Oliver Hall, A. Hartley, Herbert Dicksee, F. Strang, C. J. Watson, with Sir James Linton, Mr. Alma-Tadema, Mr. E. A. Abbey, Mr. Herbert Marshall, Mr. Corbet, Mr. Sargent, Mr. Alfred Parsons, Mr. Goscombe John, and Mr. Footitt. In the works of some of these, inexperience and tentativeness are manifest enough to place them in a lower rank than the rest. But taken as a whole, the collection of them, together with the more recent masterly work of Mr. George Clausen and the dainty fancies of Mr. Sainton, is to be regarded as an interesting supplement to the work of artists abroad and a very valuable achievement in the field of English art.

So valuable, so beautiful, and so interesting, indeed, are the results of the new movement, that it is not to be believed that the productions to which I

have referred in these articles on the Revival of Original Lithography will leave the public cold. The merits of the art are not less, in their way, than those of etching; to the vast mass of etchings which for the last score of years have found their way upon the walls and into the portfolios of art-lovers and collectors, it is vastly superior. The public need but assure itself of the truth of this to come to look with unprejudiced and appreciative eye upon these works of the British and foreign schools, and to learn that

taste and knowledge both require that they should support the new manifestation in the future as they supported etching and mezzotint in the past. They need but satisfy themselves that it has nought in common with the machine-printed work that helped so greatly to discredit the older lithography, to see in it the freshest expression of the artist's power—to feel in it the thrill of the painter's emotion—to hear in it the most candid and the sincerest tones of the master's voice.

## THE WALLACE COLLECTION.—I.

### THE OBJECTS OF ART.

BY THE EDITOR.



THE MUSIC LESSON.

(From Surruque's Engraving of the Picture by Watteau.)

**T**HE announcement that for the second time the splendid patriotism of the late Sir Richard Wallace has enriched the great art treasure of London, has aroused an enthusiasm commensurate with the importance of the gift. On the first occasion, in 1871, Sir Richard Wallace presented to the National Gallery Terborch's masterpiece of the "Peace of Münster," a picture which had cost him

hardly less than nine thousand pounds. The new gift, actually bequeathed by his wife in accordance with her husband's wish, includes a collection of pictures which in the year of the Commune numbered no fewer than 736. These, indeed, are all which were exhibited at Bethnal Green from 1872 onwards; but a quarter of a century has elapsed since then, during which Sir Richard did not cease

from exercising his taste as a connoisseur. Indeed, he brought at first as many of his treasures to London as were sufficient to stock his house, leaving

go very far back. It was formed by the late Marquess of Hertford, enriched and completed by his presumed kinsman and life-long friend, Sir Richard Wallace. The former, who was a bachelor, resided for the most part in Paris from 1842 onwards, and left his collections as well as all his wealth to the latter, who had assisted him not a little with his taste and diplomacy. After the Franco-Prussian War, the new owner of the collection brought it to England for safety's sake, and for convenience lodged it in Bethnal Green Museum, pending the preparation of his house-museum in Manchester Square. Had his son lived, the country assuredly would to-day be vastly the poorer, for the father had become reconciled, in spite of his refusal to marry—moved partly, perhaps, by a sense of loyalty. The collection had not long been



MARGUERITE DE FRANCE.

(Enamel by Jehan de Court. Fifteenth Century. From M. L'Abbe's "Musée Graphique.")

the rest in Paris; and I believe I am right in saying that in a large room in the latter residence pictures were stacked together like packs of cards, reaching from the fireplace to the opposite door, and that along the top of the frames boards were placed to allow of another layer of pictures being similarly ranged. How rich is this superb collection the lines which follow are intended to show; and it may safely be asserted that this bequest is of unprecedented magnificence even in England, which has had the good fortune to possess a Carr, a Sheepshanks, a Wynn Ellis, a John Jones, and a Tate, and which will probably find no rival in any land until the Duc d'Aumale fulfils his intention of acting the Wallace in his own country, and presents Chantilly with all its treasures to the Institut de France.

The genesis of the Wallace collection does not



"MORTIER" (? PERFUME BURNER).

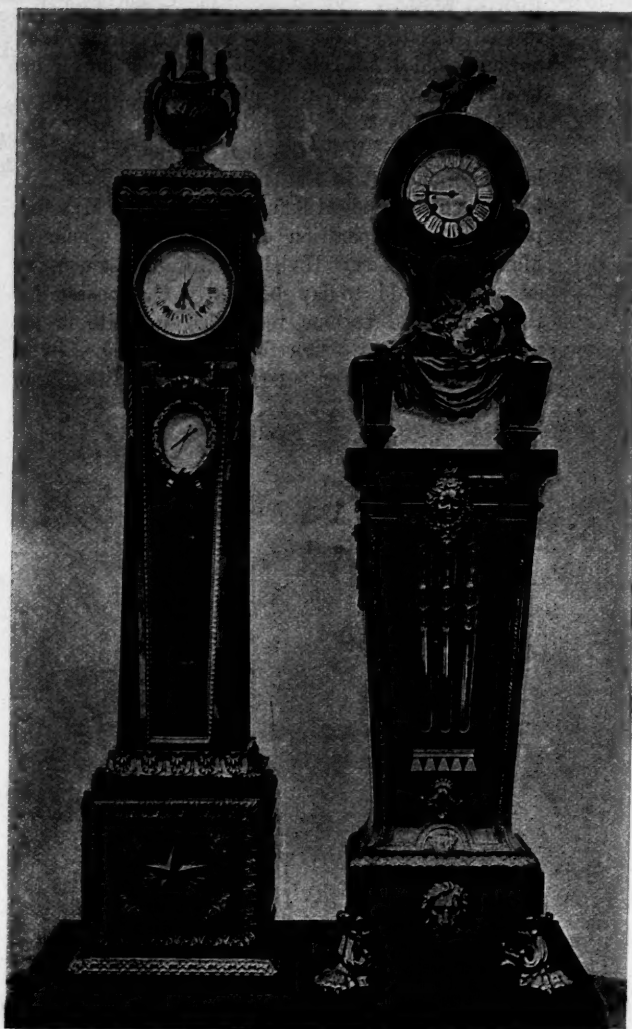
(French, Eighteenth Century. From M. L'Abbe's "Musée Graphique.")

removed to Hertford House when Sir Richard made overtures to the English government for presenting the collection to his countrymen in the house



which they now occupy; but he was received with the characteristically stupid objection that, inas-

Museum filled with the objects of the Jones Collection. There we have a collection of a kindred



1. CLOCK AND BAROMETER, IN EBONY AND GILT METAL. (By Ferdinand Berthoud.)  
2. CLOCK AND PEDESTAL, BOULLE AND GILT METAL. (Formerly in the Town Hall of Yverdon, Switzerland. French, Eighteenth Century.)

much as his house had but a definite term to run, he had better amend and improve his offer in that direction. It should be understood that Sir Richard had a distinct motive in requesting that the Government should concern themselves with the casket for which he was providing the gems; inasmuch as that casket was specially and carefully devised to receive the treasures. The public does not sufficiently realise that, except in a purely industrial museum, the surroundings of works of art are of the first importance. Anyone can prove this for himself by walking along the gallery at South Kensington

filled with the objects of the Jones Collection. There we have a collection of a kindred nature to that of Sir Richard Wallace. Cabinets, tables, *escritoirs*, chairs, in glass cases or railed off, display, it is true, the beauty of the piece; but they lack much of the charm that would belong to them if they were placed in still more appropriate surroundings. Sir Richard Wallace had in a great measure adapted his house to its contents. There was the gallery for the pictures, and there were the pictures for the rooms. French furniture was in rooms properly designed in the French style to show them off; and the armour, both Mediæval and Oriental, was displayed in a manner best suited to its æsthetic needs. For this reason, Sir Richard desired to stipulate that either his own house should be taken over or a similar one built for their reception. As has been said, the Government treated Sir Richard much as they afterwards treated Mr. Henry Tate, doubtless presuming upon that admirable sense of public spirit by which both men could rise above the niggardly trafficking of the Treasury. Although he would give no assurance and withdrew from further correspondence, Sir Richard Wallace patriotically decided not to visit the sins of the Treasury upon the heads of the people, but reserved them for acceptance by a more sensible and more magnanimous Minister. He still hoped that the Government, if it would not secure the present Hertford House, would erect another on the same ideal plan—with a quadrangle, with rooms all round—and he availed himself of Mr. J. H. Fitzhenry's taste and help, and of M. Piolaine's intelligence, as agent, to develop still further his unique col-

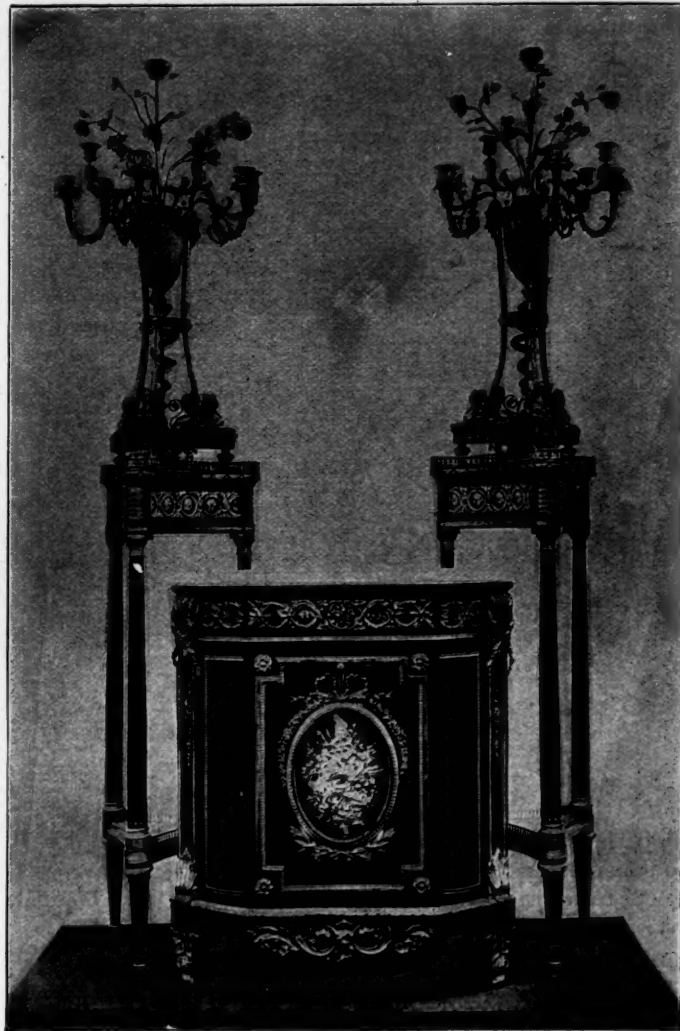
lection. In this condition it has come to us—in many respects the most remarkable incident of this *annus mirabilis*, 1897.

Worthy of entering into rivalry with any gallery of pictures in the world, the Hertford Collection is not less remarkable for its furniture, its decorated arms, and other objects of art. Yet among its masters of painting are many not hitherto represented in our National Gallery, by whom the nation is now to be enriched. Amongst these are Albano, Boursse, Brauwer, Cagnacci, Camphuyzen, Alonzo Cano, Everdingen, Jordaens, Mirevelt, Pynaeker

(though South Kensington possesses one example), Vanderwerff, Vanloo, De Voys, Peter Wouvermans, and Zerman. In the great French art of the late seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, from extreme and reproachful poverty England passes to enviable wealth. Here we have of Watteau (11 examples), Pater (15), Boucher (11), Oudry, Gudin, Charlet, Corot, Diaz, Delacroix, Delaroche (15 examples), Decamps (16 oils and 15 water-colours), Rousseau, Troyon, Fragonard (5), Isabey (4), Greuze (22, of which the Pourtales "Innocence" alone cost the Marquess of Hertford £4,000, and the Fesch "Nymph Sacrificing to Cupid," £1,355), Largillière, Le Ducq, Lemoine, Nattier (5), Roqueplan (12), Prud'hon, Raoux, Horace Vernet (41), Géricault, and Claude Vernet, as well as Dupré, Couture, Gérôme, Rosa Bonheur (3, including "The Waggon" and "Highland Sheep"), and Meissonier (15, which include some of the master's most brilliant work, such as "The Sign Painter," "The Dreamer," and "The Print Collectors"). These are but some numbers of the French school, and yet they give little more than an idea of the richness of the collection in other schools—Italian, Spanish, Flemish, Dutch, and English.

Leaving awhile the pictures, to which I propose to return, I desire to direct attention to the other works which hardly less than the paintings themselves shed glory on the collection. Of the tapestry I need say little, partly because Sir Richard Wallace sold a considerable portion, if not most, of it some twenty years ago, and partly because what there was did not belong to the best period of production. But of *bric-à-brac*, of decorative objects, bronzes, and furniture of the very highest kind, there is so much that the mere catalogue of them would probably occupy a score of pages of this magazine. In Boulle work hardly any collection, even in Paris or in Windsor Castle, is richer or finer. It is here in all its variety of tortoiseshell and metal. The work of Gouthière may be seen in the score of superb cabinets, and, applied to a style somewhat different, may be seen in the candelabra

of which an illustration is here given. These tripods are raised upon sphinxes and carry a vase of lapis-lazuli, from which spring flower-branches to hold lights; between them is shown an *encoignure*, or angle-cupboard, made of amboyna wood and ornamented in gilt metal. It is the work of two of the greatest French masters of luxurious furniture—Riesener and Gouthière—and comes from the Palace of the Trianon at Versailles. The clocks are not less abundant, nor are they less admirable in quality. That on the right which is here shown erected upon its pedestal is probably by André Boulle himself, and comes from the town hall of Yverdon, in Switzerland (see p. 298); its companion, not less admirable of its kind, is of ebony and gilt metal,



CANDELABRA, GILT METAL (by Gouthière); AND ANGLE CUPBOARD ("ENCOIGNURE") OF AMBOYNA WOOD, ORNAMENTED IN GILT METAL (by Riesener and Gouthière). (From the Palace of Trianon, Versailles. French, Eighteenth Century.)

and is the work of Ferdinand Berthoud. The table, carved and decorated with gilt metal, bearing a green porphyry slab (p. 301), and the mahogany cabinet with gilt ornament (p. 303) can perhaps not boast of a *provenance* so distinguished as many other examples of fine French work; but they at least represent the perfection of taste and execution as well as of style which, if our officials of South Kensington had had their way, would have been excluded for ever from their

and fashion have imposed. There is marquetry by David, there is *Vernis Martin* in quantity, there is



ENAMEL CASKET.

(By J. Penicaud. From M. Lièvre's "Musée Graphique.")



END VIEW.

courts. In evidence, it is only necessary to recall the sturdy opposition and scornful criticism passed upon the Jones Bequest when that munificent gift was bestowed on the Museum. Beside these objects there may worthily take their place the two chairs here shown (p. 301): they are of carved and gilt wood, upholstered in tapestry of Beauvais. All these objects, it need hardly be said, are among the finest specimens of French eighteenth-century work.

Nearly every master of the *meubles de style* is here represented, and every excellence that luxury



MORION.

(Italian, Sixteenth Century. From M. Lièvre's "Musée Graphique.")

a table of various woods with a top of *Rose du Barri* (which perhaps ought rather to be called *Rose du Pompadour*), there is the musical clock by Dallié, there are bronzes after Girardon and Falconet, with splendid specimens of the finest Chinese work in bronze and cloisonné enamel, Italian Renaissance



PLATE: MAIOLICA OF FAENZA.

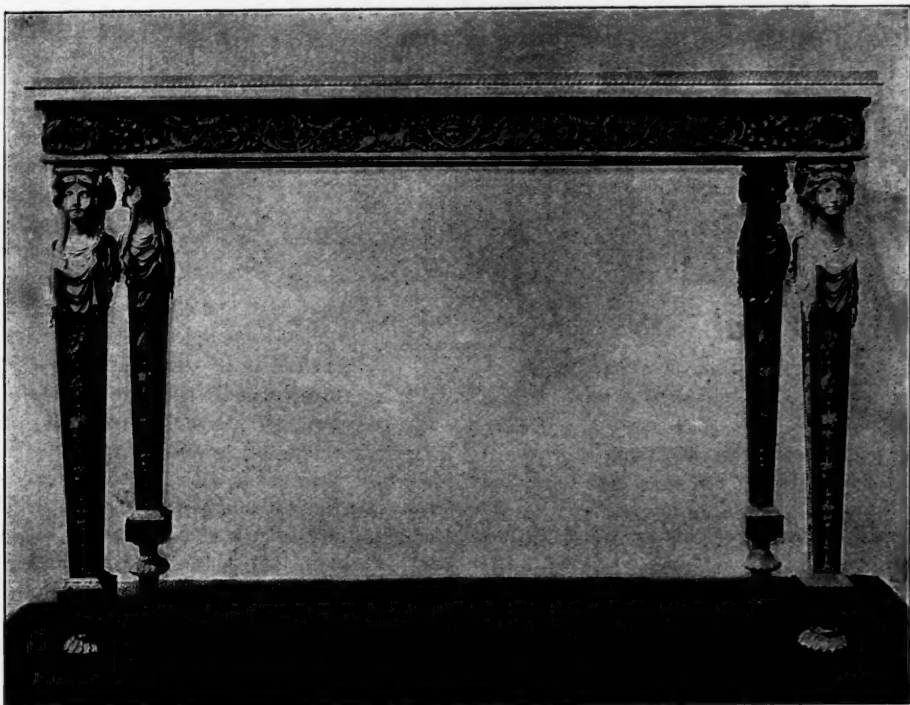
(Italian, Sixteenth Century. From M. Lièvre's "Musée Graphique.")

statuettes and groups, marble vases, English silver eighteenth-century ewers, and a vast number of other works of similar character and equal magnificence—





CHAIRS, IN CARVED AND GILT WOOD, COVERED IN BEAUVAIS TAPESTRY.  
(French, Eighteenth Century.)



TABLE, CARVED, WITH GILT METAL, AND SLAB OF GREEN PORPHYRY.  
(French, Eighteenth Century.)



many of them royal pieces, and not a few historical. To give a definite idea in a single magazine article

South Kensington Museum lately became possessed. As a specimen of decorated armour, we reproduce from the illustrations in M. Edouard Lièvre's "*Musée Graphique*" the sixteenth-century inlaid arquebuse and the superb morion helmet, embossed, of the same or a slightly earlier period, doubtless of Italian design. From the same source we are enabled to reproduce an exquisite object in metal-work, a *mortier* (p. 297), fine alike in design and workmanship. Equally admirable is the enamel casket by J. Penicaud (p. 300); and the portrait enamel of Marguerite de France, by Jehan de Court (sixteenth century), is not more beautiful in quality than is the frame in design (p. 297). In addition to these there are among a notable profusion the two fine bronze groups of Jupiter triumphing over the Tritons, and of Juno supported by the winds—Juno being the goddess of rain (French, seventeenth century). To the sixteenth century belongs the superb portrait bust of Charles IX. of France.

Maiolica and other earthenware form a remarkable section by themselves, including nearly one hundred and fifty numbers; and among the examples of Limoges enamel is the great dish by Martial Courtois, representing Apollo and the Muses, with border and back of arabesques, which is worthy to be named along with the other masterpiece of the same artist, formerly in the Magniac Collection and now in that of Mr. Borradaile, of Brighton. It can hardly be pretended that the maiolica, magnificent as it is, includes examples of every factory; nevertheless, it is extremely representative of the best. Of these we reproduce a rare piece of maiolica of Faenza with characteristic decoration (p. 300). Moorish lustred maiolica is well represented in the fifteenth-century dish which bears

the shield of Castille and Leon in the centre, and in another which adds to those the shield of Arragon. Palissy ware is shown in a few admirable specimens, and della Robbia enamelled earthenware in a characteristic group of the Virgin and Child.

The section of miniatures—to retain Sir Richard Wallace's own classification—includes some two hundred and twenty examples, most of them very fine in their way, but not all of them to be identified with either sitter or painter. It is



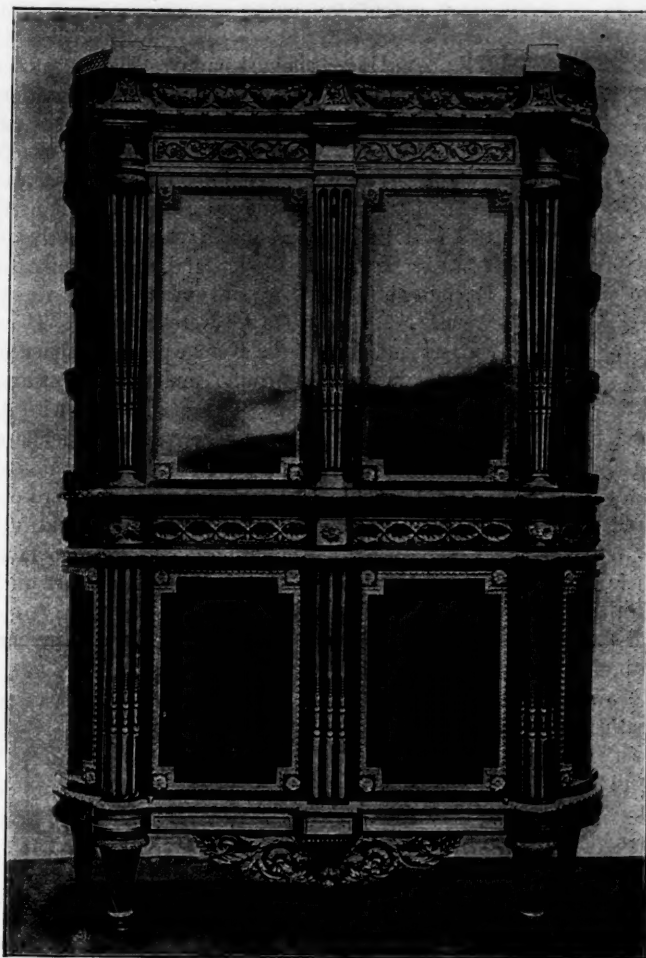
WHEEL-LOCK ARQUEBUSE.

(Late Sixteenth Century. From M. Lièvre's "*Musée Graphique*,")

of the quality and extent of this section of the collection is impossible.

Not less important is the collection of armour, which may be divided roughly into Mediæval and Oriental. The fine pieces in both sections are of remarkable quality, and include, moreover, trappings, ivory saddles, and the like; and it is interesting to note that some of the finest examples in this collection are to be found drawn in the MS. book of Jacobi, armourer to Queen Elizabeth, of which the

sufficient to know, however, that there is amongst them a portrait of Lord Conway of the period of Charles I., by Samuel Cooper, and another of Fitz-Herbert, Miss Crofton, and others; and Ozias Humphrey, Bone, and other English miniaturists are also here. The French miniaturists, perhaps,



CABINET. MAHOGANY, WITH GILT ORNAMENT.  
(French, Eighteenth Century.)

Oliver Cromwell by the same master, together with Lord Faulkland and an unknown male portrait. The features of another unknown man of the time of Elizabeth have been immortalised by Nicholas Hilliard. Cosway is represented by miniatures of the Duchess of Devonshire and Lady Duncannon, of George Prince of Wales, of Mrs.

cannot show so many masters, but Isabey, Aubry, Guerin, and Nattier have given their exquisite art, the former to notabilities of the Napoleonic *régime*, and the last-named to Madame de Pompadour herself. It should be added that a miniature portrait in oil, Jean de Thon, shows the early days of the art in the fourteenth century.



## AT THE SIGN OF THE DIAL.

## MR. RICKETTS AS A BOOK-BUILDER.

BY GLEESON WHITE.



(Initial by Charles Ricketts.)

sorts. The one fostered by ignorance, whether of social amenities or precedent; the other restrained or fantastic, pedantically simple or complex and profound, is alike based upon sound knowledge, which is power.

To-day a few designers, anxious for a short cut to success, appear to think that if they follow the track of a single predecessor they can slip through the thorn-brake with no personal effort and succeed in awaking the sleeping beauty. But the path must be cleared anew for himself by every true artist, who disdains the solitary trail as much as the common highway; for by either route a traveller will find when he reaches his goal that the prince has already carried off the prize.

Mr. Ricketts is himself always. It is open to dislike his aims; but common fairness must admit that they are his own, and owe little to any predecessor. Of the school of Rossetti—does someone whisper? Yes, in one sense; but only in the sense that the younger Pre-Raphaelite has learned from the sources whence the earlier drew his inspiration, and first gave expression to a certain intensity new to English art. Besides, Rossetti—maker of poems and pictures—was not to any extent a designer of books, and it is in that aspect we are considering Mr. Ricketts here.

In one aspect of his art Mr. Ricketts appears distinctly akin to Rossetti, for he is dowered with the highly nervous temperament which feels the commonplace as positive pain. Most of us can hardly suffer gladly the reiteration of a monotonous note in a bell or the foolish ineffectual whine of a

chained puppy. The repeated sound provokes a disproportionate sense of irritation. It is told of Walter Savage Landor that he hated mixing indiscriminately with his fellows because the platitudes which they uttered inflicted actual torture. "Fancy," he said on one occasion, "if I chanced to be sitting by the sea, and a stout motherly female came and sat beside me, and, as a steamboat came in sight, said—

"Lor, sir! what should we have thought of that when we were young?" The fatuous astonishment of the average person at something that he recognises, but cannot understand, is as maddening to a thinking man, as the same person's self-satisfied familiarity with other wonders which are equally beyond his comprehension.

It is hard that no word exists to describe accurately the builder of beautiful books. "Editor" or "publisher" expresses too much. The architecture of book-building is at once an art and a science, and



REDUCED FROM "DAPHNIS AND CHLOE."

(Drawn by Charles Ricketts.)



in many respects would show a near parallel to the third of the fine arts which is included in that trinity of which many believe that the last is also greatest. But it is wiser to accept them as co-equal.

Now most people still express surprise at the marvels of printing; and still show apparent satisfaction with the meanest and ugliest examples of that art, which, they recognise, has done so much to change the life-history of the world. They will gaze in open-mouthed astonishment at so many thousand copies an hour being thrown off steam presses, and yet purr with satiated approval over the hideous volume which is the result of all this applied mechanism.

The artist is always amazed, and is for ever appalled, by common accidents of light and movement which do not excite the man in the street in the smallest degree. The emotions which move an artist to joy or grief seem the veriest trifles to the orthodox British citizen; while all the toys of the taxpayer—politics, religious factions, and other burning questions—interest the artist rarely, and seldom deeply. This may seem discursive; but unless you are willing to realise that to an artist's eyes the production of a beautiful book is worthy of as much patient study as the result of an international cricket match, the passing of a Bill through Parliament, or the shibboleth of one sect as opposed to the shibboleth of another—until one is ready to allow that the subject which attracts him interests him as honestly and wholly as these other matters interest the larger number, it were foolish to consider seriously a few volumes issued under the direct control of a young artist.

The art of producing a book differs in infinitesimal degree only, whether it be a cheap and nasty edition or a masterpiece that satisfies the most exacting critic. The possible variations allowed in good Roman type are few and exquisitely slight; the paper is necessarily paper, merely a poor quality for a bad book and a fine quality for a good one. Every page has margins: those produced by artists—of the past or present—are finely proportioned; the rest are left to chance. The ink is nominally black in each case: in the fine book it is really black; in the badly-printed one sometimes black, sometimes a dull neutral colour. The ugly book is usually, though not always, unreadable in some degree; its pages are often shiny and its type thin and meagre. But, after all, the possible difference between a beautiful book and a book of no beauty at all is a matter of surfaces, tones, and fractional variations

of measurement—all trifles of small importance to the practical man of business.

But we must remember that trifles rule the world; a fraction of difference in the curve of an eyebrow, or the contour of a nose, separates a Cleopatra from a commonplace dowdy. In Art there is no such thing as a trifle; every item of perfection must be perfect, and only those who know the thousand and one possible errors which



REDUCED FROM "DAPHNIS AND CHLOE."  
(Drawn by Charles Ricketts.)

would, any one of them, mar a perfect book, can appreciate the result. The right thing often looks the easiest; but if it be the most direct way to produce the result, as it often is, the natural depravity of animate nature has to be fought in every one of the thousand possible shortcomings. In short, the renovation of the book from its normal ugliness to a thing satisfactory in every respect must concern its every particle. It must not be confounded with the pretty book—a thing with a charming cover and æsthetic illustrations. From the more serious point of view "the book" can dispense with these adjuncts, and become beautified by reason of its proportions and essential decorations. There is much decoration at present, good in itself



that does not beautify the book; in borders, for instance, you constantly find many young artists have not learned how to turn corners.

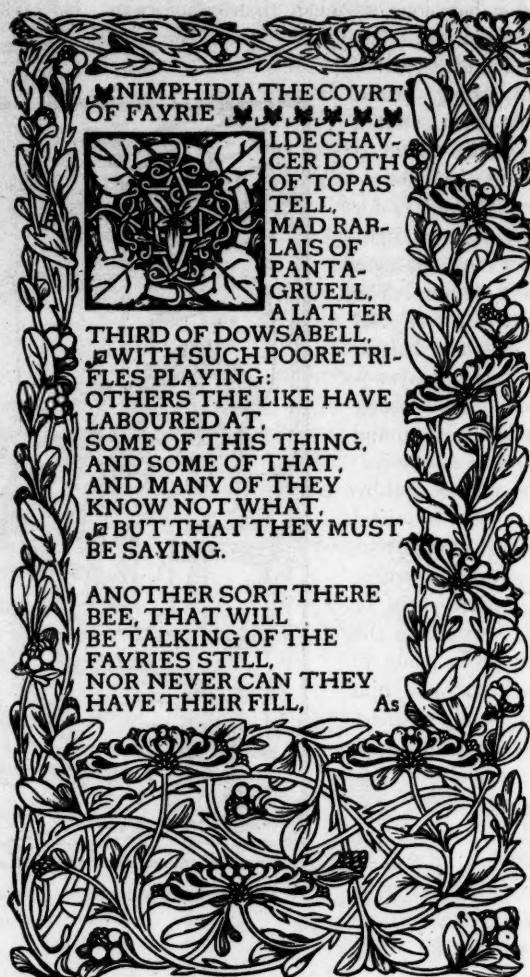
Logical efforts to produce a beautiful book are at present the secret of England. In France, Holland, and Belgium they know this well enough. This was apparent at the exhibition of *Le Livre Moderne* in Paris; although the Kelmscott editions do not seem to have been treated there so seriously as their importance warrants, and Mr. Ricketts's books were practically unrepresented.

As the Vale Press books owe everything except the actual press-work to Mr. Ricketts, who is responsible for the type, the build of the page, the paper with its "Vale" watermark, the illustrations and decorations, and the bindings, it will be best to trace the evolution of these editions from earlier volumes which were only partially under his control.

Of these, the first number of "The Dial" is, I believe, the earliest; and the plan of this sumptuously-printed quarto reveals attention to those details of book-building which later works develop more fully. The prospectus to announce "The Dial," No. 1, and that to proclaim the advent of No. 3, are delightfully original; indeed, with all respect for Mr. Ricketts's later aims, one can hardly restrain a certain amount of regret that the invention displayed in arranging ordinary types in well-balanced masses has been set aside for a stricter adherence to the canons laid down by the early Italian and other master book-builders of the past. "The Dial," No. 1, appeared "from the Vale, Chelsea," in 1889; No. 2 in February, 1892; No. 3 in October, 1893; and No. 4, with the imprint "Hacon and Ricketts," in 1896.

The earliest book produced under Mr. Ricketts's entire control is "Silver-Points" (Lane, 1891)—a tall thin octavo, which, in its dainty cover (designed by Mr. Charles H. Shannon), is a treasure to collectors and a continual joy to the lover of fine books. Several points in it, then entirely fresh in modern

book-making, deserve mention. The poems are all in italic, except the initial letter of each line, which is Roman; the titles are in Roman capitals; the dedication in smaller-sized capitals, the whole packed tightly together, with margins that fulfil the established rule of the great printers—that is, narrowest on the inner side, the outer margin double the width of the inner, the top still more ample, and the lower wider still. Except that a simple decoration surrounds a few of the initials, there is not a spot of ornament in the whole book, which owes its beauty entirely to the arrangement of the type. In "A House of Pomegranates" (Osgood, McIlvaine, 1891)—as the prospectus duly announced—"the design and decoration of the book are by C. Ricketts and C. H. Shannon." Here we find that the pictures are deliberately planned to decorate the page, and that certain roundel de-

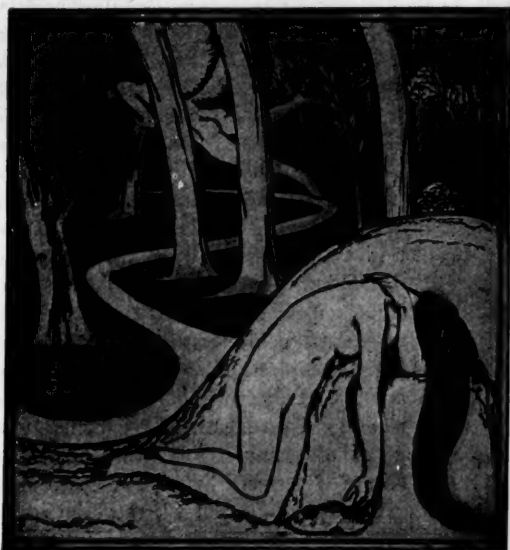


REDUCED FROM "NIMPHIDIA,"  
(By Michael Drayton. Vale Press Edition.)

signs are dotted here and there on the margins for the same purpose. Other books, notably "Grimm's Fairy Tales," with Mr. Walter Crane's designs, had long before attempted to bring the illustration to accord with the type-page; but this is nearer the ideal, for the massing of the type itself seems to have been more thoroughly supervised by the artist. "Lord Arthur Savile's Crime" (ditto) and "The Bard of the Dimbovitza" (ditto) also show strong trace of Mr. Ricketts's influence in their title-pages.

But these preliminary efforts must not be dwelt

upon. With "Daphnis and Chloe," a quarto volume, we encounter what is said to be the first book published in recent times with woodcuts by the artist, in a page arranged by himself. It must not be forgotten that Mr. Ricketts is distinctly a revivalist



(From an unpublished block.)

of original engraving, never common at any period. Mr. W. J. Linton admits only two original wood-engravers in the sixteenth century. One of the blocks reproduced here will convey an idea of the "Daphnis and Chloe," which is modelled obviously on the "Hypnerôtomachia" (Venice, 1499) and other books of that period. Not a few people have blamed Mr. Ricketts severely for his faithful adherence to the manner of the early Italians; and a few of these have at the same time approved equally faithful imitations of books of another race and time. The question is purely a matter of taste; but in choosing the Italians as models to follow, Mr. Ricketts stands alone at present. Not a little decorative book-making inspired by Teutonic and other early fashions has been put forth of late years; but so far my inquiries have discovered no modern book which has been directly inspired by the Florentine *Rappresentazioni*.

"Hero and Leander," issued in 1894, an octavo, is conceived in a different manner, and cannot be traced to the direct influence of any predecessor. The type of beauty which Mr. Ricketts adopts in its illustrations is not one that appeals to the lovers of the quaint or the pretty, who may be repelled by its severely archaic lines and the decorative intention which depicts a strangely fantastic ideal of humanity. To-day, when realism and imitation are

dominant, the deliberate intention of an artist to make his subject express the idea he wishes to convey within a rigid convention, without binding himself to the canons of academic draughtsmanship, is apt to be taken as treason. But those who are offended should remember that a draughtsman of Mr. Ricketts's ability does not err (if he err at all) through ignorance or carelessness. Emotion, passion, and the decorative pattern of his design sway him most; and to that end he evolves types of humanity which are not common, and proportions which do not agree with the record of the Kodak.

In "The Sphinx" (1894)—a delicately-wrought small-quarto, clad in white and gold, and printed in red, green, and black—the illustrations are still more severe, and are certainly entirely remote from the direct influence of any work past or present. The artist, I believe, ranks this as one of his most satisfactory works; and, caviare though it must needs be to the average taste, its singular beauty needs no praise here. The absence of sensuousness in designs that are passionate in intention is peculiarly noticeable. But for the moment we may regard the illustrations of these three books as a side issue; except in one very important factor: the quality of their line, and the amount of white paper left untouched, which has been decided en-



(From an unpublished block.)

tirely with regard to the effect in juxtaposition with the type. This is a point which Mr. Ricketts considers to be of the highest importance. It is the build of the page, the relation of the "colour" of

the engravings to the type, and the symmetry of the whole volume, which he insists upon; and in these respects any person who has studied the beauty of a well-planned book cannot fail to be interested, even if the result is unlike his previously accepted ideal.

But all these volumes are only steps in the history of the Vale Press, and do not represent

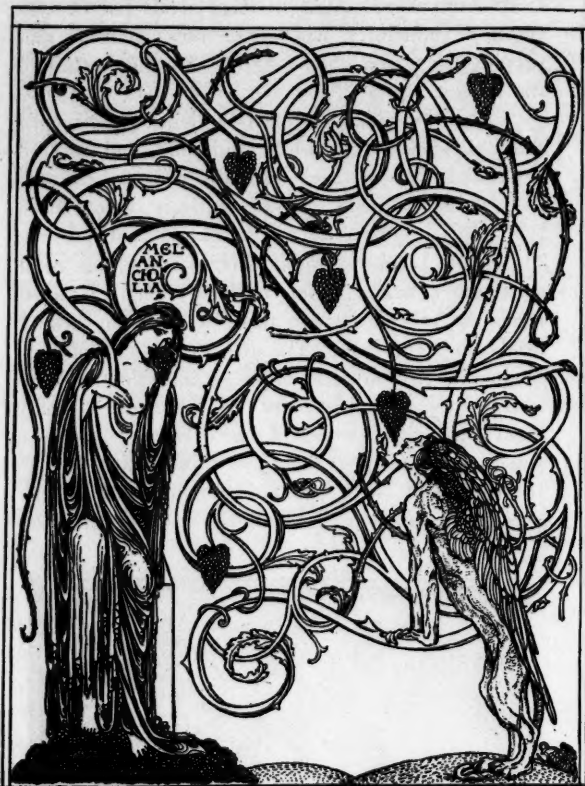
novel. But no critic so far seems to have been sufficiently impressed by its fundamental idea. Mr. Ricketts believes that the plan on which all letters should be based is that of the perfect circle or the perfect square; it matters not which geometrical form you choose, since a certain number of letters—M, L, H, and the like—demand a parallelogram, and others—C, G, Q, O—an ovate or circular plan.

If to draw this distinction between types based on the oval or the circle appear a mere quibble, we must remember that the difference between the Byzantine and Pointed styles, which divide architecture into two great sections, is one of similar limit. There is all the difference in the world, to a specialist in types, between a small "b," "g," or "o" that follows the circle [O], and one that is planned upon an oval [O]. I wish to emphasise this point, because I know that the designer regards it as vital; and I, for one, agree entirely with his estimate of its importance. The question of "seriffs" and the angles of certain strokes: whether a W consists of interlaced V's, or of two connected only by the serif; whether the seriffs of a capital T are vertical, or slant divers ways, or parallel—all these are secondary matters, but the plan of the letter is not secondary.

In the beautiful Kelmscott type, as in the famous Foulis founts and other notable instances, the O is ovate, and all other letters agree with it. In Mr. Ricketts's "Vale" type the square and the circle dominate every letter. If this distinction be passed over as unimportant, further contention is useless. But on this point no compromise can be entertained. If it be unimportant whether the arch is a semicircle, or planned, like Euclid's first problem, upon the intersection of circles,

then it matters little. But so long as architecture is separated by such a structural difference, it follows that an O based on a circle, or an H based on a perfect square, must be entirely unrelated to the ovate O or the oblong H. When taste is in question, one allows the adversary equal vantage; but when geometry comes in, axioms must be observed. Therefore the ill-founded assertion that Mr. Ricketts's type copies any modern fount cannot be allowed. You may dislike his symbol for the ordinary "&," or dispute over the beauty of his seriffs and the oblique strokes of certain letters; but if you maintain that a circle and an oval are practically alike, the question of these nicer points need not be raised.

The Vale Press, with its own type, its own paper



FROM "THE SPHINX."  
(Drawn by Charles Ricketts.)

the ideal which Mr. Ricketts wished to attain. In 1896 the results of long experiments were made public, and the firm of Hacon and Ricketts was established. At present its publications are confined to books decorated, not illustrated; unless an occasional frontispiece entitles certain volumes to be so considered.

For these Mr. Ricketts designed a special type, and carried out an idea he had projected for a long time. The type has already been the theme of dispute, and has betrayed many hasty critics into rash statements. The possible innovations in a fount confessedly based on the precedent of the best Italian alphabets leave little room for violent novelty. One set of critics has objected to the style as too imitative; others have found it too



with its own watermark, has so far produced a comparatively small number of books; but a few experiments at early stages, I can unhesitatingly record his fervid anxiety to leave nothing undone that



INITIAL AND CULS-DE-LAMPE. (By Charles Ricketts.)

months could hardly be expected to yield a hundred volumes. The output before the autumn holidays of 1896 comprises "The Early Poems of Milton," "The Poems of Sir John Suckling," "The Nymphidia" by Michael Drayton, "Spiritual Poems" by John Gray—all with frontispieces, borders, and initial letters, designed and cut on the wood by Charles Ricketts; also "Epicurus, Leontine, and Ternissa," by W. S. Landor, with a border designed and cut by the same artist.

It would be easy to draw up a plea for the appreciation of this effort; but to do so, since a commercial enterprise is by the force of circumstances allied with an artistic experiment, would be to forsake a platonic attitude of disinterested appreciation, and descend to the puff oblique. As one who has had the privilege of seeing many of Mr. Ricketts's

shall perfect his books according to the ideal he has developed. The aspect in which they concern us is the æsthetic result. The type is legible, the printing by Messrs. Ballantyne as good as one could wish, the paper and all the details which complete a volume show the uttermost care. Of the bindings nothing has been said, not only because Mr. Ricketts's designs for cloth covers deserve a paper to themselves, but because they have been hitherto applied to books not entirely under his control. The Vale editions (the Suckling excepted) are clad in sober paper boards, or white buckram, with simple labels. His effort deserves

the sympathy of all interested in the applied arts: and if its ideal be not theirs, let them be quite sure first whether it is not even better; and if they satisfy themselves it is not, then one might ask why only one ideal of a beautiful book is to be entertained.

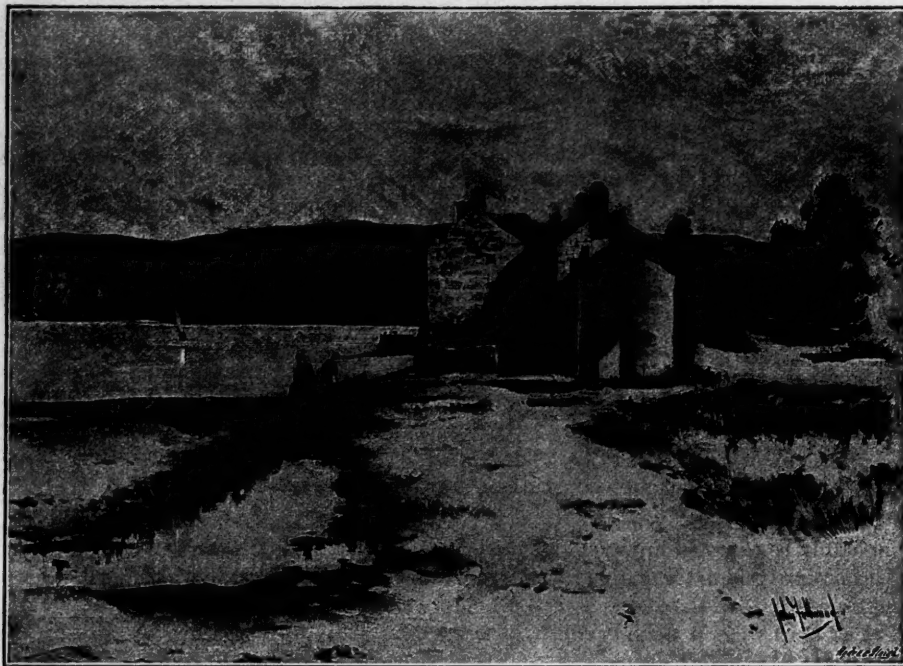


(From an Earlier Drawing by Charles Ricketts.)



(From an Early Drawing by Charles Ricketts.)





WEIR QUAY.

## THE WANDERINGS OF THE TAMAR.

BY ANNIE GROSER HURD. ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN FULLWOOD, R.B.A.



WHEN Nature wants to mark off one county or one country from another she does her work thoroughly: she plants an ocean or so to denote that that land or continent has reached its limits, or sends a river rolling along to divide her shires. It was evidently her intention that Devon and Cornwall should only be nodding acquaintances, for straight down between them trickles and ripples and rolls the Tamar. The Tamar and the Torridge rise close together in a bog, or rather they ooze through a bog so soon after their birth in Wooley Moor, a desolate spot not five miles from the ocean that washes Devon's northern shores, that the hundred yards of rivulet between the six-foot pool—which in summer vanishes almost away—and the bog is hardly worth a mention. It is rumoured in the legends of the neighbourhood that the Torridge once had leanings towards flowing down between the two westernmost counties, where was the warmest climate and fattest soil, and that their two genii, after a violent contention, fell asleep. Torridge, first awaking, ran slowly off, and was well on his way before the

Tamar awaked. He, however, being angry, posted after with all possible speed, but was much hindered by the stones that lay about. Notwithstanding these, he hurried so violently that he got the advantage, and the poor slow-going Torridge, discovering that it was of no use to strive any more, wheeled about and took a northern course.

"Torridge stole away while Tamar slept;  
Tamar, he woke up and roared and wept"

is a local rhyme which sums up the encounter.\*

"The Tamar at first for haste," the legend concludes, "made few indents or wheelings, having an earnest desire to visit the warmer climate; but having once obtained the goal disports himself wantonly." And wanton indeed is his course after he has run half the length of the counties, though not by any means half his own length. For in sinuous folds he wanders first east, then west, then north again, showing an indecision of character detrimental to his reputation, though highly enlivening to the scenery.

Its upper reaches are not only inaccessible, but comparatively uninteresting in a district like the West Country, where each turn is supposed to show

\* Quoted by Mr. John Ll. Paige.



NEW BRIDGE ON THE TAMAR.

more fascinations than the last. But catch the Tamar at Greystone Bridge, which crosses it near the old village of Dunterton, or even a few miles further down at that Eden in England, Endsleigh Cottage, and you will not want to part companionship until the soft woods of Mount Edgecumbe on the one side, and the hard reality of Devil's Point on the other, warn you that its life is spent, and it has merged its own identity in the broad waters of Plymouth Sound. But at Endsleigh the river is in all the glory of early youth. The so-called cottage, one of the homes of the Bedford family, is built high above the river in its Devon side, and in its sheltered grounds, sloping to the water, are gardens, walks, shrubberies, and avenues full of rich southern loveliness.

Opposite are woods which, even in Devon, are famed for their unspoiled beauty. And cooly the river wanders on in districts rarely seen by the tourist, for they are the private property of the noble house of Russell. But to all appearances the river has no modern grudge against land-owners, for it meanders on, bubbling over stony shallows,

few miles are hardly to be equalled: gently-sloping banks lined to the edge with woods rich with all the undergrowth of fern and moss or flower that Devon knows, or abruptly-rising scaurs of stern grey granite boulder to break the monotony of gentleness.

With a swift turn, after leaving the romantic woods, where the hand of man has left no trace, the river suddenly wakes to a sense of worldliness by coming on that mine which is one of the romances of mining, the Devon Great Consols. Ugly and disfiguring it is without doubt, with its wheels and refuse-heaps, scaffolding and tunnelling, but here, away in this far-off corner of the West, fortunes have been made and lost. In justice to the Devon Consols, it is only fair to say more were made than lost; for although the shares were not fully paid up, at one time the one-pound shares changed hands at the giddy price of £600, and in twenty-one years of working £40,000 was paid to the Duke of Bedford in dues alone, while the profits paid to shareholders amounted to £180,000. In its palmy days it had thirty or so miles of tunnelling, thirty-two water-



MORWELL ROCKS.

stopping in dark hollows which anglers love, and growing gradually deeper until it becomes of some use as a navigable stream. But for loveliness those

wheels, nine miles of shafts and winzes, and a reputation that sent the county mining-mad. Now the wheels move slowly, and in its very decrepit



old age the ore has forsaken it, and though it is worked for arsenic, the return is not great.

But the river still rolls on as steadily as in the days of 5,000 per cent., and by the time it has passed under the New Bridge it has almost forgotten that there ever was a mine whose refuse once discoloured its waters.

This New Bridge gives the lie to its name at first sight, for it is of old grey stone, half covered with ivy,

far and no farther" has been writ across the weir, which marks, too, the limit of the tides. It is fortunate for the tourist on one of these steamers that the weir does not occur a few miles further down. For between it and the village of Calstock, famed for its donkeys and its strawberries, lies a stretch which is the loveliest part of the river—in its navigable fraction at any rate. On the Devon side rise steep crags, three hundred feet sheer from



DANESCOMBE.

but it has several distinctions. It is the key of Cornwall, or it was when armies marched through the country, and more than once it has seen, and felt, too, hard fighting between the Roundheads, who kept the bridge, and the Cavaliers, who forced it. Then it is the last, or the first, bridge which crosses the Tamar, always excepting Brunel's great achievement at Saltash. But that is a railway bridge, and deprives one of the childish excitement of standing with one foot in each county, which the New Bridge affords. The Cornish side of the bridge had to split the difference with the steep hill that drops down from the quaint village of Gunnislake, and jump up to meet it. But Devon and Cornwall are never expected to make things pleasant for engineers; their rôle is to make pictures, and they do it.

In the summer days a paddle-steamer industriously tramps up and down the twenty-five miles or so of water from the sea to the Weir Head. Doubtless, it would go higher if it could, but "Thus

the river; in every niche some tree has found a home; the whole stands a great scene of grandeur, softened by green and brown touches.

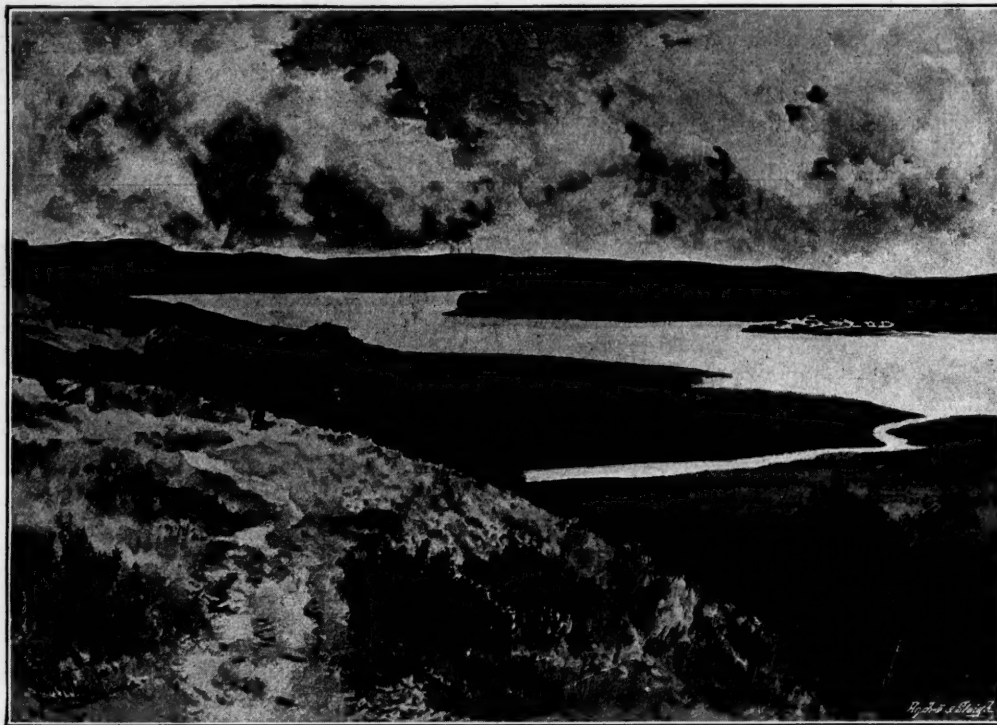
There is a path to the top of these Morwell Rocks, and it were a crime to stop half-way, for from it is a view which, even in Devon, is accounted fine. The river winds and bends and twists for miles, and in the end has got about two nearer to the sea; the Cornish hills stretch blue in the west, and behind are the tors of Dartmoor.

Calstock, a mile or so further on, would be a profoundly uninteresting riverside village, its cottages lazily scattered about the hill, were it not for several mundane considerations; the first being that it has been, from time out of mind, pre-eminently the spot for tea. There is an old inn on the Devon side which is the joy of artists seeking a foreground; and there is a supply of fruit which is the joy of the thirsty soul seeking refreshment. The quaint old Cornish women awaiting you on



the quay, with their clean aprons and big sun-bonnets, and baskets filled with fruit from the gardens which cover the hill-sides for miles—for

Edgcumbe did in all historical probability escape the vengeance of the followers of Richard III., who regarded him as an enemy, by flinging his cap



CARGREEN, FROM CLAMOAK.

this is the centre of a strawberry- and cherry-growing district which exports tons a day to the London market in the season—are quite primitive enough to satisfy the seeker for the picturesque.

But what Calstock lacks in romance is abundantly made up for in Cotehele House, which is round the next bend of the river, though it must be taken on faith, for it is out of sight.

Every stone has its story; it contains rooms full of treasures collected by its present owners—the Mount-Edgcumbe family—some of them relics of royal visitors who have made a sojourn there; and its battlemented walls have felt the assaults of the marauder. On the river, just beyond Cotehele Quay, is a little chapel built on a rocky bank, as the thank-offering of a Sir Richard Edgcumbe for his escape from his enemies. It is particularly desired that no historian will attempt to deprive the Tamar of this tale, or of the tree on the banks lower down where Charles I. climbed and watched his pursuers pass underneath: as the unfortunate monarch seems, to have some twenty-five trees up and down the county sacred to his hiding, this one in the West may surely be left in peace. But Sir Richard

full of stones into the river, and leading them to think him gone with it. He lived, however, to build this chapel, be knighted by Henry, and enjoy the estates of his pursuers, which were confiscated and given over to him. A combe above the chapel has also a ring of the past, for it is said to be the spot where the Danes landed in 977, and whence they marched to the battle on the moorland above. Hence the name, Danescombe.

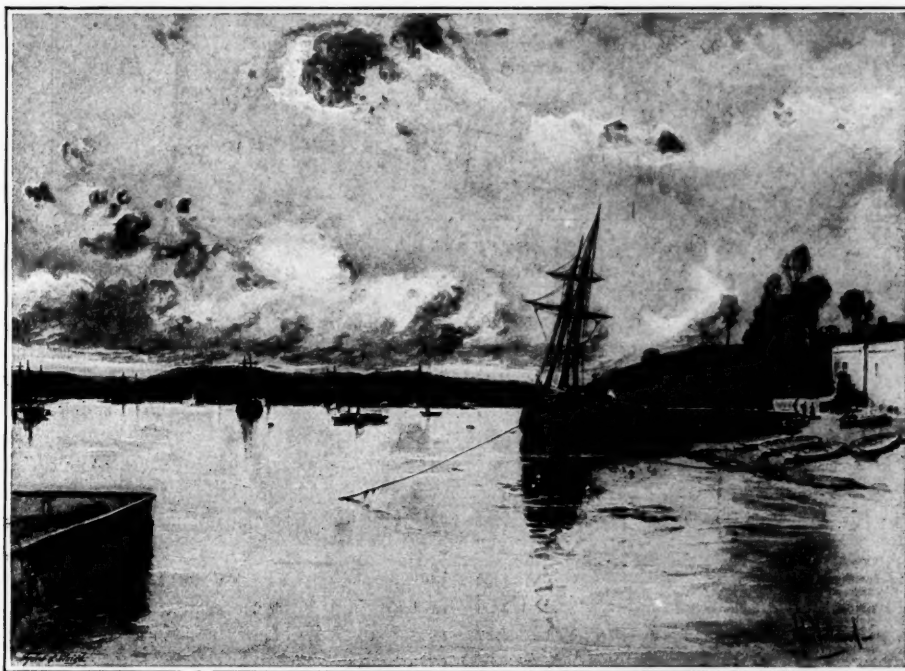
More bends and windings between low-lying meadow-land on the one hand and sloping woods on the other, and the stream, grown muddy and brown and big with its contact with the haunts of men, flows past Pentillie Castle grounds, the home of a West-country family, the Corytons. The house itself owes its chief interest to its situation, crowning the hill, Rhine-like fashion, and peeping out from the luxuriant growth of the gardens and woods which surround it. In coming up the river, there is a curious effect with which the native loves to mystify the visitor. For when, two miles off by the river—though only a third of a mile in a straight line—Pentillie comes in view, the unsophisticated stranger is ready to stake all his possessions to back

his assertion that Pentillie is on the Devon bank. But that is because he has not yet learned the wiles of this snaky river, or discovered his way of doubling back upon himself.

In its middle age the Tamar is at its worst and most uninteresting period. Fields and low-lying banks rob it of all romance. It is simply a stream not broad enough to be impressive, and not narrow enough to be romantic. Cargreen, a little village which clusters round its own quay, has been infected by the character of the river, and is prosaic enough to belong anywhere but where it is. It has a link with the past in its near neighbour, Llandulph, which has a church in which is a tomb which holds the bones of an emperor, one Theodore Paleologus, the last descendant of the Greek Emperors of Constantinople, who died in 1636 while on a visit to the neighbourhood. It is when it gets on nearer the works of men that the river again has any interest, and now of a different kind. It broadens out into what to all appearances is a lake, joins forces with the Tavy, and reaches that colossal piece of engineering, the Saltash Bridge. Brunel is said to have ruined himself over the contract, being unable to find a bottom for the shafts, and to have been so nervous

of work before his death. But Saltash, the quaint town from which it springs, had a name and two members of Parliament long before it had a bridge, and it still has the name, though it has lost the members.

Now it is a moot point where the Tamar ceases. Some would end its career with Saltash, others with the Devil's Point; but it seems a hard thing to rob it of its identity just where it becomes a national institution, for its estuary, called the Hamoaze, is used as a dumping-ground for old three-deckers that have been put to other uses than sea-going, obsolete men-of-war used as store-houses, two training-ships; and as well it is the first element into which the Devonport dockyards shoot their new vessels. Here, active, sea-going war-vessels come and go, and it forms one of the safest and most secluded harbours in the world. It receives the Lynher, a Cornish river, and sends water up a short blind alley called the Mill Creek; it sweeps past Mount Edgecombe, with its lordly woods and water-girt loveliness, and finally succumbs to the sea off Devil's Point, where, saith the tradition, his Satanic Majesty turned back in despairing disgust in his travels on hearing that the Methodists were in Cornwall. But the Tamar does



THE HAMOAZE, FROM SALTASH.

about the results that on the opening day he went to bed with orders that he was not to be disturbed until the first train had passed over. Be that as it may, he never did another piece

not give itself up without a struggle, for at the Point it engages in such a fierce fight with the sea that there is, even in calm weather, a swirling whirlpool to mark its grave.

## THE COLLECTION OF MR. W. CUTHBERT QUILTER, M.P.

### IV.—THE DECEASED ENGLISH MASTERS. LOW COUNTRY PAINTERS.

BY F. G. STEPHENS.

AS George Vincent (1796—c. 1831) was not only one of the ablest and most original of the pupils of John Crome, an English marine painter

"Hastings," which is now at South Kensington, shared the revived honours of Vincent in 1862. In the "Greenwich Hospital," which is before us,



NUREMBERG.

(By Samuel Prout.)

*par excellence*, who was born a century ago, it is pleasant to begin these notes with references to his harmony of colour and tone. The beautiful "Greenwich Hospital," which, like a dark pearl, is almost iridescent, excels in the super-delicate beauty of the water in front and the seemingly tremulous expanse of the atmosphere. It embraces a scene which Vincent made the subject of his greatest work, the large and famous "Greenwich Hospital," which, when it was at the International Exhibition, took the modern art world by storm. Until that time, although Vincent had been dead only thirty years, and many who knew him were still living, this brilliant and powerful leader of the Norwich school was already almost forgotten—in that respect resembling his contemporary, John James Chalon, a landscape and coast painter of, so to say, the first water, who ceased to paint in 1847, and passed out of note till his masculine

the artist showed himself a master of composition; the masses of his grouped sailing craft are disposed, it is true, with skill of a somewhat conventional sort; while the row-boat and the buoy in front are as obviously intended to connect those masses in the fore-water as the curving lines of the land are designed to bring them together in the distance. Composition of this simple sort was always zealously aimed at by the Norwich school. In fact, a large part of the charm we enjoy in the works of the men of that category is due to their success in this really difficult, though seemingly simple, element of design. The most successful of the Norwich composers—who were likewise fine sea painters, like Vincent—was John Sell Cotman (1782—1842), whose capital "Town in Holland" is before the reader in a good cut which amply justifies the reputation of this well-endowed artist. Any one of his drawings will serve to illustrate the principles



of composition of a less obvious sort than obtains in the Vincent we have just examined.

It is noteworthy that, while the Norwich school—which based its principles, and not a little of its practice, upon the Dutch land and marine painters of the seventeenth century and earlier half of the eighteenth century—was flourishing in East Anglia and London, another very brilliant group of artists was, under the auspices or the example of John Varley, rapidly coming to the front in the metropolis, in the Midlands, and in Wales. This group comprised realistic landscape painters of the calibre of Mulready, Linnell, Edridge, W. Hunt, and David Cox, of the last of whom I have previously spoken. At this point I may be allowed to say that in the lately deceased George P. Boyce we have lost the last of Cox's eminent and original followers. Cox was born within a year after Cotman; but from the first he worked on different principles, and it may be said that this divergence illustrates the characteristic independence and abundant originality of the leading professors of English landscape. The one group looked at nature—if I may say so—through Dutch spectacles; the other group, who

nature. This is manifest in W. Hunt's remark to me, "I never drew even a pin without nature." These conscientious artists were not, however, the first confessors of the same faith. This fact is attested by the life and work of the next painter, who enjoyed such length of days that, born twelve years before David Cox and thirteen years before Cotman, he survived them till 1859, when Cotman had been dead seventeen years and Cox about two months.

This earlier confessor of nature's charms than Cox was James Ward (1769—1859), who, founding himself as a painter on nature alone (he was trained as an engraver), shows, with a heavier touch than Cox's, the like Englishness and vigour in the fine and solid group of cattle near a finger-post at cross roads, which is an ornament of this collection. But it has little of Cox's or Vincent's airiness and expansiveness. None of these artists had the least taint of what may be called scholasticism; but the next English contemporary of theirs we come to here is Samuel Prout, whose well-known "Nuremberg" (which I think has been engraved in an "Annual") and the more admirable "Milan Cathedral" (much



GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

(From the Painting by George Vincent.)

were, nevertheless, by no means indifferent to composition, looked at nature direct—so much so, indeed, that some of them refused to do anything without

rejoiced in by Mr. Ruskin) hang near each other. He exceeds in that quality. I delight in the dexterity and *chic* of Prout's "pencilling," but, precisely



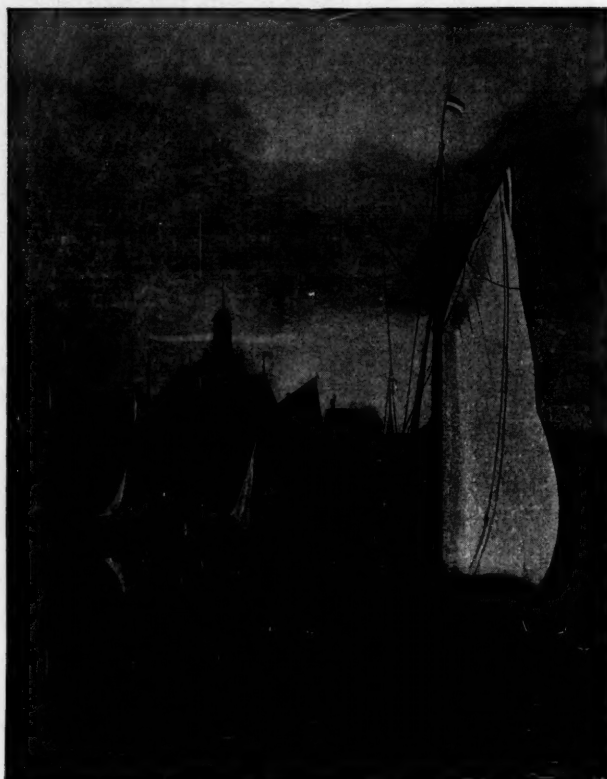
because of those characteristics, I can never cease wondering why Mr. Ruskin—devout prophet of Turner, Cox, and William Hunt as he is—experienced raptures over a Prout, the craftsmanship

position—which includes selecting the elements of pictures with an apparent artlessness that masks the rarest art.

By way of disposing of the groups before me of

English landscapes proper and landscapes with figures I shall here call attention to a famous example in which the influence of Venice is strongly shown—it is, perhaps, the best of all Turner's paintings including nude, or nearly nude, figures—the renowned "Venus and Adonis," which, painted some years before, was an ornament of the Academy Exhibition of 1849. Here we have a spirited design showing, with exceptional vigour, the goddess supine upon the bed whose whiteness adds to the glow and rich colouring of her flesh; she is attempting to detain the eager huntsman, whose more eager hounds chafe at his tardiness. As to the subject of this work Turner had Titian's example before him, not only in regard to the colour scheme of this the latest of all his finer pieces, but in the idea of placing the hovering group of *amorini* in the sky, impatiently making ready their mistress's chariot; in the serenity of the deep blue and unfathomable firmament and the shining white clouds which catch the lustre of the morning sun, the gold of the chariot, the languorous ardour of Venus, and the dark roses of her draperies. Turner, who defied Claude, here, with still more daring, ventured to measure himself with Titian! Another Titianesque and more original picture in this collection is a delightful version of Sir E. Burne-Jones's choicest art, the lovely "Green Summer," in which a group of charming dames and damsels, diversely clad in green of various tints delightfully harmonised, sit on the sward of a glowing landscape consisting of a sunlit glade and background of dark trees.

The most remarkable of Mr. Quilter's Low Country pictures is the life-size bust, or half-length figure, seated nearly in front view, of a Dutch gentleman of distinction, one Heer Pieter Tiarek, who was fortunate enough to find a short and easy way to immortality by sitting to Frank Hals when that master—the first of all realistic portrait painters, not only of his own time, but of all time—was in possession of his highest powers. Born in 1584, Hals entered the world not fewer than twenty-two years before Rembrandt, to whom is generally awarded the honour of leading the way in that direction. The fact is, however, that it is Rubens who, born in 1577, and a portrait painter of the



TOWN IN HOLLAND.

(From the Painting by J. S. Cotman.)

of which represents to me the *ne plus ultra* of drawing-mastership. Like a vast ivory shrine set in sunlight is the front of "Milan" here in question. To be adapted to quite another standard than that which befits the author of "Milan" is the grave, broad, and pathetic "Old Mill" hanging near it, and doing honour to the honourable name of De Wint. Mr. Quilter's father had several capital specimens by the same hand, its delightful "dewiness" and massive style. If I remember aright, this is one of the best of them. With these may be grouped, besides, minor instances by (1) Collins—see his very characteristic "Cromer;" (2) Constable—the view of the edge of a wood, with a pool, boy, dog, and cattle, which happily reminds the student of a Waterloo, and, by the same, two earlier works, in one of which is to be seen the house of Golding Constable, the R.A.'s father; and (3) Cotman, whose "Town in Holland" is here reproduced as a good specimen of the skill of one of our English masters of com-

first class, a stupendous master of the forth-right touch, may justly claim to have initiated this very precious achievement. Hals, with a firmer touch than Rubens's, and equally consummate accomplishments, carried portraiture nearer to nature than the great Sir Peter Paul himself. Rembrandt thus found doubly prepared for him the way for working those wondrous charms of portraiture in regard to which none have surpassed, and very few approached, him. His debt to Hals was, undoubtedly, greater than to any other master, but we must remember that, like every great painter, both Hals and Rembrandt, as well as Rubens and Van Dyck, attained freedom and mastery by means of strenuous and indomitable care carried to the utmost of what the bolder class of "modern" critics and our more audacious and ambitious practitioners call "niggling." That is, these incomparable masters of the brush, like Millais and "old William Hunt" in our own time, and Velazquez two centuries ago, began to draw as if for their lives, to paint without flinching, and, with the utmost research, to study from nature. It is owing to such studies as these that Hals contrived to depict Heer Pieter Tiarek (of Amsterdam, I believe he was) in the wonderful fashion our engraving accurately reproduces—just as, some two hundred and eighty-four years ago—say, in 1608, Tiarek turned quickly in his chair (it was a way many of Hals' sitters had), and, still holding the full-blown rose he had been trifling with, lifted up his face so that the shadow of his broad-rimmed black felt hat did not cover his eyes, looked at the painter. Being a staid and business-like worthy, whose time was worth money, he evidently settled to his sitting with the same decision as he would have exercised in any other occupation in which he took an interest. Energetic and reserved, distinguished by his cautious and self-contained air and expression, his features and their aspect are, so to say, a biography which Hals thoroughly mastered and preserved for a future as long as paint and canvas can endure.

That endurance will, barring accidents, be long indeed if the next three centuries work no greater changes in Tiarek's portrait than the past centuries have effected. The execution of this wonder is the delight and the despair of countless artists. There was no masterpiece to which, when Mr. Quilter lent it to the Academy as No. 69 in 1891, Leighton, eclectic to the heart as he was, gave more attention than to the mosaic-like modelling of the features of this face. The handling of the falling ruff in its numerous plaits—every one of them being compact of study, and yet the whole as "broad" as the "broadest" Rubens or Rembrandt ever painted—is a technical feat the achievement of which one requires to be a painter fully to appreciate. Nor is the execution of the hand less marvellous. It would seem that such merits as this picture possesses would from the first have ensured for the artist a thorough welcome in our own veracity-



"VENUS AND ADONIS," or "DEPARTURE FOR THE CHASE."

(From the Painting by J. M. W. Turner. R.A.)

loving country. It was not so, however. So lately as 1820, John Smith, who compiled the famous "Catalogue Raisonné," did not include Hals among the Low Country masters whom he thought the artistic and amateur world cared most for. I am much in doubt if, before 1860, any Hals had, if at all, been engraved on the master's account. The British Institution included in its more than sixty exhibitions only eighteen Halses, of which some were shown twice or thrice. In twenty years the Academy did not borrow more than twenty-eight Halses. Until 1872 no Hals was sold in England for so much as a hundred pounds;\* from fifteen to

\* NOTE.—The Wallace "Laughing Cavalier" cost the late Marquess of Hertford £2,040 at the Pourtales sale.—ED.

twenty pounds was the normal price for such works. In 1873, while visiting a well-known private collection of pictures in Yorkshire, I encountered a capital portrait by this master among numerous then more fashionable works. The fair and stately owner asked me which painting I liked best in her collection, and when the answer came, "I like best, Lady —, that Hals which hangs between the windows," she evidently took me for a false prophet, and cried, "Why, my late husband bought it at Amsterdam for twenty pounds!" However this might be, I think it is within the mark to say that Mr. Quilter gave more than four thousand pounds for the portrait of Heer Pieter Tiarek which is before us now.

### THE HERMITAGE.\*

SOME time in the year of our Lord 1743 the great ones who directed the affairs of the Empire of Russia were casting about to find a bride for the young heir to the throne, a grandson of the great Peter. He was at this time only sixteen years old, "weak and sickly of body, restive, impetuous, and brutal in temper; this lad even at that early age exhibited a pronounced passion for drink." But a Tsar must have a wife, and the young German Princess Sophia of Anhalt was invited to St. Petersburg "on approval." A child of fourteen, she arrived early in the year 1744 with her mother, and found when she reached Russia that she had to play as difficult a part as ever fell to the lot of any young girl or grown woman. She was alone and without a friend, but she had come to Russia to fulfil a great destiny, and she was not to be deterred by difficulties that would have overwhelmed and disheartened a less strong and vigorous mind. She kept herself so well in hand, so lived down the misrepresentations, that at length she was officially betrothed to the young Grand Duke, and in 1745 they were married, without the existence of a spark of affection on either side.

On the death of the Empress the Emperor Peter III. was proclaimed in her stead. The first acts of his life were all so unpopular that the army turned against him. Amongst other things he publicly insulted his wife, issued an order for her arrest, proposing to repudiate her and marry his mistress. But he did not know his wife. Whilst he was with his

boon companions arranging for her arrest and probable assassination, she, with her usual decision, drove to the capital and put herself in the hands of the army. They were filled with enthusiasm for this Empress, who, in the uniform of a colonel, at the head of fourteen thousand soldiers, marched straight to the palace of the Emperor, who was forced to sign his abdication, conferring upon his wife all his rights and privileges. Three days after he died in his prison, and his wife, the great Catherine I., reigned in his stead. It was this Empress Catherine of Russia who founded the Hermitage, now one of the finest picture galleries in Europe. She did not intend it for a picture gallery only. She had literary as well as artistic tastes, and she had about her many who came to her gatherings at the Winter Palace, where she placed her books and her collection of pictures in a special pavilion erected for the purpose, named the Hermitage, because to it the Empress retired for seclusion in her leisure moments. Successive monarchs have added to the collection, until Nicholas I. built a new museum to take the place of the old pavilion.

There exist in this museum about eighteen hundred works, and as it falls to the lot of few people to go to St. Petersburg, we may be grateful to the Berlin Photographic Company for having obtained the sanction of the Tsar for the reproduction of the chief pictures to be found there. It is the intention to publish reproductions in photogravure of eighty-four of these canvases. The first part, containing eighteen, is in our hands, and we have no doubt that, not only from the interest in the pictures themselves, but also on account of the admirable way they are reproduced, the collection of plates will find its way into every library where art has a place.

\* The Hermitage. Eighty-four photogravures directly reproduced from the original paintings in the Imperial Gallery at St. Petersburg. By authority of H.I.M. the Tsar, with an introduction by Sir Martin Conway. (London: The Berlin Photographic Co.)



PETER TIARCK.

(From the Painting by Franz Hals. In the Collection of Mr. W. Cuthbert Quilter. M.P. Engraved by M. Baudoin.)

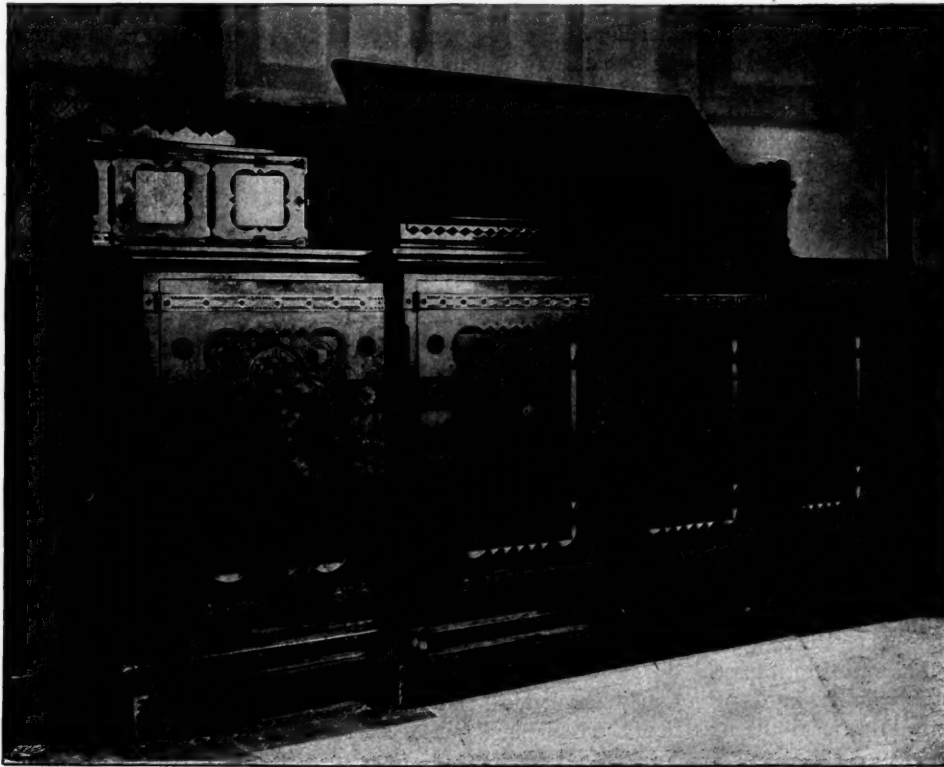




## THE "KING RENÉ'S HONEYMOON" CABINET.

By JOHN P. SEDDON.

THE cabinet here illustrated was designed by myself in the year 1861, and was exhibited in the International Exhibition of 1862. It is painter, sculptor, and musician, though unfortunate in his political career, being driven out of Sicily and Naples by Alfonsi of Aragon in 1442, and deprived



CABINET.

(Designed by J. P. Seddon. Decorated by D. G. Rossetti and Ford Madox Brown.)

made of oak inlaid with "purple" and other richly coloured woods.

The firm of Messrs. Morris, Marshall and Company, then recently established and associated with several artists since become famous, including Ford Madox Brown, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and Edward Burne-Jones, undertook the commission to paint for it the four large panels of the lower part, to illustrate "Architecture, Painting, Sculpture, and Music," and the six small panels of the upper part, to represent subsidiary arts and crafts.

Ford Madox Brown suggested for the purpose a series of imaginary incidents in the honeymoon of King René, the titular King of Naples, Sicily, Cyprus, and Jerusalem, the father of Margaret, queen of Henry VI. of England. He was a man of wide and artistic cultivation, an amateur poet, architect,

of Anjou by Louis XI. of France in 1473; he then retired to Aix, where he died in 1480, still loved by his people, who called him "Le Bon Roi René."

In the subjects chosen for illustration it is supposed that after his marriage he would build a palace for himself and his spouse, and carve and decorate it himself; and finally, when complete, rejoice and make melody in it. Consequently, the figure of the king, attended by his queen, appears in each of the large panels; in the first they are both seated on a bench, with a plan of their palace spread at their feet: she is evidently making some proposal in a coaxing manner, to which he is giving serious, perhaps puzzled, consideration. This picture, representing "Architecture," is by Ford Madox Brown, and is a remarkably beautiful and graceful composition. The dress of the queen is white, embroidered with flowers

and edged with dark fur; that of the king is of a rich purplish red, lined with blue, and his shoes are scarlet. The two central panels are by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, and represent "Sculpture" and "Painting." In the former the king is standing and carving a statue, with his queen behind in an admiring attitude. In the latter he is seated and drawing the figure of a woman, while his consort is looking on. There is great dignity combined with simplicity in these two designs. The fourth panel, depicting "Music," is the work of Dante Gabriel Rossetti: rich in colour and in treatment, thoroughly characteristic of that gifted artist. The queen is playing on a kind of regal, or chamber-organ, the bellows of which the king is blowing, even while bending over the instrument to kiss her; her dress is green, and a fur cloak lined with orange falls from her shoulders.

The six smaller panels are occupied by three-quarter length figures of two men, one glass-blowing

and the other hammering wrought ironwork, and of four girls embroidering, etc., but one—that which represents "Gardening"—is by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and the rest are by Sir Edward Burne-Jones.

The whole are remarkable not only as the works of artists of genius, but as specimens of true decorative art, so seldom understood and realised in these days. The rich harmonious colour of the wood and metal-work make a rich setting to the paintings and produce a splendid general effect, so that no small interest is attached to this unique cabinet both from an historical and artistic point of view.

[This interesting example of co-operative art has lately been on exhibition at the Grafton Gallery, properly taking its place among the works of Ford Madox Brown—a collection which, better than any that has hitherto been brought together or ever likely to be made again, displayed in a remarkable manner the master's noble merits and his striking limitations. It was the final vindication of Madox Brown's genius.—EDITOR.]

## THE ART MOVEMENT.

### APPLIED AND DECORATIVE ART IN GERMANY.

BY PAUL SCHULTZE-NAUMBURG.

IT must be difficult for English readers to form any accurate conception of the state of things from which the recent attempts at applied and decorative art in Germany have been developed. The conditions were so unlike those prevailing in any other country that they can only be explained by a brief historical retrospect.

Artistic vitality in Germany may be divided into two main periods—the first, from the beginning

victory over the French and the contemporaneous unification of Germany marked the beginning of an epoch in the artistic life of the nation. While in England, for instance, throughout this century, art has never lost its hold on taste so completely as in Germany; in France artistic crafts triumphed, especially under the Second Empire, when applied art was at its lowest ebb in Germany. Not taste alone, but technical skill too, had almost died out;



POSTER. (By Max Länger.)



EMBROIDERY DESIGN. (By Hermann Obrist.)

of this century to the year 1870; the other, from the year 1871 down to the present time. The

artists regarded it as beneath their dignity to lend a helping hand to the work of the artisan, and,

indeed, they lacked, for the most part, the necessary training.

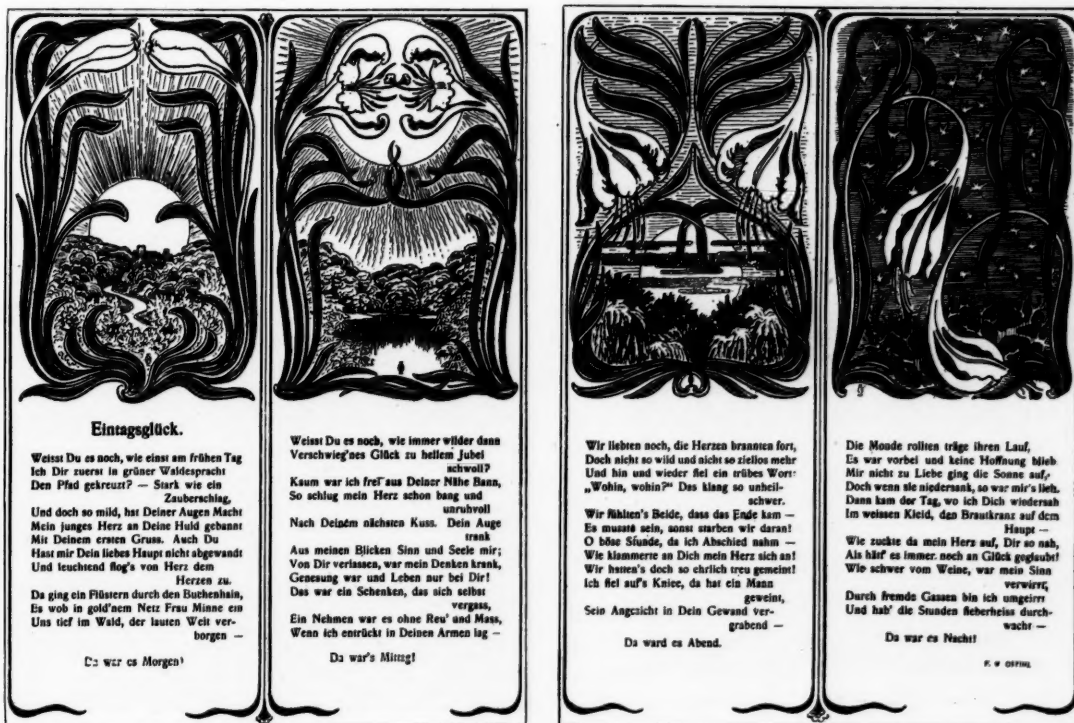
After the war of 1870-71, when the German people recovered their balance, they made a great discovery—namely, that they had a noble tradition of artistic handiwork. By studying the surviving masterpieces of the Renaissance, they discerned the worthlessness of their own productions, and now strove with eager zeal to achieve such works as those of the masters before them. This they at first did

“water” for ten years inundated the land, till here, as in other countries, taste went through the whole gamut of styles—Baroque, Rococo, Empire, and all.

It never occurred to anyone to try to find genuine expression for individual ideas. The purchasing public was satisfied with “arrangements” in the most dissimilar styles: thus the dining room would be “Old German,” the study “Baroque,” the lady’s boudoir “Rococo,” and the reception-room “Empire;” and everyone was pleased, especially when each style could



VASES. (Designed and Executed by Max Länger.)



MORNING, AFTERNOON, EVENING, AND NIGHT. (Reduced from "Jugend." Designed by Otto Erkmann.)

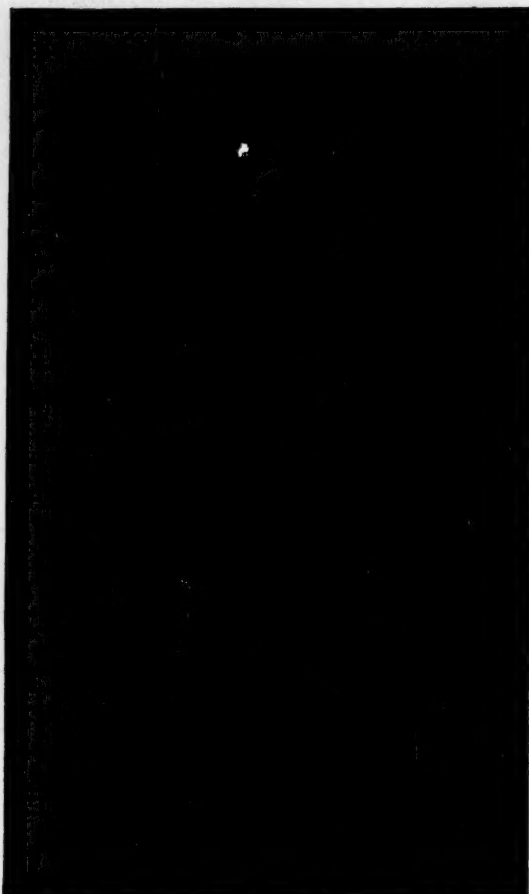
by simply copying them. “Old German” was the watchword, and this German “Renaissance” and

be said to be strictly “carried out”—an historical museum on a small scale. German craftsmen had,



indeed, never learnt in these various schools to do anything but multiply the recognised patterns, repeating them by hundreds, and overlaying the typical forms with more or less tasteful ornament. The quantity of the ornamentation thus applied determined the price from the simplest to the most

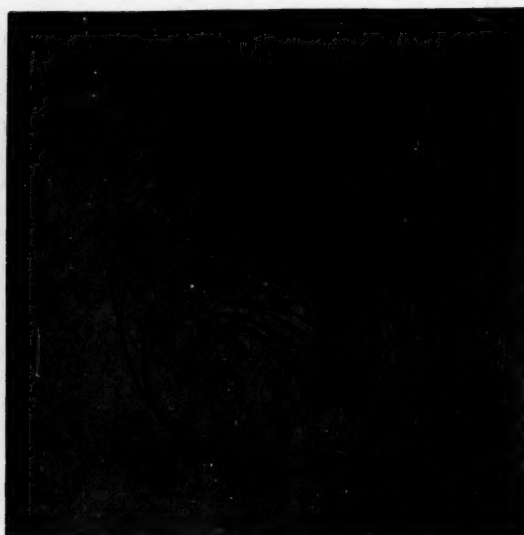
encouragement from the public, who were wholly ignorant of the principles of aesthetics. The crafts-



EMBROIDERY DESIGN. (By Hermann Obrist.)

costly. There was no sign of purity of style, natural harmony, appropriateness, or logical fitness.

Such methods naturally could not fail to incur the contempt of all true artists, especially when they had become familiar with the work of Walter Crane and other foreign designers; and we began to say that this impossible state of things was no longer to be endured. Clever men there were in plenty, who had ideas and invention for new and original work; but the execution was a matter of greater difficulty than in any other country. Artists brought up to be painters or sculptors had no comprehension of the technique of handicraft; they had not the money to devote to the purpose, and, even if they had done so, they would have found no



EMBROIDERY DESIGN. (By Hermann Obrist.)

men themselves showed no originality or initiative, the dealers met with no purchasers, and the artists lacked capital. Thus all the conditions were as unfavourable as possible, and it is a proof of great energy and determination on the part of the artist world that it should at last be beginning to conquer such difficulties. Though even now it seeks in vain freer conditions and better executants, more voices are



EMBROIDERY DESIGN. (By Hermann Obrist.)

to be heard every day asking for such improvements; and if the well-to-do and wealthy German public were to any sufficient extent to patronise it, a new and

spontaneous growth of art would flourish, as applied to manufacture, as it has done in England and America.

The arts of drawing for reproduction and the

produce original inventions in black and white, the natural medium of the draughtsman, reverting to the use of outline, not competing with ordinary



VASES. (Designed and Executed by Max Linger.)



EMBROIDERY DESIGN. (By Hermann Obrist.)

various branches of the engraver's art led the way in Germany; their products are relatively inexpensive, and the craftsman needs less capital for such work than for individual handiwork. Hitherto not many attempts had been made to bring the

reproductions by other processes, but giving full play to their own individuality.

Self-evident as this may now be, it was a novelty. The illustrated papers, now so important a factor in the development of graphic art, did little to



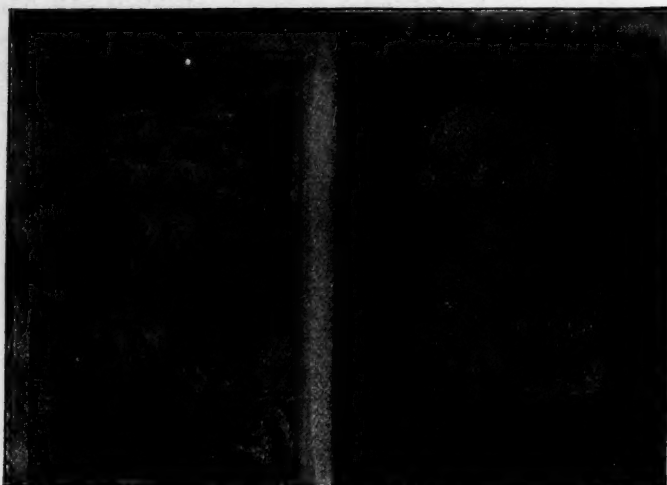
BOOK COVER. (Designed by Fritz Erler.)



EMBROIDERY DESIGN. (By Hermann Obrist.)

special character of the reproductive arts into prominence and general use. Most of the illustrations that had appeared in books were reduced from pictures, uncoloured. Then artists began to

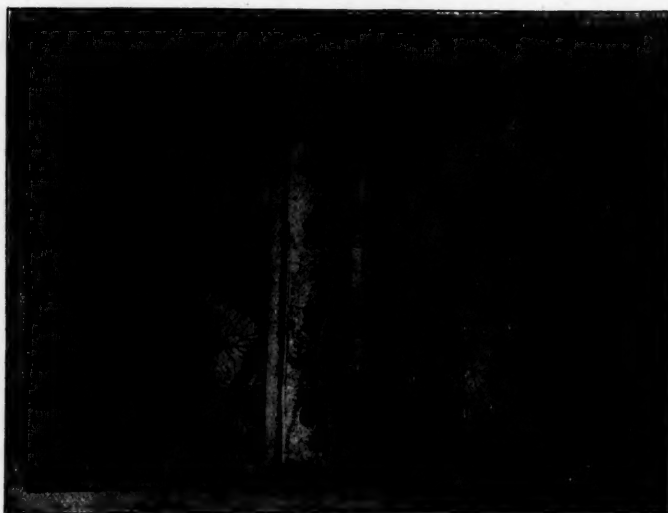
encourage the movement. The indirect result was the starting of periodicals that made the new form of art a conspicuous feature, especially the magazine called *Jugend* and the periodical, *Pan*.



BOOK COVER. (Designed by Fritz Erler.)

Other fields of applied and decorative art were at first but little cultivated. Now and again, at exhibitions, designs were to be met with for textiles and ceramics which bore a striking stamp of originality and talent, but they were rarely seen carried into execution. Furniture of German workmanship, of which the details were wrought with artistic purpose, was occasionally brought into the markets side by side with English and American productions; but, as has been said, this met with no encouragement. Still, in spite of this, there was everywhere a sense as of a ferment working below the surface; and it is a mere question of time, for all these suppressed energies will sooner or later effect a revolution in this province of art.

I am enabled to give here a few examples of what has been doing in Germany. These include some examples of decorative work from Dr. Hirth's weekly magazine, *Jugend*. One



BOOK COVER (Designed by Fritz Erler.)

of the most ingenious and independent designers of ornamental subjects is Otto Erkmann, from whose pencil we have the four borders reproduced on p. 325.

Erkmann, born in Hamburg in 1865, could not get the training he sought in the Academy at Munich, and found out for himself the line in which he might achieve distinction. He exhibited a number of oil-paintings which had a marked success, but he ultimately found his peculiar province to lie in design. For details he worked more and more closely from nature, and thus



EMBROIDERY DESIGN. (By Hermann Obrist.)

was instinctively led to ornamental inventions, for which he modified natural forms. As he worked on original drawings for wood-blocks, etc., he found himself simplifying all he did, and thenceforth endeavoured to extend his efforts to every form of artistic craft. I hope, at some future date, to have an opportunity of introducing to these pages examples of his designs for pottery, furniture decoration, book-binding, metal-work, and textiles.

In the course of this winter a collection was displayed in the Exhibition Gallery of Littau of

some highly characteristic and effectively treated vases by Herr Max Länger. This artist, a professor in the School of Decorative Art at Carlsruhe, was



VASES. (Designed and Executed by Max Länger.)

originally an architect and then a painter, and finally was led to direct his gifts as an inventive designer to practical ends. In the course of a residence for purposes of study in his native district, the Black Forest, he visited the potteries in that neighbourhood, and was struck by the fascinating material and fine, rich colours of which the workmen could make no adequate use. He himself began modelling in one of these workshops, and turned the material to good account, with what success the reader may judge. The designs on these vases are worked out in strong but harmoniously combined and brilliant colours, by preference in vivid contrasts. The ornamentation is borrowed immediately from plant-forms, growing flowers and plants treated in a free and fanciful style. The "poster" on page 324 is also by Länger; it ob-



VASES. (Designed and Executed by Max Länger.)

tained the first prize in a competition, and was printed and used.

The book-bindings by Fritz Erler on pages 327 and 328 were sent to the Exhibition of 1896 at

Munich. The design is outlined and finished on white parchment with Indian ink; the effect is both elegant and original. Herr Erler is by birth a native of Schleswig, and has studied as a painter principally in Paris. He was so fortunate, at an earlier time, when studying at Breslau under Bräuer, a singular and hermit-like man, as to be taught to appreciate the marvellous beauty of natural forms, and that in details where it is often little observed, as in skeleton structures, in shells, in the sections of plants, and the like. Thus predisposed, Erler threw himself eagerly into the new movement towards applied art. He interests himself in pottery, but more especially in all that concerns the beautifying of books—bindings, *ex libris*, wrappers, and the like—and strives, with the aid of lithography, to give to each book the individuality of an early manuscript.



VASES. (Designed and Executed by Max Länger.)

Herr Hermann Obrist, again, whose artistic needlework has lately attracted much attention, began, not as a craftsman, but as a sculptor, though he always took the greatest interest in the minor arts. His youth was spent in Weimar, and he subsequently studied natural science at Heidelberg, till the impulse waxed too strong in him to devote himself to the pursuit of art. After spending a few years to no great purpose in the School of Decorative Art at Carlsruhe, he began to work in the potteries of the hill-country of Thuringia, and there first found his true vocation. He afterwards spent a few years in Paris, working at Julian's studio, and when he had made satisfactory progress in sculpture—the art of his choice—he went to Berlin and to Munich. Here, in collaboration with Fräulein Ruchet—who was a perfect mistress of embroidery in silk—he began to carry out his designs.

These are some of the representative efforts of the new Art movement in Germany. But a greater future lies before it when our young artists,



no longer exclusively devoted to painting, cease to swell the ranks of that overcrowded profession, and begin to apply themselves to the artistic treatment of objects of common use. This, indeed, is really

needed, whereas, in the prevailing feeling of the public—and especially in comparison with the constant flow of their production—pictures can hardly be said to be a necessary in demand.

### ART IN SCOTLAND.

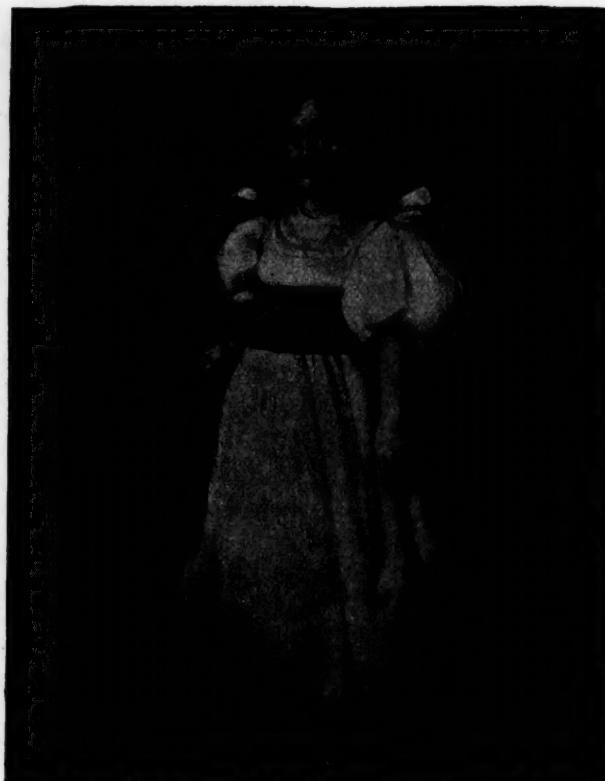
#### THE GLASGOW ROYAL INSTITUTE.

THE exhibition of the Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts opened in the beginning of February, and the Royal Scottish Academy followed suit a fortnight later in Edinburgh. This year the Institute celebrated the addition to its title of the word "Royal," the use of which her Majesty has been graciously pleased to sanction. Founded thirty-six years ago "to diffuse among all classes a taste for art generally, and more especially of contemporary art," the Institute may claim to have succeeded in a remarkable manner in carrying out these laudable objects. It has been the fostering home of the young and vigorous "Glasgow School," which has exercised considerable influence upon landscape art at home and abroad; and it was in the Sauchiehall Street galleries where the early exuberant and unrestrained fancies of the "school" were seen, when other exhibitions were closed against them. To the members of the Institute is also due a large share of the credit of having "educated" the Town Council of Glasgow into a body with as strong art sympathies as were possessed by Venetian or Dutch corporations of the olden time. This feeling has manifested itself not only in the purchase of individual pictures of note for

the Corporation galleries, but in their recently laying upon the city the responsibility of building a magnificent new art gallery and museum, which is estimated to cost not far short of £200,000. An art society which can point to such results may fairly congratulate itself upon its past work and look forward to the future with increasing hope.

This year the Institute exhibition is one of much merit. Several valuable pictures obtained on loan enhance the interest of the collection. Chief among these are M. Dagnan-Bouveret's "Dans la Forêt," from the collection of Mr. George McCulloch, London; a lady's portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds ("The Duchess of Ancaster"),

and one by Sir Henry Raeburn ("Miss Cleghorn"); Mr. La Thangue's "Man with the Scythe," from the Chantrey trust; Corot's "Crayfisher," now in the possession of Mr. James Donald; and characteristic works by James and Mathew Maris and Claude Monet. The President of the Royal Academy exhibits two small water-colour drawings—a sketch of a street in a Swiss village, chiefly of architectural interest, and a head of a pretty girl he calls "Rose in Bloom;" and Mr. Whistler has contributed by sending a coast scene entitled "Sea and Rain," in a luminous grey



DAISY.

(From the Painting by D. Y. Cameron.)



MASTER NED MARTIN.

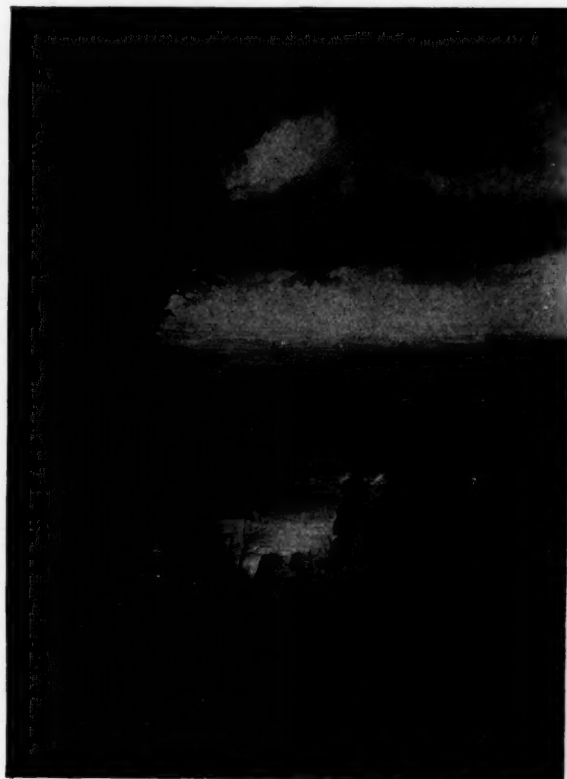
(From the Picture by J. Guthrie.)

scheme of tender quality. The Glasgow artists themselves maintain their reputation for fresh, vigorous, unconventional work. The early extravagances of the school, which have been already hinted at, are now not much in evidence. Conspicuous among such work are two canvases by Mr. Hornel, which provoke attention by their audacity. In these, with a marvellous wealth of colour at his disposal, and in a broad impressionist method, he has rendered two Scottish woodland scenes with children, with something of the flatness of a Japanese painting and the beauty of a rich mosaic. Mr. James Guthrie and Mr. John Lavery are well represented by examples of their graceful portrait art. Mr. Guthrie sends his "Master Ned Martin" (which we reproduce), and Mr. Lavery the full length of "Miss Mary Burrell," in white satin and black velvet tippet. These beautiful works were both exhibited last May at the Salon Champ de Mars, and there received much attention from French artists and critics. Another outstanding portrait (which we reproduce) is that by Mr. D. Y. Cameron of

"Daisy"—a pretty little girl in white, who has been painted with much distinction of style. Mr. Cameron made his early reputation by etching, but his later works show that he has not only a fine appreciation of form, but also of elegant colour. Landscapes of note are contributed by Mr. A. K. Brown, Mr. Macaulay Stevenson, Mr. R. M. G. Coventry, Mr. R. W. Allan, and Mr. E. Sherwood Calvert; and *genre* pictures of interest by Messrs. James E. Christie, George Henry, Tom McEwan, and John McGhee. The water-colour room is fairly furnished, and of sculpture there is a small, attractive display.

## THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.

At the inauguration of the Royal Scottish Academy there was a pleasant exchange of compliments between the Academy officials and the Corporation of Edinburgh, the Lord Provost, magistrates, and Council as usual attending the private view in state. One thousand four hundred and fifty pictures were submitted to the jury, and places were found for 727—an increase of 71 over last year. Not for many years has the exhibition presented so much variety and interest. A splendid leading feature of it undoubtedly is the display of works, seven in number, by the late Sir John Millais, who was an honorary member of the Scottish Academy. These include the "Ophelia" of his Pre-Raphaelite period, obtained on loan from the Tate Collection; the charming "Rosalind and Celia," painted in 1868, which is now in the possession of



STRATHEARN.

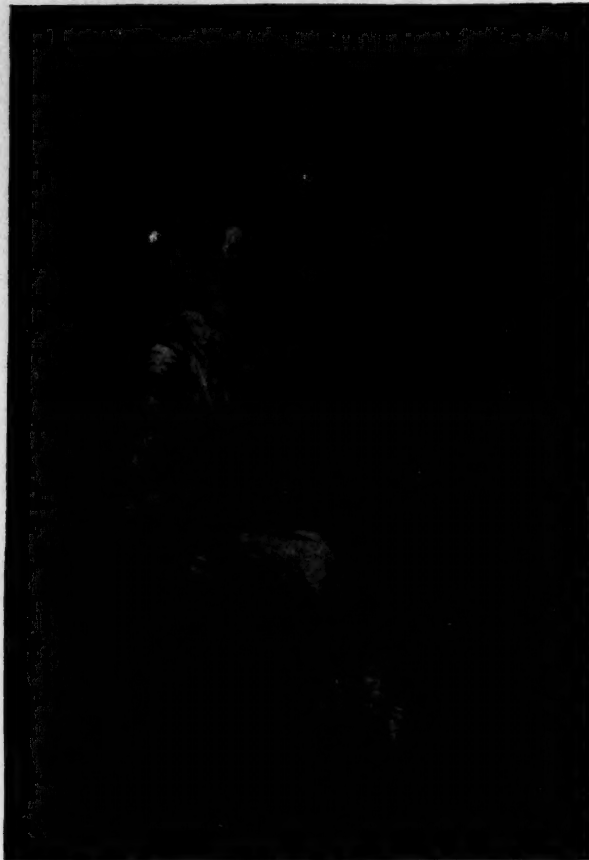
(From the Painting by J. Smart, R.S.A.)

Mr. J. C. Bunten, of Dunalistair, Perthshire; and the first and famous portrait of Mr. Gladstone, exhibited in 1879, which Sir Charles Tennant lends. There are also portraits of Mr. Fleetwood P. Wilson (1884), Sir Robert Pullar, the Marchioness of Tweeddale, and a young son of Captain Crabbie of the Scots Greys. The endeavour of the Council

tures also appear upon the walls of the Academy for the last time are Mr. Denovan Adam and Mr. Otto Leyde.

One of the great portraits of the year is a three-quarter length by Mr. Orchardson of Mr. H. Balfour Fergusson, Dundee—peerless for style and suavity of colour; and the President of the Academy, Sir

George Reid, has had two interesting sitters—Emeritus Professor Masson, of the Edinburgh University, and the Rev. Dr. Maclaren, of Union Chapel, Manchester. They present very marked contrasts of character, but both have been painted in that incisive, trenchant, and artistic style for which Sir George Reid is famous. Lady Reid, treated with considerable pictorial licence as regards costume and environment, has been painted with much accomplishment by Mr. A. Roche, one of the younger associates. A reproduction of this picture is given. Another social celebrity of whom a full-length portrait appears on the walls is Sir Charles Farquhar Shand, who has been treated in a dignified manner in his picturesque red robes as Chief Justice of Mauritius by Mr. Robert Gibb; and in the same department of art Mr. James Guthrie and Mr. John Lavery exhibit very artistically handled ladies' portraits. A lady's portrait of much promise has been contributed by Miss M. Cameron, and works by several other lady artists of the city have commanded good places. Landscapes are, as usual, greatly in evidence at the Mound. One of the largest shown is an admirably composed and ably painted view of "Strathearn," by Mr. John Smart, which is here reproduced. Mr. Lawton Wingate's cabinet works are notable for their keen sympathy with nature, poetic sentiment, and delightful colour. Mr. W. D. McKay's contribution is an agreeable hay-making scene, with



LADY REID.

(From the Painting by Alexander Roche, A.R.S.A.)

of the Academy was to present to the public a view of the work of Sir John in his early, middle, and late periods, and in this they have been very successful. The last three mentioned portraits were all painted in the latter end of 1895 or early in 1896; and the "Marchioness of Tweeddale," it may be recalled, was in the Royal Academy last year. The boy's portrait, which was one of the last Sir John worked upon, has not been seen before in public. To it, therefore, attaches a melancholy interest, for although it is far from perfect, there is evident in it a suggestion of the old charm with which the late President painted pretty children. Other deceased Scottish Academicians whose pic-

labourers enjoying the afternoon rest; and pleasing examples of the river-scenery of Scotland are sent by Mr. G. W. Johnstone and Mr. J. Morris Henderson. These names, however, do not exhaust the list, which would not be complete did it not include those of Mr. A. K. Brown and Mr. James Paterson, whose landscapes never fail to attract notice on account of their thoughtful and artistic character. To Mr. G. Ogilvy Reid the exhibition is indebted for a large historical picture, in which is depicted with considerable dramatic effect and with evident conscientious care the death of Viscount Dundee after the Battle of Killiecrankie. Mr. Paton Reid also shows pictures with costumed figures whose subjects

are indicated by such titles as "The Courier" and "A Last Throw." Works with figure subjects or figures in combination with landscape are also contributed by Messrs. Hugh Cameron, George Hay, Robert Macgregor, G. Henry, W. E. Lockhart, W. S. MacGeorge, J. Lochhead, and Mr. Gemmell Hutchison. Mr. George Henry's "Symphony," in rich brown tints, the subject of which is a girl playing the piano, is very happily rendered. Works with animal subjects which give variety to the walls are sent by Messrs. Robert Alexander, George Pirie, and George Smith. In the water-colour room the principal exhibitors are Messrs. R. B. Nisbet, Henry Kerr, Tom Scott, Skeoch Cumming—who shows a representation of the Black Watch at Fontenoy which has cost him much research in connection with the costumes—James Cadenhead, W. Fulton Brown, T. M. Hay, and Miss Amy Stewart. It is

greatly to the credit of the Academy that the best of the year's pictures are the work of its own Members and Associates. The young men outside its pale exhibit nothing this year which betokens any great advance on previous effort, though not a few of them paint up to a good standard and show much promise. A special room has this year been set aside for the architectural drawings, and the sculpture has, as usual, been distributed with decorative effect throughout the galleries. The sculpture is, for the most part, an exhibition of busts of no great interest. One of these deserving of notice for its style is that of Miss Maclaren, by Mr. Pittendreich Macgillivray, who also exhibits several excellent medallion heads. A sketch for a statue of George Buchanan, by Mr. John Hutchison, shows the old humanist and reformer in a meditative mood.

W. M. G.

#### A HOSPITAL DECORATION.

**M**R. W. GRAHAM ROBERTSON'S picture is destined to fill a particular wall-space in the Victoria Jubilee Hospital at Folkestone, to which institution it has been presented by Mr. J. S. Forbes. The painting is both in character and treatment excellently adapted to serve as a mural decoration. In design and colour arrangement it combines agreeably the qualities of serious formality and judicious reserve which are the source of all that is best in decorative practice. It is free from any exaggeration of gesture; and its sentiment, though appropriate to the position and surrounding in which the picture is to remain, is neither obtruded unduly nor allowed to degenerate into anything approaching sentimentality.



(Painted by W. Graham Robertson.)

What story the composition has to tell is hinted at rather than insisted upon, suggested by delicacies of facial expression and by appropriateness of grouping, not by melodramatic action and obvious contrasts. The same subtlety of suggestion is carried into the colour scheme. Pale tints, shades of white, light yellow, and grey predominate. The robes of the watching angels are white, the yellow is introduced in the aureoles and in details of the dresses, and the grey pervades the picture and finds its highest accent in the iridescence of the wings. The whole effect is luminous and tender, quietly restful, and therefore well suited to find a place in a building where it is important that the note sounded should be gentle and without jarring or discordance.

A. L. B.



## OPALINE GLASS.

**A**LTHOUGH this beautiful coloured glass, which was discovered some twenty years ago, has as yet received scarcely any practical recognition in this country, its great merits and unbounded possibilities are well known to artists and to all who have seen in the United States and at the Paris Exhibition, in 1889, examples of the work of John La Farge. The erection of a church window in this material at Wickhambreaux seems to be an opportunity for describing what to many persons is little understood—namely, the manner in which opaline glass is made and how a window in this material is constructed.

The history of stained glass dates back to the early days of Christianity, when Pope Leo III. adorned the Lateran church in the tenth century with coloured windows. Theophilus, in the same century, describes minutely in the second book of his "*Divvrsarum Artium Schemata*" the process of manufacturing stained glass, and the information which he gives is most interesting, as it not only throws light on the art of glass-painting during his time, but throughout many subsequent centuries, when the process remained practically the same.

Undoubtedly the finest specimens of English stained glass are those of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; of these, however, only few are left, for the great war of the Reformation passing over the country turned the peaceful workman into a fanatic savage whose reckless hand destroyed by thousands the many beautiful monuments which were the glories of the early Middle Ages. In the seventeenth century the glazier's art began to decline, and subsequently in the eighteenth century became practically extinct, stained glass being superseded by the use of enamel and paint. It is not until the end of the nineteenth century that we find a revival of the art, and in the present day many beautiful windows have been designed by such men as Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Ford Madox Brown, Mr. Henry Holiday, and others, not to speak of the many imitations of old windows which are constantly being erected in the churches to fill in the traceries robbed of their beautiful adornments during the time of the Reformation. Not only in England, but in many other European countries, the art of glass-painting has been revived; but we owe to an American artist, Mr. John La Farge, the invention of the new material, which, it may well be said, rivals even the best glass of the thirteenth century.

In 1873 Mr. La Farge accidentally discovered that the white substance of certain imitation china-

ware, when insufficiently mixed with the clay and colouring matter, produced a curious opalescent quality, semi-transparent and of great beauty. He subsequently concluded that by perfecting and developing this translucency and opalescence he would ultimately produce a glass more harmonious and varied in colour than anything hitherto known. That his surmise was correct has been abundantly proved by the success of his work, and he is now at the head of an industry which is yearly increasing. The manufacture of this glass differs greatly from the way in which ordinary pot-metal is prepared. Besides having the addition of opal (white), it is often made in sheets containing two or more colours imperfectly mixed. To obtain the desired effect, the different coloured glasses, when in a molten state, are ladled from each pot on to an iron slab, where they intermingle under the pressure of a heavy roller. The sheets vary in thickness, the edges being usually thick and more or less opaque, the centre very thin and transparent.

Advantage is derived from this peculiarity, as through it gradation of tone is given to each sheet. It would be impossible to describe the infinite number of colours and tones of which this glass is capable. The mere fact that two pots of glass are never quite alike shows that the variety is endless.

Much abuse has crept into the making of the glass owing to the lack of discrimination and taste on the part of the manufacturers; artists cannot possibly attend to the making up of the pots, and have to accept what is turned out of the factories, relying upon their own judgment in selection of pieces. Another kind of glass, called Drapery glass, has been brought into the market by one of the leading firms. It derives its name from the fact that it is actually crinkled into shapes like drapery folds, for which reason it is now much used, since it saves a great amount of leading in the delineation of drapery, and so lessens the expense.

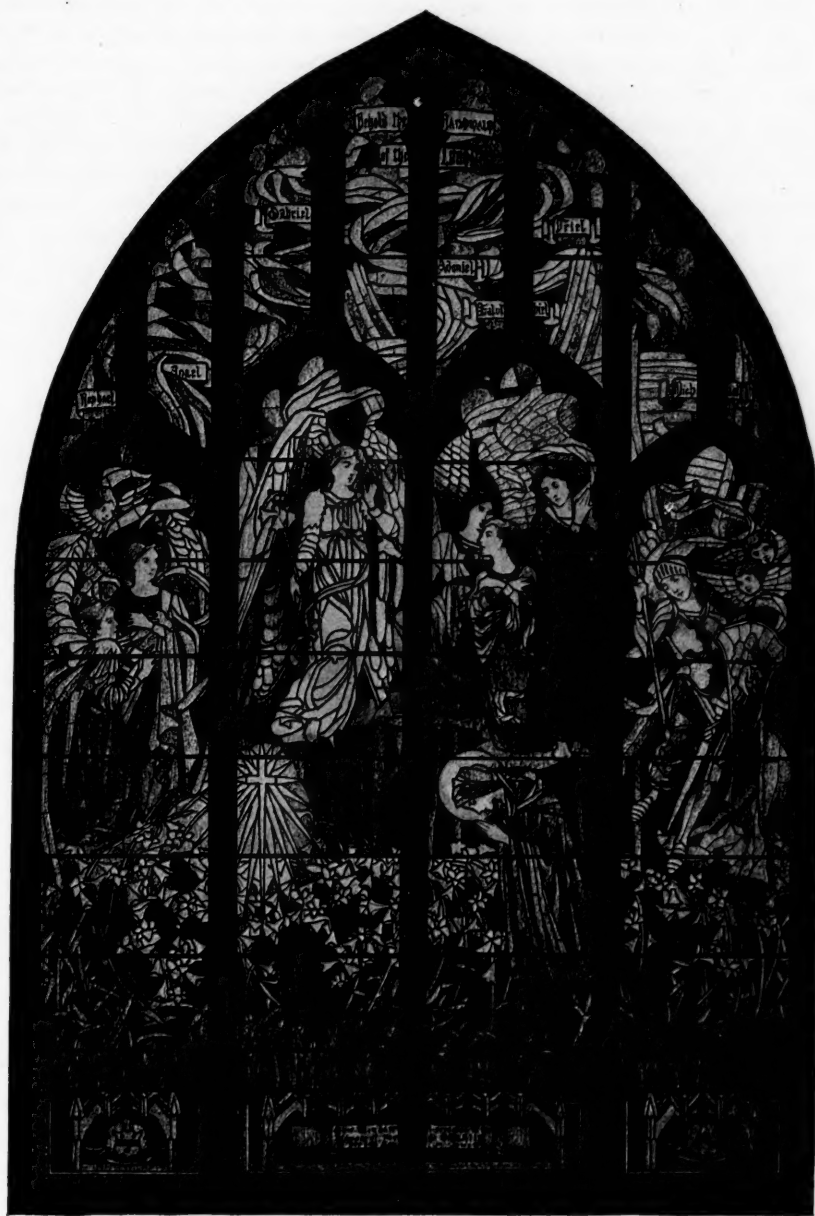
The construction of an opalescent window differs somewhat from that of one in ordinary glass, so that it may perhaps be interesting to follow the process.

Having chosen a subject and made a small coloured sketch indicating the composition, colour-scheme, and tone, the artist prepares the cartoon or full-size drawing from which the window is constructed. In designing the cartoon particular attention must be paid to the lead-lines, as all lines in the composition will appear in the window as such,

no painting or drawing being done upon the glass except where faces, hands, or feet are introduced.

The cartoon is therefore practically a skeleton

glass cut from templates, which in their turn are made from the tracings. The selection of glass now commences. Usually some important figure in the



WINDOW IN OPALINE GLASS AT WICKHAMBREAUX.

(Designed and Drawn by Baron Roenkrantz.)

design of the lead-lines, and these must be so disposed as to represent the whole composition and define each figure in the window. From the cartoon three tracings are made, two on paper and one on glass; this latter is the so-called glass frame, which is set up against the light to receive the coloured pieces of

design is first glazed, and forms the starting-point from which little by little the work grows, until the whole glass frame is covered with irregular shaped pieces of various sizes fixed on the frame with wax. The necessity of the colour sketch is obvious, as it facilitates the selection of pieces.

The window is now taken down and leaded together over one of the paper drawings. As it is impossible to obtain the desired harmony of colour and depth of tone in one thickness, the window is once more placed against the light and plated—that is, backed by or covered with other thicknesses of glass. This plating largely contributes to the beauty of opalescent windows.

With regard to the semi-opacity of the glass, it may be said that the beauty of colour is enhanced thereby, since the opal, which gives it its opacity, may be said to resemble a film of mother-of-pearl, suggesting complementary colours; it also gives it

a certain solidity which makes ordinary modern stained glass seem thin beside it.

Opaline glass is, perhaps, the most perfect colour material ever invented, and in the hands of a sound artist it becomes as precious jewels, beautified by the setting. It therefore lies with those who can and will personally undertake the construction of windows to show the public its possibilities, and it may safely be asserted that if the use of opaline glass be adopted by our brotherhood of artists we may look forward to seeing our cathedrals, our churches, and other buildings become shrines of beautiful and resplendent windows.

## NOTES AND QUERIES.

[For "Regulations," see THE MAGAZINE OF ART for November, 1896.]

[29] **A DOUBTFUL PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN.**—I have an oil-painting about 9 feet by 4 feet 6 inches of the Queen, painted by Solomon Hart, R.A. Can you tell me in what book or otherwise I can obtain information as to this artist's works?—J. B. SEQUEIRAY, Forest Row, Sussex.

\* \* We are sceptical as to the genuineness, or rather as to the ascription, of this picture, for we know of no such picture by the artist in question. A small book was published in 1882 by Wyman and Sons for private circulation, entitled "The Reminiscences of Solomon Alex. Hart, R.A., edited by Alexander Brodie." The book is autobiographical, the contents having been dictated to Mr. Brodie by the artist, but left incomplete through death. It is an interesting literary work, full of information dealing not only with the painter's works, but also with the artistic community in which, by reason of his learning, he was a favourite. But in it he makes no reference to the painting of any portrait of the Queen. The most august personage whom he painted was the Duke of Sussex.

[30] **LORD LEIGHTON'S "FLAMING JUNE."**—The sketches by Lord Leighton on p. 74 (December, 1896) of THE MAGAZINE OF ART are described as being for "Flaming June." Is not the upper one a *side* study for the central figure in his picture "The Garden of Hesperides" on p. 214 (March, 1896)? If the above inference is correct, may he not have got his first idea for "Flaming June" from the upper figure, afterwards sketching in the two lower studies for a single-figure picture?—COTTONOPOLIS.

\* \* No. The studies, like the pictures, are entirely distinct. The central figure in "The Garden of Hesperides" was the outcome of

deliberate design by the artist. That in "Flaming June" was the adaptation of a chance pose assumed by the tired model during the period of a "rest." So the present writer was informed by the artist himself. Lord Leighton was charmed by the unusual attitude, expressing as it did the utter lassitude of an exceptionally supple figure. He at once made a sketch of it and used it as decoration in the small bas-relief painted in the lower right-hand corner of the bath in "Summer Slumber." He stated at the time that he proposed enlarging the scheme into an important picture for the following year. He kept to his intention, and "Flaming June" was the result.

[31] **THE ENGRAVERS OF MEISSONIER'S "LA RIXE."**—I acquired a proof of Bracquemond's etching after Meissonier's "La Rixe" on its publication, and his rendering is the only one I see indexed in the catalogue of the master's works in M. Gréard's great monograph. I now see a reference to another engraving of the picture by one Chenay. Can this be correct?—POISSY.

\* \* Quite correct. It should be noted that the catalogue in question, at least as regards the reproductions of Meissonier's pictures, is extremely incomplete, not one half, probably, of the plates executed after Meissonier being included. "La Rixe" has been rendered not only by F. Bracquemond and Paul Chenay, but also by Henri Coppier and Ad. Lalauze. Similarly the picture known as "1814" has been reproduced by Charles Courty, Jules Jacquet, L. Ruet, and A. Mignon.

[32] **ONE MAN EXHIBITIONS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.**—I should be glad if your readers could



inform me what are the "One Man Exhibitions" organised by the Royal Academy in their Old Masters exhibitions. I believe that several have been held.—H. NORTH.

••• Our correspondent is right. In the first Old Masters exhibition, held in 1870, a special collection was included of the works of C. R. Leslie, R.A., and Clarkson Stanfield, R.A. They filled Galleries V. and VI. In 1874 the winter exhibition consisted wholly of the works of Sir Edwin Landseer; they included 532 items, and occupied Galleries I., II., III., IV., V., and VI. Gallery X. was filled with engravings touched by Landseer himself, together with a few others of well-known pictures not in the exhibition. In 1875 a special selection from the works of Sir W. Callcott, R.A., and D. Maclise, R.A., was added to the attractions of Old Masters. In 1878 the principal representatives of the Norwich school were especially honoured, Old Crome, Stark, Vincent, Cotman, and Stannard comprising the quintet; and a collection of impressions by our great masters of engraving was another feature of the year. In 1879, 75 drawings by Raphael, 36 by Holbein, and 50 by Michael Angelo, amongst others, were brought together, and 41 miniatures by Cosway and 37 by Samuel Cooper were shown. In 1880 the Old Masters included a special collection of the works of Holbein. In the following year Flaxman received special attention, when 181 of his drawings were exhibited. In 1883 the works of John Linnell and Dante Gabriel Rossetti were included. The works of the former filled Galleries I. and II., those of the latter, Galleries V. and VI. In the following year there was a special selection from the works of P. Falconer Poole, R.A., filling Gallery No. V. In 1886 a portion of Gallery I. was devoted to the works of Joseph Wright (of Derby), A.R.A., and the Water-colour Room was filled with 53 drawings by Turner. A further selection of 72 of the latter artist's drawings occupied the Black-and-white and Water-colour Room; and yet a third collection in 1889, 73 in number, filled the last-named gallery. On this occasion 54 pictures by Frank Holl were hung in Galleries IV. and V. It is hardly necessary to bring the matter to a later date, but it may be said that up to and including the year 1889 no fewer than 540 of Landseer's works have appeared at the winter exhibitions of the Royal Academy; 212 of Gainsborough's; 333 of Reynolds'; 256 of Turner's; 119 of Rubens'; and 111 of Romney's.

[33] **Haverbergl.**—I should be very glad if any of your readers can give me any information

respecting an artist named Haverbergl. He is evidently a Dutchman, but I cannot find any mention of him in various books on Dutch artists or elsewhere. I have in my possession a small oil-painting(?) on panel 4½ in. oval—a man's head with hair and ruff in the style of one of the Georges. It was purchased some forty or fifty years ago at the first Manchester Fine Art Exhibition, if I mistake not. The signature is indistinct, and was only discovered on a recent cleaning of the picture.—ENQUIRER.

••• We have carefully examined the catalogue of the Manchester Art Treasures Exhibition to which our correspondent refers, and while, as we expected, we do not find the name which he mentions, we suggest that the signature has been misread for that of Liversedge, whose "Captain McHeath" was numbered 412 in Saloon D. If "Enquirer" will forward us a photograph of his picture we will do our best to settle the point.

[34] **MORE UNFAMILIAR ARTISTS.**—Will you kindly throw some light on the painter of a picture which I have in my possession? The latter is an ideal Italian landscape, and is a very fine work signed "Walsh." It is supposed to be by an Irish artist, but I cannot trace the name. Please also tell me who is the W. Pike, landscape-painter, the author of a work of a friend of mine.—JOHN TODD (Belfast).

••• If the first-named painter to whom reference is made is Mr. Tudor E. G. Walsh, we may say that he has exhibited but once in the Royal Academy up to the year 1893, according to Mr. Graves' Dictionary. That was in 1885. If it is W. Walsh it is the contributor of 31 landscapes to the Royal Academy, British Institution, and Society of British Artists between 1823 and 1834; but both these artists gave their addresses from London. The other artist mentioned is doubtless W. H. Pike, who from 1874 onwards has been well known as a contributor of landscapes to Suffolk Street to the number of more than 60. He is also an artist in black-and-white very popular among the readers of the *Daily Graphic*, to which he contributes under a pseudonym which we do not feel called upon to reveal.

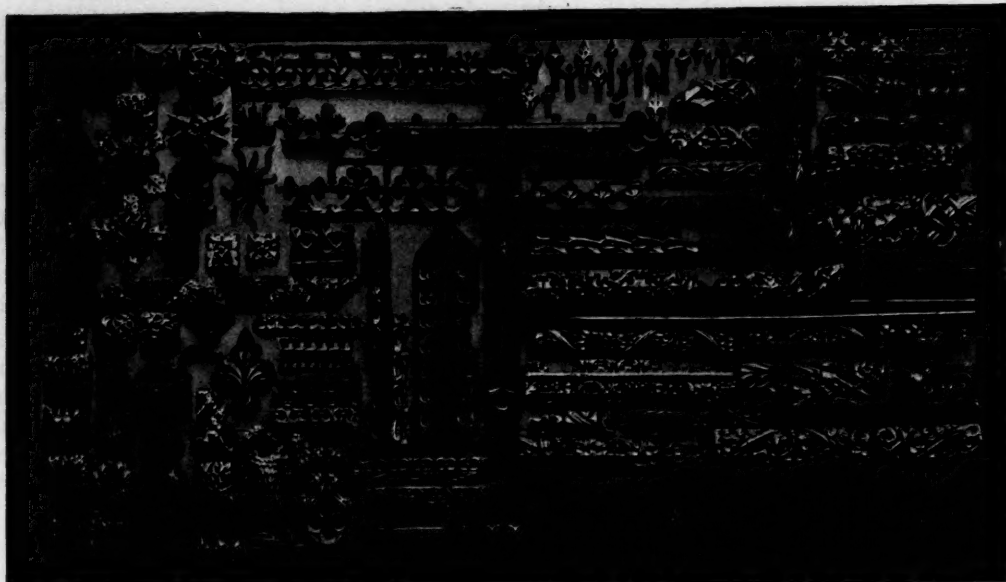
#### REPLY.

In respect to Query No. 24 we have received the following interesting line from Mr. Frith, R.A.: "The last time I saw Haydon's 'Judgment of Solomon' was at Edwin Landseer's, years and years ago, when, if my memory serves me, he told me



he had bought it for £150. I thought it a tremendously fine thing." It may be of interest to add that this picture was exhibited at Spring Gardens in 1814, when the Directors of the British Institution voted the painter a prize of a hundred guineas, while the picture itself was sold for six hundred. He stated in 1827, "My 'Judgment of Solomon' is rolled up in a warehouse in the Borough."

carefully collected every scrap of old work that the apathy, greed, ignorance, fanaticism, or downright wilful wickedness of those in charge have let slip. The result is that upon the walls of my studios—classified and well cared for—we have the finest collection of fifteenth-century Perpendicular carved oak work in the kingdom. It was from these that the samples of destroyed screen



FRAGMENTS OF FIFTEENTH CENTURY CARVED OAK WORK COLLECTED BY MR. HARRY HEMS, OF EXETER.

#### NOTE.

**WOOD-CARVINGS AT THE CARPENTERS' HALL.**—Referring to our expression of regret that such choice fifteenth-century wood-carvings as Mr. Harry Hems, of Exeter, lent for this exhibition should have been torn from their original positions to become mere labelled exhibits in a museum, the well-known wood-carver in question writes:—

"The series (112 specimens) I lent to the Carpenters' Company were those I used illustrative of my paper upon Devonshire Rood Screens, read before the Society of Architects at St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, in March last. In that paper I gave the names of no fewer than eighty Devonshire churches that—mostly during the present century—have lost their once chief glory, their carved oak fifteenth-century rood screens, and some thirty more in which only a few isolated remains of what were once grand old screens still exist.

"During my sojourn in the capital of Devon's county—now more than thirty years—I have

work were taken for the exhibition in question. The utter carelessness of the majority of residents in the 'West Countree' as regards the preservation of old things is most deplorable. In this city old houses are constantly pulled down to make room for so-called improvements, and almost the first sight that met my eyes when I came here first in 1866 was the deliberate destruction of the Norman tower of St. Mary Major's church directly opposite to the west front of Exeter Cathedral. I am glad to say that the ancient fragments that I have so systematically got together, even in their mutilated state, are not entirely in vain. Although we do not copy them slavishly, they form, as it were unconsciously, the alphabet by which we labour; and many a creation from the chisels of my sons, or self, or pupils, now doing goodly duty in some distant cathedral or historic church, had its *motif* in one or another of those once despised, but to us highly-prized fragments, to which you have drawn attention."



SCENE FROM "THE DAUGHTERS OF BABYLON."  
(Drawn by W. Telbin.)

## THE CHRONICLE OF ART.—APRIL.

**The Poster Competition.** THE result of the competition is as follows:  
*1st Prize* (£75), "Sagittarius," Mr. HENRY HOLIDAY, Oak Tree House, Branch Hill, Hampstead.

*2nd Prize* (£15), "Scottish Lion," Mr. ROBERT HOPE, Hotel de la Haute Loire, 203, Boulevard Raspail, Paris.

*3rd Prize* (£10), "Æquo Animo," Mr. HENRY RYLAND, 4, Pembroke Studios, South Kensington.

These three designs are reproduced on the next page. Two hundred and thirty-four designs were sent in, and we propose next month to publish a number of those which were highly commended by the adjudicators.

**Art in the Theatre.** It would be no easy matter to overpraise the beautiful scene painted by Mr. TELBIN to illustrate the first act of Mr. WILSON BARRETT's new Lyric Theatre play, "The Daughters of Babylon." The clustered olive trees, entangled with vines, bordering a stretch of cornfields, and the picturesquely garbed Israelites, are elements in a picture perfect alike in composition, in colour, and in its representation of the atmosphere of an Eastern afterglow. Mr. W. HANN is also to be commended for his view of Babylon by night, as seen from the terraced roof of Ishtar's palace, though the foreground rather lacks conviction. A front cloth, "Hall in the House of Alorus," is well imagined, but other scenes are less happily inspired, Mr. RYAN's final landscape being awkward in arrangement and superficial in technique. Roses that are aggressively artificial and gems of the gingerbread variety are too much in evidence in the garments of the votaries of Baal, but other-

wise the difficulties of Assyrian attire are successfully surmounted.—At the **Avenue Theatre** the liberally displayed engravings after ROMNEY's lovely pictures of Lady Hamilton make it an ungrateful task for the lady who essays the title-rôle of "Nelson's Enchantress" to satisfy her audience. The gallant Admiral is himself more fortunate in his impersonation by Mr. Forbes Robertson, who presents a "living image" of the familiar portraits. Mr. PERKINS has not quite grasped the possibilities of "Romney's Studio" in Act I, but it is a far better stage picture than "The Ballroom of the English Embassy at Naples," by Mr. HARKER, who must be cautioned against allowing his facile brush to degenerate into slovenly execution and tawdry colour.

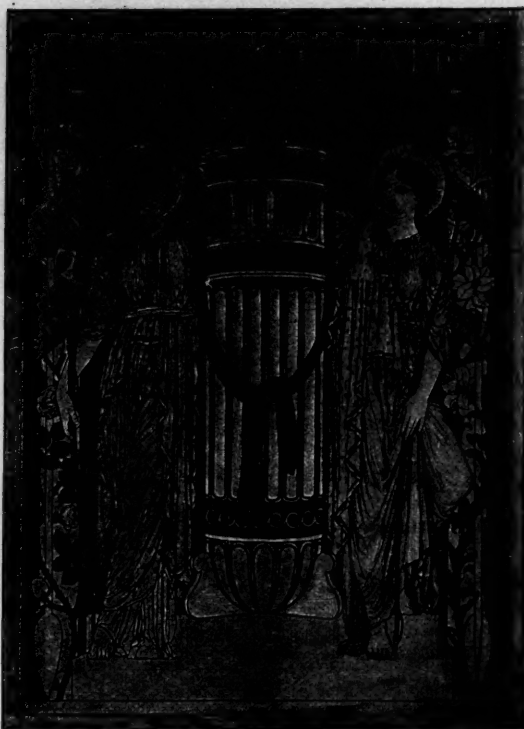
**The National Gallery.** THE following works have recently been acquired:—"Portrait of a Lady," attributed to ALLAN RAMSAY. From South Kensington Museum (No. 1,491, Room XIX.); "Christ and the Woman of Samaria," by GEORGE RICHMOND, R.A. Presented by the family of the painter (No. 1,492, Room XXI.); "Landscape with a View of the Carrara Mountains," by Signor GIOVANNI COSTA. Presented by a body of subscribers (No. 1,493, Room XXI.); and "The Yeoman of the Guard," by Sir JOHN MILLAIS, Bart., P.R.A. Bequeathed by Mrs. Hodgkinson (No. 1,494, Room XX.).

**Exhibitions.** AN admirably complete collection—as excellent in quality—of the works of English water-colour painters, from TURNER and BONNINGTON to Mr. MACWHIRTER and Miss Gow, delighted the visitors to Messrs. Agnew's gallery with the fine display of the art. It

is such exhibitions as this which sustain the reputation of British art and maintain the level of public taste. No connoisseur or collector should miss Messrs. Agnew's exhibitions.

The collection of military pictures at the Hanover Gallery was good of its kind, French, English, and Dutch being all represented. Many masters of the art were included, but no opportunity was afforded of comparing the methods of ancient and modern. The names of DETAILLE, DUPRAY, CATON WOODVILLE, MEISSONIER, DE NEUVILLE, BERNE-BELLECOUR, BEAUQUESNE, KOEKKOEK, CHELMINSKI, BAYARD, and CROFTS, R.A., were among the names of the exhibitors.

Mr. WALLACE RIMINGTON exhibited at the Fine Art Society the artistic harvest of a picturesque pilgrimage through Italy.



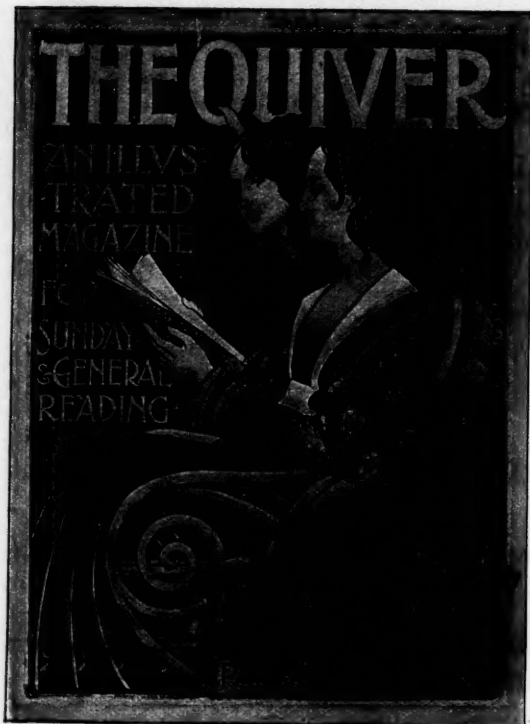
POSTER COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE.

(By Henry Holiday, London. See p. 339.)

His water-colours showed with power and vigour, as well as with taste and delicacy, how thoroughly the artist has appreciated the scenes through which he passed, and how independent he is of the convention which appears to taint the work of most painter-tourists through Italy. Not only are the drawings artistically good in point of execution and selection, but they presage a success far beyond what the artist has hitherto achieved.

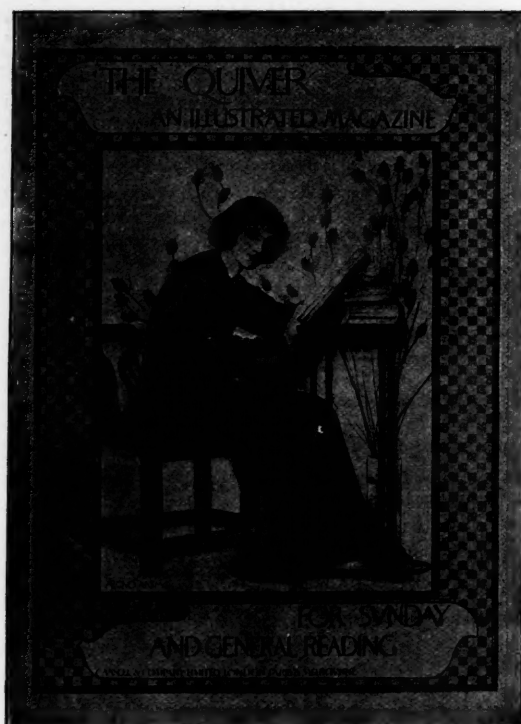
The late Mr. C. E. HOLLOWAY'S water-colours, oils, and pastels at the Goupil Gallery are not merely unconventional; they fling defiance at all who prefer topographical fact and accuracy to individual "impression." In drawing the majority are wild enough, wilful, and even reckless. As sketches they are almost invariably charming, and subtle as



POSTER COMPETITION.

SECOND PRIZE.

(By Robert Hope, Paris. See p. 339.)



POSTER COMPETITION.

THIRD PRIZE.

(By Henry Ryland, London. See p. 339.)



colour, and poetic in sentiment. This is art for the few who can appreciate bold handling of brush and chalk, and who can feel a responsive sympathy to the sentiment of the painter. Some, however, will regard Mr. Holloway as carrying Mr. Whistler's jokes a little too far.

The series of water-colour drawings made by Mr. AUMONIER, R.L., about the nooks and corners of the old Chain Pier at Brighton, supplemented with a few admirable pictures in oil, painted in Lincolnshire and Sussex, fill Messrs. Dowdeswell's gallery with distinction. Mr. Aumonier is individual in his own way, has a vivid sense of the picturesque, and a devout adoration of Nature. Like many of the great masters, he prefers the flat country, and shows an appreciation of light and atmosphere, as well as colour, that raises him high in the opinion of his critics.

The nineteenth spring exhibition at Southport, under the auspices of the Corporation, opened on the 22nd of February, contains 744 pictures, as compared with 754 last year. It is a good and well-varied collection, in which, however, the high average of quality does not entirely compensate for the scarcity of really notable works. Among those which will attract most notice are Mr. L. ALMA-TADEMA's "A Family Group;" Mr. E. A. WATERLOW's "In the Mellow Autumn Light;" Mr. W. J. LAIDLAY's "Tantallon Castle;" Mr. WEGUELIN's "Cupid and the Nymphs;" Miss JESSIE MACGREGOR's "News from Trafalgar;" "The Castaway," by Mr. G. P. JACOMB-HOOD; "Mists Lifting off Dartmoor," by Mr. E. M. WIMPERIS; and "In Tow," by Mr. ARTHUR HOPKINS. The most noteworthy pictures by local artists are Mr. W. H. LONGMAID's "Chloe," and "The Cloisters," by Mr. S. LAWSON BOOTH. There is a very interesting collection of water-colours. The pictures have been arranged to the best advantage by the curator, Mr. F. W. TEAGUE, and his committee.

No one but an enthusiast, a collector, and an expert of his subject, such as Mr.

**Reviews.** WARWICK WROTH, could have produced so complete a book as "*London Pleasure Gardens of the Eighteenth Century*" (Macmillan and Co.). The subject has often been dabbled with but has never before been properly handled; and that it is one of great possibilities, Mr. Wroth has seen and proved. The London pleasure grounds naturally include low as well as high-class places of entertainment, many of classic fame. The number of them, together with the interest of their history, will probably be a revelation to the general reader. The fulness of the illustration, which comprises many reproductions of rare plates, adds greatly to the value of the book and offers much useful material to the artist who concerns himself with the period and subject covered by the work. Mr. Wroth's copious bibliographies, literary and illustrative, raise it almost to the dignity of a cyclopædia.

The annual magazine, so to call it, published by Messrs. Henry and Co. under the title of "*The Pageant*," is a genuine delight to those who take a vivid interest in the most modern manifestations of art and literature. The editors, Mr. GLEESON WHITE and Mr. CHARLES SHANNON, have done good service by sampling for us in so satisfying a manner each his own section. Authors and artists of repute have combined to give of their best. In the section of art, which contains not a few works already known but always seen with pleasure, the characteristic minor key is struck and maintained, in harmony with the sentiment of poetic art from Rossetti and Burne-Jones to Gustave

Moreau, Puvis de Chavannes, and G. F. Watts. The essay on Moreau by Mr. Gleeson White is a valuable contribution. Mr. McColl's note on Campagnola would have been still more interesting if, instead of confining himself to the artist's engravings; he had pursued his inquiry into his original drawings and set forth the reason for the ascription of some of his works to Titian. Another contribution of premier importance is Mr. Ricketts' illustrated article on original wood-engraving; but here again we feel an omission, for Mr. Ricketts appears to confine his attention to the original engraving of a decorative sort in which, as in Mr. Reginald Savage's admirable page, values are wholly sacrificed to contrast and decorative effect. Fine sentiment and well felt line are indeed a pure delight; but realistic treatment and atmospheric effect have charms of their own, and cannot be ignored as a function of the art. We may



STUDY OF AN OLD HORSE.

(By John Constable, R.A. Recently acquired by the National Gallery. No. 1,484, Room XVI.)

say of this volume, as of the last, that we know of no book giving better art and better literature at so small a cost. It is far above the average.

The new "*Illustrated English Library*," issued by Messrs. Service and Paton, has begun excellently well with THACKERAY'S "*Esmond*," KINGSLEY'S "*Hypatia*," and LYTTON'S "*Last of the Barons*;" the first-named charmingly illustrated by Mr. CHRIS HAMMOND, the second by Mr. LANCELOT SPEED, and the last by Mr. FRED PEGRAM, all three artists employing pen and ink with great ability, but in totally different manner. The books are very well printed on good paper; and the low price at which they are published is not the least remarkable feature of issue.

A praiseworthy effort, and so far a real "success of curiosity," is the little illustrated periodical entitled "*The Quartier Latin*," compiled by art students in Paris, and published by Messrs. Iliffe and Son in London. It is extremely unconventional, yet sane withal, illustrated with the cleverness that speaks well for certain of the contributors, and embellished in its advertisement pages with special blocks printed in two colours in the manner of Mr. Will Bradley, though yet some distance behind. As an amateur production by young professionals it is extremely promising and amusing, and deserves such encouragement



as may be extended to it. The portrait by Mr. MURPHY, and the Rembrandtesque "Resurrection of Lazarus," by Mr. TANNER, display exceptional feeling. There are the brightness and earnestness in this little work distinctive of the Quartier Latin.

The whole range of literature of the art of fence and of the duel has been rendered accessible through the extraordinary volume compiled by Captain CARL A. THIMM under the title of "*A Complete Bibliography of Fencing and Duelling*" (John Lane). This monumental work well deserves its title; not only does it deal with every book and treatise issued upon this extremely popular subject in every country and in every language, but all the articles of any value that have appeared in magazine or newspaper down to the present year of grace find full record; while the elaborate classified index, duly arranged in chronological order according to language, completes the value of the book. Never before has such a work been issued from the press. Mr. Egerton Castle's "Schools and Masters of Fence" deserved all that was said or could be said in praise of it, but the field was much narrower than that so courageously covered by Captain Thimm. The use of such a cyclopædia to all painters of history, anecdote, and genre of a military or *chevaleresque* kind is too manifest to be insisted on.

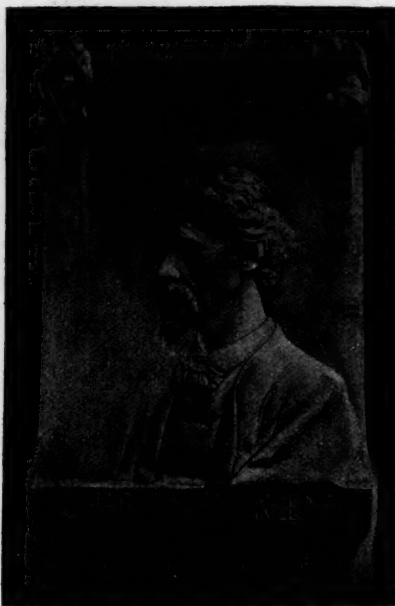
It was clear when Mr. ALFRED LYS BALDLY published his finely illustrated biography of "Albert Moore" (George Bell and Sons) that a cheaper edition would soon be called for. The position of few artists has been better assured than that of Albert Moore, for all that he was denied admittance to the Royal Academy, and the reputation of none—not even of William Linnell, Dante Rossetti, Romney, or Holman Hunt—is less likely to suffer than that of the man who returned scorn for neglect, and who, in spite of all, conquered recognition as one of the most original, graceful, and elegant artists who wedded painting to decoration and practised art for art's own sake. It is not necessary to repeat our former verdict as to the beauty of this volume—the mere fingering of which is a lecture upon art and the most eloquent exposition of the painter's life and art theories that could be imagined or desired. Mr. Baldry's text is well informed and well expressed, and indeed could hardly be bettered, were it not that he has taken a little too seriously academical lack of appreciation and critical obtuseness. His attitude is defensible, but we doubt the advisableness of raking up newspaper criticism, long since forgotten, which probably had no more influence in keeping Albert Moore out of Burlington House than had the articles in the *Spectator*, in this Magazine, and in one or two other quarters in carrying him in. Moore's pure and beautiful art has the merit that it can be enjoyed by all who can appreciate suave and exquisite line and fine composition, as well as imagination in colour and decoration of the highest order, and a statuesque dignity that belongs only to a master. Invention and originality were

his; and to all these noble qualities, with the necessary exception only of colour, this charming volume does ample justice.

The devotion of Mr. HUGH THOMSON to our eighteenth century classics of humorous memory is not only touching, it is triumphant. The success of his illustrations to JANE AUSTEN's "*Emma*" (Macmillan and Co.) is complete, with the daintiness of Mr. Abbey and the humour of Caldecott. With the grace of both and an individuality all his own, he has produced a series of drawings which, in their delicacy and charm, maintain him far ahead of all the imitators whom his success has brought forth. No others have quite his appreciation of humour or of character, nor is their handling so delicate and pure. We suspect that the technical

excellence of his blocks and the capital printing which they allow are due to the fact that he makes his drawings on a large scale with open line and allows for reduction. The highest compliment we can pay the artist is that his work adds greatly to the pleasure with which "*Emma*" will be read.

The "Portfolio" monograph on "*Richmond*" (Seeley and Co.) could not have been put into better hands than those of Dr. RICHARD GARNETT. Richmond, the historical, the artistic, the picturesque, is a subject full of possibilities for a writer so learned as Dr. Garnett; and it is one of the charms of the book that to its merits, which will appeal alike to the student of history and of art, is to be added that of profound knowledge and strict accuracy. Richmond on the Thames has played almost as important a part in history as in art; and if the copious illustration does more justice to the latter than to the former, it is because of the temptations that are offered by the



THE KEENE MEMORIAL, SHEPHERD'S BUSH.  
(By G. Frampton, A.R.A. See p. 343)

works of Hollar, Reynolds, Turner, Peter de Wint, Sandby, Westall, Daniell, and others. We hardly agree, however, that Mr. HUSON's capital reproductions of old prints and pictures should be spoken of as "engravings," as the word is unintentionally misleading.

Designedly written as a popular book, "*An Introduction to the Study of the Old Italian Masters in the National Gallery*" (A. S. HEWLETT: Thomas Hibberd, London) is, nevertheless, both useful and entertaining to the serious student. The author, though necessarily fettered by the space at his disposal, shows a familiarity with his subject only to be obtained by wide reading and intimate acquaintance with the great Continental collections. It is a pity that the illustrations are so poor in quality and so indifferently printed.

A translation of Schiller's "*Lay of the Bell*," by A. G. FOSTER-BARHAM, has been published by Mr. Fisher Unwin. The illustrations by Mr. W. ALISON PHILLIPS, while being well composed, are monotonously dull in tone. Executed in pen and ink, with a good sense of decorative effect, they fall short of success by their lack of strength of line. The result is an even greyness which seriously interferes with their artistic value.

We have to acknowledge the second edition of Mr. James Ward's "*Principles of Ornament*" (Chapman and Hall), which has been edited by Mr. AITCHISON, A.R.A. We have nothing to detract from the approval with which we received the first edition, but to add a further word of

commendation to the Appendix by Mr. Aitchison on the Orders of Architecture, a chapter which is effectively illustrated.

Mr. ASHEY STERRY has long been a devotee of the Thames. Aided by Mr. Hathe-rell he has produced in his "*Tale of the Thames*" a story both in subject and treatment worthy of the author of "*The Lazy Minstrel*."

Messrs. LIBERTY and Co. have recently produced two daintily attired pamphlets on "Cashmeres" and "Silks." Each contains a short history of the development of the manufactures of the fabrics dealt with, accompanied by excellent reproductions of this well-known firm's designs.

"*The House*" is a new magazine designed to promote artistic influences in the home. We are glad that the publishers of *The Queen* think there is room for such a periodical; the first number certainly ought to obtain for it the favour of the public to which it appeals.

**Miscellaneous.** Mr. WILLIAM T. DANNAT, the well-known American painter, has been promoted to the rank of officer in the Legion of Honour.

A lower room in the National Gallery is to be devoted to copies of pictures made in the gallery. These will be selected by a committee of artists and critics, and will, of course, be for sale.

Mr. P. W. ADAM has been elected a member of the Royal Scottish Academy in succession to the late Mr. J. Denovan Adam. Sir E. J. POYNTER, P.R.A., and Dr. ROWAND ANDERSON, architect, were elected honorary members.

In connection with the International Art Exhibition at Venice—the poster announcing which is reproduced on this page—three prizes, of the value of 1,500, 1,000, and 500 lire respectively, are to be offered to art critics for the best notices of the exhibition which are published during the first month of its being open.

The prizes won by students of the Royal Female School of Art were recently distributed by the Countess of Ilchester at the Mercers' Hall. The Queen has purchased three of the successful works—viz., "Head from the Life," by Miss

W. F. BILL (winner of the Queen's Scholarship); "A Group of Guelder Roses," by Miss LILIAN REYNOLDS (Queen's medallist); and "A Group of Eucalyptus from Nature," by Miss H. HOYLAND.

A memorial to the late CHARLES KEENE, the gift of several personal friends of the deceased artist, has been placed in the entrance-hall of the Public Library, Shepherd's Bush. As may be seen from the illustration on p. 342, it consists principally of a portrait of Keene. This is executed in bronze, and is placed on a slab of Sienna marble. On the top are two admirable small figures, one of which represents Art mourning on its knees over some drawings, and the other Humour, also mourning; the latter holds a staff, on the top of which is the head of Punch. The memorial is the work of Mr. GEORGE FRAMPTON, A.R.A. The Shepherd's Bush Library was dedicated by Mr. Passmore Edwards to Leigh Hunt and Charles Keene.

The exhibition at the Queen's Hall of 4,000 pictures and drawings, entered for a competition inaugurated by Messrs. MELLIN, was both unique and interesting. The different classes in the competition enabled unskilled children and accomplished artists to compete for prizes to the value of £1,000. We reproduce on p. 344 the water-colour drawing, "The Blacksmith's Shop," by Mr. ALEC GORDON, which gained the first prize in its class. The work of the prize-winners was of more than average merit. The proceeds accruing from the exhibition have all been devoted to charitable purposes.

The South Kensington Museum has agreed, on Mr. Philip Burne-Jones's suggestion, to accept the engraved coppers of engravings, which otherwise, by the practice of members of the Printsellers' Association, would be doomed to destruction as a sacrifice to the buying public. The arrangement is a good one if only the plates themselves are worthy of preservation on grounds either of artistic merit or of technical value and instruction. A less admirable concession has been made by the Print Room of the British Museum in accepting rolls of "animated photographs" of scenes and events. It appears to us that these have little in common with the purposes for which the Print Room was founded, and that a fitter place would be, say, the Record Office!

It is with pleasure that we publish the illustration on this page to show the development of sculptural art in India. "To the Temple" is a life-size figure, and is the work of a young native Hindu, Mr. G. K. MHATRE, only now sixteen

## L'ESPOSIZIONE INTERNAZIONALE D'ARTE DELLA CITTÀ DI VENEZIA 1897

22 APRILE — 31 OTTOBRE

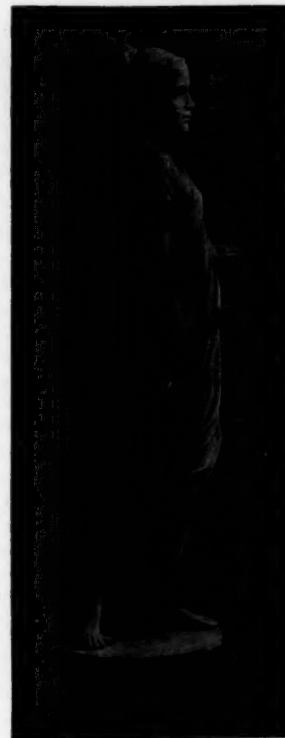


**PATROCINIO:** AMERICA: Sargent, Whistler. AUSTRIA-UNGHERIA: Hunkacsy, Passini, Van Haanen. BELGIO: Courtema, Van der Stappen. DANIMARCA: Kroyer. FRANCIA: Carolus Duran, Dagnan Bouveret, Dubois, Fremiet-Henner, G. Moreau, Puvion de Chavannes. GERMANIA: Begas, Klinger, Lenbach, Liebermann, Schönbauer, Vindel-Wiener. INGHILTERRA: Alma Tadema, Burne Jones, Herkomer, Millais, Orchardson. ITALIA: Carcano, Gallori, Maccari, Michetti, Monteverde, Pasini. NORVEGIA: Peterssen. OLANDA: De Haas, Israëls. H.W. Mesdag. RUSSIA: Antokolsky, Repin. SPAGNA: J. Benlliure, Jimenez Aranda, Pradilla, Sorolla, Villegas. SVEZIA: Zorn. SVIZZERA: Bocklin.

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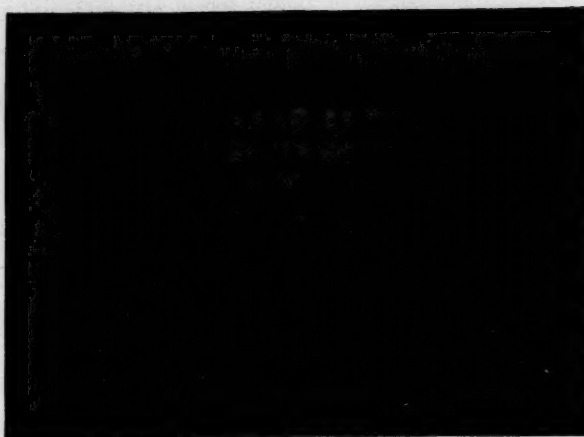
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TO THE TEMPLE.  
(By G. K. Mhatre.)

years of age, who is a student at the Bombay School of Art. This is quite a new departure from the usual grotesque and unidealised work of native sculptors, and bears high testimony to the influence and teaching of the school of which Mr. J. GRIFFITHS is the head master. The figure, which is as yet only in plaster, the student being unable, on account of the expense, to translate it into marble, is in the Bombay School. As there is no interest or appreciation for this kind of art among the wealthy Hindus, we offer the suggestion to some of our patrons of art to afford Mr. Mbatre the necessary facilities to complete his work.

**Obituary.** THE death of Mr. G. P. BOYCE, at the age of seventy-one, removes one of our oldest water-colour painters. As he retired from active practice in 1893—when he resigned his membership of the Royal Water-Colour Society—his name and work have been overlooked

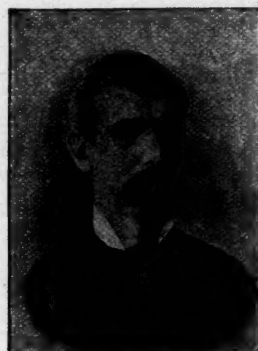


THE BLACKSMITH'S SHOP.

(From the Water-Colour Drawing by A. Gordon. See p. 343.)

of late years, but nevertheless the beauty and daintiness of his drawings entitle him to a high position on the list of British water-colour painters. Born in 1826, he was educated as an architect, and was articled to Mr. Little. During his years of training he travelled largely on the Continent, and was a diligent sketcher of the various styles of architecture. But it was not until 1849 that his true road of life was found. In that year, when touring through the South of Wales, he met David Cox at Bettws-y-Coed, and that incident led to his taking up enthusiastically the study of landscape art, in which his natural talent soon enabled him to become a proficient exponent. It was not until 1853, however, that he exhibited. He then sent two drawings to Suffolk Street, "Beeches" and "The Royal Oak, Bettws-y-Coed," and two to the Academy, "Timber Yard, Chiddingstone," and "East End of Edward the Confessor's Chapel, Westminster." In 1864 he was elected an associate of the old Society, but he had to wait until 1878 for his election to full membership. He was a regular contributor to the galleries in Pall Mall until the year he retired from active membership. Mr. BOYCE was a founder-member of the original Hogarth Club, and a close friend of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, of whose work he was an enthusiastic admirer. He was brother-in-law to Mr. H. T. Wells, R.A., and had a large and intimate circle of artistic friends, and to these, if not by the general public, his work always appealed by its delicacy and refined beauty.

The sudden death of Mr. J. PYKE THOMPSON, of Penarth, removes one of the most energetic and devoted workers in art matters in the provinces. For the past twenty years he was allied with every movement which had for its object the furtherance of art in Cardiff. To Penarth he presented a gallery and a fine collection of works; he was chairman of the Fine Arts Sub-Committee of the Cardiff Museum Committee, to which gallery he had also given a collection of pictures, and he also loyally aided the South London Art Gallery. He was a pioneer of the Sunday Opening of Museums



THE LATE J. PYKE THOMPSON, J.P.

(From a Photograph by Norman May and Co.)

movement, and from its establishment his gallery at Penarth has been opened on Sunday afternoons. Mr. Thompson was also the possessor of a representative collection of works by great artists.

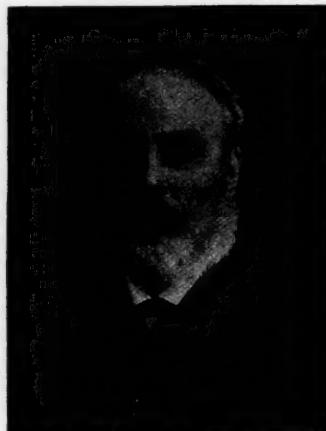
It is with great regret that we record the decease of Mr. C. E. HOLLOWAY, R.I. In another column will be found a notice of an exhibition of his works which was being held at the time of his death.

Belgian art has suffered a heavy loss by the death of M. GUSTAVE DEN DUYTS, a landscape painter of great skill, whose work was recognised not only in his own country but in France, where it is represented at the Luxembourg. But it was as a designer of pageants that he was best known,

and as such will be most missed. He had been entrusted to prepare them for the forthcoming International Exhibition at Brussels, and had actually prepared the drawings of the cars and groups, for the *cortège des cloches*, which is to be one of the attractions of the exhibition.

The deaths are announced from Paris of M. HENRI PILLÉ, the well-known painter; of

M. FRÉDÉRIC THEODORE LIX, at the age of sixty-seven; of M. LÉONCE LELARGE, marine painter of Rouen, at the age of seventy-six; of M. J. SCOBY, formerly professor at the Lyons Municipal School of Design; of Mlle. MARGUERITE-ZÉODIDE LEERAN, a painter of portraits and religious subjects, at the age of seventy-nine; and of M. HARO, one of the best-known connoisseurs and art experts in Paris.



THE LATE G. P. BOYCE, R.W.S.

(From a Photograph by W. and D. Downey.)





(Drawn by Professor R. Anning Bell.)

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(Drawn by Professor R. Anning Bell.)



